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THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

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No. 1

THE
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WITH
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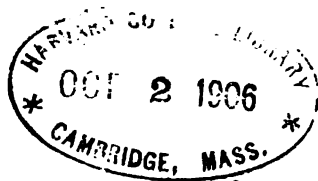


TO COMMEMORATE THE HEROIC GALLANTRY OF THE
42ND ROYAL HIGHLAND REGIMENT
AT THE STORMING OF FORT TICONDEROGA,
8TH JULY 1758.
ON WHICH DAY OUT OF A TOTAL STRENGTH OF ELEVEN HUNDRED,
THE REGIMENT SUFFERED THE FOLLOWING CASUALTIES.
7 OFFICERS AND 300 RANK AND FILE KILLED,
17 OFFICERS AND 316 RANK AND FILE WOUNDED.

THIS TABLET
IS ERECTED BY OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT
A.D., 1906.

THE "BLACK WATCH" MEMORIAL TABLET.

Ticonderoga, N. Y.



Lowell Fund

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

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THE "BLACK WATCH" MEMORIAL AT TICONDEROGA.*

(The erection on American soil of a memorial tablet to a British regiment, is obviously an unprecedented event, and one to which we are glad to devote considerable space, by adding to the account by Mr. Richards, the article by Dean Stanley on "Inverawe and Ticonderoga," which originally appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, 1880.—Ed.)

IN 1903 the Ticonderoga Historical Society asked Andrew Carnegie for a "Public Library and Historical Building" for the village of Ticonderoga, the library to be subject to the usual conditions and the historical addition to be a gift for a memorial to the officers and men of the "Black Watch" who fell at the Battle of July 8, 1758, at Ticonderoga. This request was granted in 1905, and Mr. Carnegie gave \$5,000 for the library building, and \$2,000 was added later as a gift for the historical annex, making \$7,000 in all.

The original name proposed for the building was the "Carnegie Public Library and Black Watch Memorial Historical Building," but as that proved too cumbersome for everyday use the whole building is known locally as the "Black Watch Memorial," and this is carved in stone over the entrance and a bronze tablet on the front of the building, beside the entrance, will read "Carnegie Public Library and Historical Building."

The origin of the idea of the Memorial is found in an address made by the late Joseph Cook at the services held at the re-burial of the remains of Lord Howe, July 31, 1899. He said: "There ought to be a memorial to the 'Black Watch' composed chiefly of Scotch soldiers, and who, with the Colonials, charged Montcalm's entrenchments for eight consecutive hours."

The laying of the corner stone, Oct. 4, 1905, was made the occasion for one of the greatest celebrations that Ticonderoga had ever seen. The

* For details of the distinguished history of the Black Watch, the reader should consult Archibald Forbes's history of the regiment.

Pipe band of the 5th Royal Scots of Canada, Highlanders, from Montreal and the Regimental band and a Battalion of the 5th Infantry, U. S. A., from Plattsburgh were the principal features of the parade. It was particularly appropriate that the Royal Scots should be present, as they are allied to the Black Watch and wear the same uniform and in fact are soon to be known as the 3d Battalion of the Black Watch. It was also an education to the thousands of spectators, few, if any of whom had ever seen Highlanders in full regimentals marching to the music of bagpipes. After the exercises of the day, the Royal Scots visited the ruins of old Fort Ticonderoga, about two miles from the village and the picture of a body of Highlanders with their scarlet coats and tartan kilts marching up the green slope of the old ramparts, with the setting sun behind them, was one never to be forgotten and which had probably not occurred before since the Revolution.

The officers of the present Black Watch regiment, now stationed at Fort George, Scotland, being advised of the Memorial, sent the following letter to the secretary of the Ticonderoga Historical Society:

DEAR SIR: Your letter of 9th Sept. 1905, on the subject of a Black Watch Memorial, has been perused by the Commanding Officer and the Officers of the 1st battalion The Black Watch, formerly called the 42d Royal Highland Regiment and it was also submitted and discussed at the Annual Gathering of Black Watch Officers—past and present—recently held in Edinburgh. I am authorized to inform you that all Ranks of the Regiment are proud to know that the Ticonderoga Historical society has decided to appropriate an alcove in the Ticonderoga Free Public Library as a memorial to the 42d Regiment, to commemorate their services in the engagement before Fort Ticonderoga on July 8, 1758. The suggestion contained in your letter, to the effect that Officers of the Regiment might be disposed to erect a tablet on a wall of the Alcove to the memory of the Officers and men of the 42d who were killed or wounded in the action has met with the unanimous approval of those to whose notice it has been brought, and I am to inform you that such a Tablet will gladly be provided and that the work of executing the Tablet will be entrusted to a London firm as soon as a suitable design has been decided upon. In order to assist us in choosing a suitable form of tablet I shall be much obliged if you can favor me with a rough plan of the alcove, the dimensions of the actual wall on which the Tablet will rest, and an idea of the general style of the building.

I shall be glad to hear from you as soon as you can conveniently supply the information for which I have asked.

I am Sir, yours truly,

D. L. WILSON FARQUHARSON,
Major The Black Watch.

It was unveiled on July 4, 1906, in presence of a large audience, the address of presentation being made by the commander of the regiment, Major Farquharson, who came from Scotland to be present on the occasion. A detachment of fifty men from the Royal Scots of Montreal, with the regimental pipers, were also present.

The tablet which is of marble, framed in bronze is placed over the fireplace in the east wall of the building. The stone that was found with the remains of Lord Howe and which served to identify the bones as those of that unfortunate officer has been presented to the library by the writer and, enclosed in a handsome glass case, occupies a conspicuous place in the historical alcove.

FREDERICK B. RICHARDS,

Secretary of the Ticonderoga Historical Society.

FAIR HAVEN, VT.



INVERAWE AND TICONDEROGA

IT was in the dreary autumn of 1877 that in the dark woods of Rose-neath I heard the following tale from the parish clergyman who ministers with so much ability to the inhabitants of that famous and beautiful spot. I repeat it in the first instance as it was repeated to me, reserving to a subsequent page the variations which further investigations have rendered necessary.

In the middle of the last century the chief of the Campbells of Inverawe had been giving an entertainment at his castle on the banks of the Awe. The party had broken up and Campbell was left alone. He was roused by a violent knocking at the gate, and was surprised at the appearance of one of his guests, with torn garments and dishevelled hair, demanding admission. "I have killed a man, and I am pursued by enemies. I beseech you to let me in. Swear upon your dirk—upon the cruachan or hip where your dirk rests—swear by Ben Cruachan¹—that you will not betray me." Campbell swore, and placed the fugitive in a secret place in the house. Presently there was a second knocking at the gate. It was a party of his guests, who said, "Your cousin Donald has been killed; where is the murderer?" At this announcement Campbell remembered the great oath which he had sworn, gave an evasive answer, and sent off the pursuers in a wrong direction. He then went to the fugitive and said, "You have killed my cousin Donald. I cannot keep you here." The murderer appealed to his oaths, and persuaded Campbell to let him stay for the night. Campbell did so, and retired to rest. In the visions of that night the blood-stained Donald appeared to him with these words: "*Inverawe, Inverawe, blood has been shed; shield not the murderer.*" In the morning Campbell went to his guest, and told him that any further shelter was impossible. He took him, however, to a cave in Ben Cruachan, and there left him. The night again closed in,

¹ It was not clear whether the oath was by Ben Cruachan, or by "cruachan," the hip where the dirk rests. "Cruachan" is the hip or haunch of a man.

and Campbell again slept, and again the blood-stained Donald appeared. "*Inverawe, Inverawe, blood has been shed; shield not the murderer.*" On the morning he went to the cave on the mountain, and the murderer had fled. Again at night he slept, and again the blood-stained Donald rose before him and said, "*Inverawe, Inverawe, blood has been shed. We shall not meet again till we meet at Ticonderoga.*" He woke in the morning, and behold it was a dream. But the story of the triple apparition remained by him, and he often told it amongst his kinsmen, asking always what the ghost could mean by this mysterious word of their final rendezvous.

In 1758 there broke out the French and English war in America, which after many rebuffs ended in the conquest of Quebec by General Wolfe. Campbell of Inverawe went out with the Black Watch, the 42d Highland Regiment, afterwards so famous. There, on the eve of an engagement, the general came to the officers and said, "We had better not tell Campbell the name of the fortress which we are attack to-morrow. It is Ticonderoga. Let us call it Fort George." The assault took place in the morning. Campbell was mortally wounded. He sent for the general. These were his last words: "General, you have deceived me; I have seen *him* again. This is Ticonderoga."

The story, romantic in itself, was the more impressive from the fact that Ticonderoga was a name familiar to me from the monuments in the south aisle of Westminster Abbey to two officers killed in that disastrous affair. One is to Lord Howe, erected by "the Province of Massachusetts Bay," not yet the State of Massachusetts. The other is to Colonel Townsend, with the fortress carved on the monument, and two red Indians underneath it.²

When in the following year, 1878, I visited America, I was resolved, if possible, to explore the place and discover any traces of Campbell of Inverawe. It was on a delightful evening spent at Hartford in Connecticut with that flower of the American episcopate, Bishop Williams, who had made the lakes of those regions his especial study, that I repeated the story of Campbell of Inverawe, which he had never heard before. We arranged for a rendezvous on the spot at a later time of my journey. "We shall not meet again till we meet at Ticonderoga." It so happened

² The date on the monument is 1759, but this is probably a mistake for 1758.

that unexpected engagements prevented the good bishop from keeping his appointment, and we were therefore compelled to visit the spot without the benefit of his guidance.

Ticonderoga is situated on the isthmus which unites * Lake George with Lake Champlain. These two lakes, in connection with the Hudson which runs as it were to their feet, in those early days of American history, were the great thoroughfare of the country—the only means of penetrating through the dense masses of tangled forest which then as now overhung them from rock, and pinnacle, and hill. Lake George especially was the Loch Katrine of those highlands, and the natural features gave additional interest to the movements of English or French armies on the surface of its waters. I venture to give a brief memorandum supplied for our journey by Bishop Williams. It conveys much interesting information:

Its Indian name was Canaderioit—meaning the Tail of the Lake, because it bore somewhat the same relation to Lake Champlain as a beaver's tail "does to the beaver."

"Horicon" is no Indian name at all. When Mr. Cooper was preparing to write "The Last of the Mohicans," and seeking for the Indian name, he found the real one awkward and not over poetical. Looking at an old French map, he found a tribe designated as "Les Ouricains" put down as living near the lake. Out of this word he made up the name "Horicon," which one is now often told means "Holy Water"! The French word was a blunder for "Les Iroquois."

The French name "St. Sacrament" was given at the time of its discovery in 1649. The lake was entered on the eve of Corpus Christi Day—*le jour du Saint Sacrement*—and hence the name. The story that the name was given because the waters of the lake were used on account of their purity, in baptism, is untrue.

The English name was given in 1755, in honor of George II. It ought to be kept, and I fancy it will be. The lake was seen, I believe, by Samuel Champlain, in 1609. He joined an expedition of Canadian Indians that year (in the summer) against the Iroquois, and the first gun ever fired in the northern part of the United States was fired during this expedition on Lake Champlain. It was the herald of the coming wars, and fired against the Iroquois it set them against the French. In 1649, Father Jogues entered the lake on May 29, and gave it its French name. He also calls it *Andiatarocte*, which is said to mean "where the lake closes."

* The author doubtless meant "divides from."—Ed.

It came first into notice in 1755, at the beginning, in America, of the Seven Years' War, and its whole story is one of battles and sieges. There is, to my mind, a picturesqueness in these wars which is specific and peculiar. Most Indian battles are wearisomely monotonous; it is all dodging behind trees and making ambushes. Civilized battles are monotonous also. Armies move in them like machines. In these wars there is room for individual prowess, and yet with it mingles the order and manœuvring of trained troops. The white coats of France and the red coats of England, the Lily of the Bourbon, and the Cross of St. George, the tent of the soldier, and the wigwam or forest fire of the Indian, the soldier in his uniform, the provincial in his hunting-shirt, the savage in his war-paint, are all mingled together in picturesque confusion in the virgin forest, on mountain and by lake.

That sudden uprising of the French soldiers in the boat on the waters of Lake George, and the discharge into the unsuspecting Indians, was the momentous shot³ which, exasperating the whole of the great Iroquois tribe against the French, contributed in large measure to the ultimate decision of the preponderance of the English over the French cause in North America. The names of Colonel Williams, the founder of the Williams University, amidst the hills of the American Berkshire—of Fort William Henry from the Duke of Cumberland—the tragical story of Jane McCrea,[†] which evidently furnished the basis of "The Last of the Mohicans"—had already given a kind of celebrity to this romantic region when General Abercrombie led his expedition, on a flotilla, down the lake, including the Highland regiment, in 1758, against the fortress of Ticonderoga, which commanded the whole region. There was a Scottish lady,⁴ then living as a girl in Albany. She watched the splendid array leave the town; she saw the dismal return. They advanced from Lake George across the neck of land which has to be crossed before the approach to the fortress. On that neck of land a preliminary skirmish occurred in which the young and gallant Lord Howe lost his life. He was beloved by Americans and English; he united the most austere sense of discipline with the most engaging attention to the wants of the soldiery and the most courteous attention to the society in which he so gracefully moved. It is he to whom the province of Massachusetts Bay erected the monument, already mentioned, in Westminster Abbey, and to his memory,

³ So I remember it was graphically and forcibly described by Bishop Coxe, with whom we crossed the Atlantic.

⁴ Mrs. Grant, in her "Memoirs of an American Lady," p. 204-208.

[†] [The author uses a poetic license here—the murder of Jane McCrea was nearly twenty years after Abercrombie.—ED.]

in these last few years, a memorial stone has been erected on the spot by the owner of the property:⁵ "Near this spot fell, July 6, 1758, in a skirmish preceding Abercrombie's defeat by Montcalm, Lord George Augustus Howe, aged 34. Massachusetts erected a monument to him in Westminster Abbey. Ticonderoga places here this monument, 1876." The brook by which he fell, once called Northbrook, is now called Lord Howe Brook.⁶

The fortress stands in a commanding position, overhanging Lake Champlain. It is called by its Indian name Ticonderoga (abridged by modern Americans into "Ti"), meaning the sounding of the waters. Champlain, the discoverer of the lake, had given it the corresponding name of Carillon—"the chimes or melodies of the waters." The river, in fact, forms a precipitous cascade as it falls from one lake to the other, and is traversed by more than one rude bridge.⁷ It turns the wheels of the "Old King's Sawmill." The "Old King's Store" is on the promontory. It was taken by Judge Hay, a Scotsman. Local tradition maintains that his ancestor routed the English with his hickory club. Hence the king of Scotland⁸ called out "Hey! Hey! Hey!" This is not the only Scottish name connected with Ticonderoga. The whole property belonged till recently to Edward Ellice, of Invergarry. Two conspicuous mountains look down on Ticonderoga, both connected with its after history. One is Mount Independence, from the proclamation of the Declaration of Independence there on July 18, 1776. The other is Sugar-Loaf Hill, where General Burgoyne took the fortress at sunrise in 1777, and gave it the name of Mount Defiance, which it still retains. The fortress itself is now a ruin,—it may be said about the only ruin in the United States. One can figure the passage by which the giant Ethan Allen and the daring Arnold forced their way into the fort in 1776, and the window out of which appeared the surprised commander and his wife. But it is curious to see how short a time is needed to produce the venerable aspect of decay and age. Ticonderoga is as complete a ruin as Conway or Kenilworth. It was in the assault on this place that the great rout took place in which Campbell of Inverawe received his

⁵ The Rev. W. Cooke, a well-known lecturer in the United States.

[Dean Stanley probably refers to Joseph Cook, whose home was not far distant.—ED].

⁶ The American mistakes in the title are observable.

⁷ See the account further on.

⁸ I saw this in a local history of Ticonderoga on the spot. It is needless to point out that this is an American version of the legend of the Battle of Luncarty.

death-wound. Every officer of the Forty-second was either killed or wounded.⁹ I vainly sought for any indication of his sepulture. A mass of grassy hillocks at the foot of the hill alone marked the graves of the British officers.

Thy green earth, Ticonderoga,
Keeps their glory fresh as ever,¹⁰

but neither in tradition nor inscription was there anything to his memory. It was a wild and stormy evening in October on which we explored the scene. The intelligent keeper of the village inn gave me the point of a rusty bayonet, dug out from the hillside, which I brought home and placed on the monument of Colonel Townsend, where it may still be seen, in Westminster Abbey.

With these scanty reminiscences we left Ticonderoga, and reached Saratoga at midnight. Before retiring to rest, I was turning over the pages of Lossing's "Field-Book of the Revolution," when in the description of the burial of Jane McCrea at Fort Edward, my eye fell on these words: "Her grave is near an old brown headstone on which are inscribed the words—'*Here lyes the body of Duncan Campbell of Inversaw (sic) Esq., Major to the old Highland regiment, aged 55 years, who died the 17th July, 1758, of the wounds he received in the attack of the entrenchments of Ticonderoga or Carillon, 8th July, 1758.*'" Here was the very grave we were in search of, recording the additional fact that he survived his mortal wound for nine days. The first impulse was to return to the spot. But we were already at Saratoga; Fort Edward was far in our rear, and we were due at Concord the following night. We were forced to abandon the actual visit; but that day I wrote to Bishop Williams, stating that we had found the grave, and asking whether any particulars could be procured of the reason or manner of his burial. In a few days, through him, I received the following reply from the Episcopalian clergyman residing on the spot. It is inserted at full length, as it is thought that it may interest other Campbells besides the chief of Inverawe, including the great head of the Argyle tribe.

Duncan Campbell was buried in the old cemetery, at Fort Edward, to which

⁹ Mrs. Grant's "Memoirs of an American Lady," p. 206.

¹⁰ A Highland marching-song by Alexander Nicholson (sheriff-substitute of Wigtonshire).

Jane McCrea's body was removed from a graveyard down the river. Jane McCrea's remains were again removed, this time to Kingsbury, and finally to the modern cemetery lying between Fort Edward and Sandy Hill. A few years ago a family of Gilchrists of this place, in removing their dead from the old to the new graveyard, carried Duncan Campbell's remains with them, claiming him as a relation.

The claim can be traced now to a tradition only that he was of their family, and to the fact that their ancestor, Alexander Gilchrist, one of the original Scotch settlers in this vicinity, asked, when dying, to be laid "by the side of Duncan Campbell, my nearest relative in America," he said.

The old brown headstone, in a good state of preservation, is now in the enclosure of the Gilchrists at the new cemetery. (The inscription is here given as above.)

Near by, in the same enclosure, and brought from the same old graveyard as was the former headstone, are two small marble slabs, to the memory of two of the name of Campbell. On the one is written:

"In memory of Mrs. Ann Campbell, of the Family of Balenabe, and Consort of Mr. Duncan Campbell, Who died Aug. the 10th, 1777, in the 74th year of her age." On the other we find: "Ann Campbell, daughter of Mr. Archibald and Mrs. *Florence* Campbell, who died Aug. 11th, 1777." It is said by the Gilchrists and others, that there were other Campbells buried in the old cemetery, but as their graves were without headstones, all knowledge of their names is lost.

Alexander Gilchrist daily attended Major Campbell at Fort Edward during the time he lingered there before his death, and it seems strange that more is not known among the Gilchrists of to-day of him who was so prominent in the land, and so nearly associated with their ancestors.

The old lady, Mrs. Mary Finn, whose grandfather was Archibald Campbell, the first husband of Mrs. McNeil, died in 1856. She is said to have remembered many interesting facts about the Campbells and others of importance in the early days of this country, and was often visited by persons who were gathering information about them. She has left several sons and a daughter, and grandchildren, but none of them knew anything more of the Campbells than the headstones tell, except the fact of their relationship with Duncan Campbell.

Considerable interest has lately been aroused among these descendants, by one of their number, now travelling in Europe, writing home for all the facts about the descent from Duncan Campbell, and they are a little touched with the quite common

mania about some vast inheritance to come from the old country to them. Their relative may only be looking up something to give him a claim at the heraldry office.

According to a history of this country just published, and carefully made up, there was a proclamation by the governor of New York, in 1735, calling for "loyal Protestant Highlanders," to become settlers in this portion of the state, at first called "Charlotte," and now "Washington county." The purpose was to have a band of brave and trusted men to stand as a bulwark against the inroads of the French, from Canada, and the Indians. In response to this call Captain Lauchlin Campbell, in 1737, came to America and bargained with the acting governor of New York for a grant of thirty thousand acres of land in the proposed section. Campbell then returned to Scotland, sold his property there, gathered a company of four hundred and twenty adults, besides children, and started for his new lands with a portion of his colony accompanying him. On his arrival and presenting himself for his grant, the governor demanded fees, and a share in the lands. This Campbell resisted. The Assembly was called to his aid, but no relief was afforded him, and he and his company scattered to different places. The disappointed leader finally died in poverty.

In 1763, after the French war, in which the Scotch settlers had performed brave service, Donald, George, and James Campbell, sons of Captain Lauchlin Campbell, petitioned the governor for a grant of land, to the extent of one hundred thousand acres, in the place where their father expected to settle. Their large demand seemed to be made in recognition of their services, and perhaps as a provision for all the disappointed colonists and their descendants who followed their father.

The full amount of their request was not granted them, but they were given for themselves, the three brothers, and their three sisters, and four others persons, who were also called Campbell, ten thousand acres in the place now called Argyle.

Learning of the success of the children of Captain Campbell, descendants of the colonists he brought with him, and a few of the original adventurers, some of them living at the time in New Jersey, made application for a grant of land, in recognition of their services and early claims, and were allowed forty-seven thousand four hundred and fifty acres, in the same neighborhood with the grant to the children of Captain Campbell, and with it forming the first town of Argyle. This grant was made out in conformity to the advice of the Council, by State authorities, to whom the necessary authority had been delegated, and not by a special act of the king, as many have supposed. The instrument was dated May 21, 1764, and in it the name of Argyle was given to the town, and offices were named. It is the common understanding that the name was given in honor of the Duke of Argyle.

There is a list of names of the grantees, who were not of the immediate family of Lauchlin Campbell, and in it occur the following: Mary, Elizabeth, Archibald,

Duncan, Alexander, Elizabeth, Malcolm, Duncan, George, James, Duncan, junr., and John Campbell.

I now propose to resume the original story with the additional information which I have received since my return. I have frequently mentioned the tale, and I propose (without dwelling on the process by which I arrived at these details) to give them in the order in which they attached themselves to the narrative.¹¹

I have first to relate the murder of Donald Campbell. It was apparently not in leaving, but in approaching Inverawe that the event occurred. It was at Barcaldine. Barcaldine Castle stands nearer to the shore of Loch Crieran, and is now, and has for a long time been a ruin. Barcaldine House was in great part in existence at the time of the story. It stands in the wild country enclosed between Loch Crieran and Loch Etive. Down a steep romantic glen falls the river Deargan¹²—"the river of the red stain"—into Loch Crieran. High rocks rise on each side of the valley, whence streams descend broken into deep black pools. At the entrance of this valley is a ford over the Deargan marked by four or five huge stepping-stones. It was when Donald Campbell¹³ reached the second of these stones that he was overtaken by Stuart of Appin, with whom there had long been a mortal feud. Stuart caught him and slew him on the spot. The place is still called Murder Ford, and the deed goes by the name of the murder of Loch Crieran. The tradition has no account to render of what became of Donald's body. It was never found, and it is conjectured that Stuart of Appin carried it up to the old burial ground which is on the bare hilltop immediately above the ford,

¹¹ My kind friends Sir Edward and Lady Colebrooke put me into communication with Mr. Lillie, the friend of Mr. Campbell of Inverawe, who pointed out to me the story, as told with many embellishments, in the "Tales of the Highlands," by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. Mr. Campbell is since dead, but Mrs. Cameron, his sister-in-law, still possesses Barcaldine House, and from the obliging hospitality of herself and her son I obtained on the spot most of the information which appears. Mr. Campbell of Inverawe before his death had already written a letter which I insert hereafter. Inverawe itself ("Old Inverawe" to distinguish it from "New Inverawe," a modern house built at some distance on Loch Awe) is now the possession of Mrs. Campbell of Monzie, who, with her daughter, kindly received us.

¹² "Deargan" means anything of the color of red.

¹³ According to the more authentic version in the family, he was not the cousin, but the brother. Another version represents him as a foster-brother of the name of M'Niven.

and there interred it. He then—whether as following his original intention,¹⁴ or as endeavoring to throw himself on the protection of the murdered man's brother—followed the stream, which by a direct, but at that time almost trackless path, led straight to Inverawe. The glen is still unchanged; the wild deer "desiring the water-brooks," may still be seen rushing through the bracken and crossing the stream; the overhanging boughs still intertwine over the pass, until at last the glen becomes inaccessible, and the path mounts over the side of the hill. It is called Glen Saleach—"the dirty pass"—either from its associations with this deed of blood, or from the dark, umbrageous character of the woods and rocks. We can imagine how, like FitzJames in "The Lady of the Lake,"

The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid,

till the murderer had reached the top of the ascent, and then plunged down by Bunaw, the ford over Loch Etive, and thence rushing over the side of the hill reached the house of Duncan Campbell. Here we leave our informants at Barcaldine, and we find ourselves at the gates of Inverawe. Inverawe¹⁵ is situated on a slight acclivity above the Awe—as its name implies, near enough to its discharge into the loch to deserve its name, "the Awe's mouth." It stands beneath a wooded hill; on one side is a craggy eminence, called the Quarry Hill, from quarries in its bosom; on the other rises the magnificent pyramid of Ben Cruachan. Far behind it in the distance are the Three Herds of Etive. Much modernized, it yet still retains the ancient hall, where we may suppose that Campbell reclined as the unexpected guest threw himself on his mercy. What passed between them has been sufficiently described. According to the version current in the Campbell family, he was taken at once to a cave in Ben Cruachan, whose lofty peak rises high above the whole scene. There is one chamber at Inverawe which bears the name of the Ghost Room,

¹⁴ The story as told by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder has many amplifications. One which may possibly have some foundation, but which I have heard nowhere confirmed, is that Campbell of Inverawe had been under obligations to the murderer, whom he had encountered in a dangerous exploit some years before.

¹⁵ My information about the house was obtained during a visit on which I ventured before reaching Barcaldine.

with oaken panels all round, and an oaken bedstead. Here it was that the apparition gave its threefold warning.¹⁶

There are three final touches to the fatal story added by the inheritors of the tradition. The first is a slight variation from the story as first communicated to me. On the night before the battle Campbell went out to explore the village, and traversed the bridge, or one of the bridges, that spans the rapids of the descending river. It was a storm,¹⁷ and he wore in consequence a grey overcoat. On the bridge he saw a figure approaching him also in a grey surtout. The face was hidden or imperfectly seen, but on the breast he saw a wound, with blood streaming down over the grey coat. He approached it and extended his hand. The figure vanished away. He knew that by the laws of second sight it was the shadow of himself.¹⁸ He inquired of the inhabitants of the village what they called it. They answered "Carillon." He asked again whether there was no other name. They answered "Ticonderoga."¹⁹ On this he made his will, and he conjured the officers, if he fell, to search out his body. On the morrow took place the fatal conflict. They sought everywhere, and at length they found him wrapped in his overcoat, the wound in front, and the blood streaming over the grey coat, as he described the figure to his brother officers.

The next story must be told in the words of the actual inheritor of the name, Campbell of Inverawe, the grand-nephew²⁰ of Duncan Campbell. His tale is as follows:

¹⁶ In another version that has reached me, it is stated that it was Campbell's custom to read for some time before retiring to rest, and that he observed the figure of a man coming betwixt him and the light. The figure held up his hand with a threatening and supplicating gesture, and then came the demand for the surrender of the murderer.

¹⁷ In the story as told to me it was a "snowstorm." But snow in July on the American lakes is only to be paralleled by such a miracle as caused the erection of St. Maria Maggiore on the ground covered with snow in July in the streets of Rome.

¹⁸ Compare "Waverley" and "The Legend of Montrose."

¹⁹ Perhaps in the story of General Abercrombie giving the wrong name, Carillon was the *alias*. Another version describes the false name as being Fort Hudson.

²⁰ He died suddenly in the course of this year, 1880. It may be worth remarking that whereas Sir Thomas Dick Lauder represents Campbell's son as perishing in the battle, their kinsman states that "his son Alexander was a captain in the same regiment and severely wounded," but that "he reached Scotland and died at Glasgow, where he was buried in the Greyfriars Cemetery."

About forty-five years ago an old man was carrying a salmon for me up to the inn at Taynuilt.²¹ When I offered him money for his trouble he declined, saying, "Na, na, mony a fish have my forbears carried for yours." So of course we had a crack together about old times, and he told me that his ancestors had been in charge of the stall nets at the mouth of the Awe for generations—that his grandfather was foster-brother to Macdonnochie (the Gaelic patronymic of the Laird of Inverawe, "the son of Duncan"). Then followed the story. His father, a young lad, was sleeping in the same room with his father, but in a separate bed, when he was awakened in the night by some unaccustomed sound, and behold there was a bright light in the room, and he saw a figure in full Highland regimentals cross over the room and stoop down over his father's bed, and give him a kiss; he was too frightened to speak, but put his head under the coverlet, and went to sleep again. Once more he was roused again in like manner, and saw the same sight. In the morning he spoke to his father about it, who told him it was Macdonnochie he had seen, who came to tell him he had been killed in a great battle in America. And sure enough, said my informant, it was on the very day that the battle of Ticonderoga was fought, and the laird was killed.

There was a third story told, something of the same kind:

As two ladies, a Miss Campbell and a Miss Lindsay, were walking in the neighborhood of Inverawe, they saw a battle in the sky, and recognized many of those who fell, amongst them their two kinsmen. They came home and told the marvel to their friends. A note of the event was taken, and it was found to correspond in every particular with the historical account of the attack on Ticonderoga, and to have been seen at, or nearly at, the same time as the battle took place.

Such is this singular Highland story, which needs a Walter Scott to adjust the proportions of the natural and preternatural which have so inextricably blended together. In the pathetic story of "The Highland Widow" he has shown how beautifully the scenery which forms the framework of this tale can be lighted up,—the Bridge of Awe, the waters of Loch Awe, the heights of Ben Cruachan. The only title that I possess for the repetition of the tradition is that I am probably the only

²¹ Taynuilt is on the Awe, nearly opposite Inverawe.

person now living who has seen the Murder Ford at Barcaldine in all its beauty, the haunted castle of Inverawe, the ruined fortress of Ticonderoga, and (almost) the old brown headstone which marks the grave of Duncan Campbell.

A. P. STANLEY.



THE COMMONAGE SYSTEM IN RHODE ISLAND

II

RHODE ISLAND AND NEW ENGLAND COMPARED

(*Conclusion.*)

THERE was some resemblance in the disposition of the Commonages both in Rhode Island and the rest of New England. The use of these common lands, as their name implied, was much the same in all towns. They were the common property of all the inhabitants until such time as they were redistributed. Rights were purchased in the commonages, and also bequeathed; and so was a right to a share in their division. The same general principles obtained in the new allotments of land, whether in Boston, New Haven or in Providence Plantations. In every redistribution of the undivided commons, as much eagerness was manifested to obtain, by everyone, the lion's share in one place as another. Mr. Levermore, in his "Republic of New Haven," relates how the rush to obtain shares in the common lands became a "scramble."

Whatever islands there were, usually remained common property until all the mainland was apportioned. In Massachusetts, all swamps, containing one hundred acres or thereabouts, were thus reserved; and in the Providence Plantations, all the cedar and pine swamps without exception. By degrees these swamps and islands, as well as meadow and pasture land, were absorbed by the townspeople. A little spot of soil, here and there, only escaped allotment or sale. For the value of open spaces, from what view soever regarded, would be proportionate only to the scarcity of land. The abortive attempt which Providence Plantations made in this direction was a noteworthy exception, unsuccessfully as it eventuated.

The disposition of these Commons, in Providence at least, was left to a committee, chosen in full town meeting. Here, as early as 1640, the freemen "with one consent agreed, that for the disposing these lands that shall be disposed, belonging to this town of Providence to be the whole inhabitants by the choice of five men for general disposal, to be betruusted with disposal of lands and also of the town's stock and all general things, and not to receive in any in six days, as townsmen, but

first to give the inhabitants notice, to consider if any have just cause to show against the receiving of him, as you can apprehend, and to receive none but such as subscribe to this our determination. Also we agree, that if any of our neighbors do apprehend himself wronged by these or any of these five disposers, that at the general town meeting he may have a trial." In Boston the number of such Disposers was seven; in New Haven, the division was left to the Selectmen. In the choice of this committee at Boston, the leading men were not appointed as a rule. At one of these elections Mr. Winthrop was chosen, but declined. It was apprehended there, that if the wealthy and influential were put upon this committee, the poorer sort would not fare so well. Mr. Winthrop, probably out of respect for this feeling, declined to serve. The Elders were offended, called a new election and appointed this time only leading men—among whom was Mr. Winthrop. It has been opined, that but for the election of Winthrop the Boston Common had never been preserved for future generations.

The method of division varied in the several colonies and in different towns in the same colony, and at different periods. Thus in Wrentham, Mass., and Wethersfield, Conn., all the proprietors shared alike as to quality and quantity of the land; and, in Providence Plantations, "lots were set off to the persons under age and the lone women who accompanied them." Again, the number of the persons in the family was taken as a guide for fixing the size of the allotment; the amount of estate was another guide. In Haverhill, Mass., everyone who possessed an estate worth £200 was to have twenty acres to his house-lot; "and so everyone under that sum to have acres proportionable for his house-lot, together with meadow and common, and planting ground, proportionably." In other places (Conn.) lands were apportioned according to the rate paid. Furthermore, allotments were made in accordance with the needs of the grantee. Thus to those who had more use for plowing-land, was granted a larger proportion of this in their allotment; "and in all meadow and pasture, to regard chiefly cattle and estate, because estate is like to be improved in cattle, and such ground is aptest for their use."

Another method was to make divisions to families according to "names, estates and qualifications." Thus the head of a family was to receive a larger amount of land than a bachelor. In other towns the quantity of land to be allotted was regulated by the amount of property

placed on the tax-list. Again, a certain amount was apportioned a householder, and half the quantity to each male member of the family, over sixteen years of age. Another plan still was to fix the rates so that the poorest should not have less than half as much as the richest. (Mass.)

In some Massachusetts towns land was sometimes disposed "according to men's rank, quality, desert and usefulness, either in church or commonwealth; That men of useful trades may have material to improve the same, be encouraged and have land, as near home as may be convenient, and that husbandmen that have abilities to improve more than others, be considered." A grant of land, as we have seen, was made somewhat large to Mr. Lenthal, of Newport, on condition that he would open a school there. So a considerable tract of land was given to John Smith, the Miller, of Providence, on account of his erecting a grist-mill in that town. Similar grants were made in certain towns of Massachusetts and Connecticut; also for the encouragement of the printing art, in colony or town; for establishing salt works, etc.

Sometimes the right of commonage was granted to persons only during their lifetime. In this case the right could be neither sold nor handed down to their heirs. Thus Walter Rhodes, of Providence, was allowed the privilege during his life, to take firewood from the Commons, "timber for to build him a house to live in, timber for his own fencing; 3rdly commonage for four or five cattle until the Common be divided, to say cowkind or horsekind and some swine besides provided nevertheless as to town orders or Colony orders as to not keeping any sort of the said cattle, the foresaid friendly courtesy shall not be construed to make sure to continue all the foresaid, then notwithstanding any such said act to the said Walter Rhodes." In other words, this privilege was not to revert to his heirs or assigns.

Allotments were occasionally made the free and full gift to men of high position or great eminence. In some of the other towns of New England, as in Dedham, Mass., this was often done. In Providence a similar grant was made to John Clark on condition that he would settle in this town; if not, to be granted to any person he "shall commend unto us, a friend from England which is in distress, that he, or they shall freely be accommodated amongst us with a full purchase right of land as of gift" (1662).

Lands, besides, were disposed sometimes to private individuals out-

right in payment of certain indebtedness. Thus the town of Barnstable sold a certain quantity of land to pay for obtaining the colonial charter.

Still another mode of making allotments was to either grant partial rights of commonage, or to make a grant of land outright, which did not entitle the grantee to any privileges of commoning. This method was followed to satisfy non-commoners and perhaps those persons who were unable to purchase a full right with all its attendant privileges. The first method seems to have been peculiar to Rhode Island, so far as can be ascertained. These purchasers constituted what were known as the "twenty-five acre men;" another name was "quarter-right purchasers." This class of persons agreed, that they, on condition of "having obtained a free grant of twenty-five acres of land apiece with right of commonage, according to the said proportion of land from the free inhabitants of this town of Providence, do thankfully accept the same, and do hereby promise to yield active and passive obedience to the authority of (king and Parliament) established in this Colony according to our charter, and to all such wholesome laws and orders that are or shall be made by the major consent of this Town of Providence; as also not to claim any right to the purchase of the said Plantation, nor any privilege of vote in town affairs until we shall be received as freemen of the said town of Providence." Each one of this class of purchasers was permitted by the town to draw "a quarter part so much as a purchaser [that is a full purchaser], without the seven mile line, paying a quarter part of the charge for the confirmation. . . . Only those who were received with a full right of Commoning within the seven mile line, in lands and commoning, paying equal part to the confirmation with the purchasers."

In the settlement of some of the towns of Massachusetts every new-comer received a certain proportion of land without any of the usually accompanying rights of commoning. Similar grants were not uncommon in some of the towns of Connecticut and the New Haven colonies.

These undivided commonages consisted of woodland, pasture and tilth, or cultivatable land; of upland and meadow. They were cultivated in common, if of the proper kind; sometimes open, sometimes fenced. They at first comprised nearly all the unimproved land, as in Milford, Mass.; afterwards, only that in which the townsmen were especially interested. Sometimes allotments were thrown together and tilled in common, (Mass.). One of the main uses of the woodlands,

perhaps the only use for many years, was for procuring timber for fencing and "housing," for firewood, pine knots for candle light; for obtaining charcoal, tar and making lime, (R. I.). So important were many of these privileges considered, that many laws were enacted to prevent waste and abuse. Thus timber could not be cut on the commons without special permission, (New Hav.); fines were imposed for selling timber out of the plantation, (Prov.); orders passed for limiting the amount of "tar run," the burning, or making of charcoal, to prevent the waste of candle wood (Prov.). And, as land became more valuable from the fact that the best of it had been pretty much taken up, domestic animals of all sorts were forbidden by law to roam or graze on the commons, or placed under certain restraints; and, may be, excluded altogether. But down to 1830 cows were pastured on Boston Common.

As has already been adduced, the management, allotment and establishment of the commonages were not the same in all the towns of New England. In New England generally, outside of Rhode Island, the charge of all such matters was given to a committee or to the Selectmen. Sometimes the General Court would appoint this committee, who in turn would levy fines, collect fees, dues, etc., and carry out all the provisions of the law, (Boston). Every measure, relating to the undivided lands, except the allotments, was passed by a vote of the proprietors, at which time the proper officer was also appointed to execute the law, usually the Sheriff, when there was a sheriff, or the Town Sergeant.

On the outbreak of the Revolution, except the few reservations presently to be described, all these common lands had been pretty nearly divided. Those in Rhode Island had all disappeared by the year 1750. The General Assembly of this colony, in 1709, appointed a committee "to sell or lease out the vacant lands in Narragansett to those who may have settled on them; and, by 1712, the labors of this body were finished.

In the various towns of Connecticut the commonages had a longer lease of life, and their inhabitants were left with many reminders of their broad ancestral acres. New Haven made the last division of public lands in 1722, the eighth in course; Hartford in 1785; Windsor, in 1787; and Milford, the last one of the towns of New England, in 1804.

The towns of Massachusetts parted with their commons nearly at the same time as those of Rhode Island. Haverhill made five allot-

ments of its undivided lands in all, the last in 1751; none were remaining after 1760. Groton made the last division in 1760. The last meeting of the Proprietors of the town of Framingham was in 1785. Some of the parent settlements laid out a portion of their commons to set off new towns. Cambridge and Lynn lost their commons as early as 1687, and some other towns, as these lands were seized by Sir Edmund Andros and given to his friends. The last of the public lands in Chester (now in N. H.) were gone in 1751.

It is evident from what has been noted that our ancestors had little thought of posterity in the disposition of their public lands. This was no doubt due to the necessities of the times. The early colonists had enough to do to take care of themselves, let alone unborn posterity. Their very tenure in the strange country was frail for many years. They had to contend not only with a wild and untrodden region but with a savage foe that, as time went on, contested with them the possession of their new home. Then, again, the importance of open spaces could not be appreciated till the very last of them, on the growth of cities, forced such importance upon their attention. But, nevertheless, some of the New England towns made reservations on a liberal scale and succeeded in saving them from the greed of the "landgrabbers." These tracts of land were set apart for some special, useful purpose; and they were laid out in perpetuity. Some such a tract Wethersfield, Conn., set off in 1674, containing 1,000 acres, afterwards increased to 1,200 acres, to be a perpetual common for pasturing cattle and sheep. Hartford had an Ox Pasture set off; as did that part of Rehoboth, Mass., now East Providence, R. I. Little Compton, R. I., also possesses a perpetual common, once a part of Massachusetts. New Haven, Conn., sequestered land for ox and cow pastures, for sheep walks and for common tillage. Again, the "East and West Rocks," as they have been named, in the latter town, were set apart as perpetual commons, subsequently converted into sheep walks for all time. Other bits of reserved lands, which were brought into Rhode Island by the admission of other towns than those already cited, were but parcels of land known as ox, cow, sheep and kindred pastures which had escaped the greed of the times.

Of all the reservations, thus rescued for future generations and upon which have been erected our more modern public-park systems, two

deserve particular mention. Around both these cluster memories dear to every American heart.

And first of New Haven Green. On the settlement of the New Haven Colony, "The town-plot," says Levermore, "half a mile square, and bounded by what are now George, York, Grove and State Streets (Neck Lane), nestled between the two creeks, and was divided into minor squares, or 'quarters,' as they were called. On the eight outside squares the principal planters made their homes, while the central section was reserved for a market-place, and is the beautiful Common, or 'Green.'" This space was used as a training-field. All male inhabitants of the Colony, between the ages of sixteen and sixty, unless exempted by office in Church or State, "shall be compleatly furnished with arms, viz.; a muskett, a sworde, bandaleers, a rest, a pound of powder, 20 bullets fitted to their muskets, or four of pistoll or swan shott att least, and be ready to show them in the Markett Place, upon Munday the 16th of this moneth," etc.

In 1683, in the center of the market place, a sign-post was erected; next, in one corner, the court house and the jail. In another corner was built one of the public markets near which stood the old State, or Court House. The whole space between was made a general thoroughfare where roamed the geese of the town or wallowed the swine at will. This spot constituted the colony's Forum. It was in this place that patriotic speeches were delivered; the injuries of the colonies portrayed in impassioned eloquence. On all public occasions, here gathered the inhabitants of the town. After all the old landmarks had been removed in the progress of reform, this Common became what the name signifies to us moderns, contributing to the health and adornment of this sister Capital.

Perhaps the most famous in American history of all the Commons which have come down to our generation, is the Boston Common. Its very name brings at once to mind the long series of memorable events in connection with the rise, progress and preservation of the American Union. It was on Boston Common the first hostile drum beat the Continental forces to arms. Here patriots proclaimed the cause of freedom and sounded the knell of slavery. It was here that a village Hampden bourgeoned into an Otis; and, when in time the skies cleared, a Webster and an Everett held forth to delighted audiences.

But neither space nor the scope of our paper permits us to do more than to speak briefly of this memorable spot so treasured in the heart of every true American. Like the history of similar reservations, its story follows the same beaten track. More than enough of it was left, however, on which to found one of the most beautiful park-systems in the Union. The area which Boston Common now occupies, forms a portion of an allotment which was granted to William Blackstone in 1633. In 1640, this tract of land, with the exception of his house and sixteen acres of land, was bought of Blackstone for the sum of £30 by the town. The money was raised by levying a tax on the inhabitants, at the rate of six shillings each, and over according to his estate. Boston Common was thus purchased outright, and was not an original reservation. It was chiefly through the instrumentality of John Winthrop, who was on the purchasing committee, that this tract of land was secured. The Common was afterwards laid out for a training-field in perpetuity; a law being passed to that effect at the time of its purchase.

In 1757 a petition was sent by the citizens of Boston to the authorities, setting forth the needs of the town for a burying-ground, and asking one to be set apart. In consequence a portion of the south end of the Common was granted for this purpose. This Common has been enlarged at different times through the generosity of some of Boston's citizens. In spite of many attempts to "utilize" it for various ulterior purposes, it has thus far escaped commercial greed.

From this study of the two methods, by which allotments of land were made, several valuable lessons may be drawn. In the Rhode Island method, as it may be termed in contradistinction to the one obtaining in the rest of New England, the individual received prominence; elsewhere the community of interests, while the individual was sunk in the State. The Massachusetts hierarchy well illustrates the second method. Both methods were carried to an extreme and were open to just criticism. A compromise between the two would have been preferable from the start, had it been possible. Each method was susceptible of much abuse; though in one there was secured more order and intelligence from the start, which at least would assure a stable government.

Finally, these two methods of disposing of the public lands gave birth to two great political parties which under different names, after having advocated the separation from England (in this instance the liberty, or patriotic party), have administered the welfare of the country

at alternate periods. One is the Federal, or centralizing party; the other is for strengthening the component parts of this union more particularly—a doctrine more or less clearly expressed by the Democratic party. Both doctrines, when carried out to their farthest limit, would produce, in the one case despotism, in the other disunion or anarchy. A just balance between the two brings about a well ordered community.

On these few reservations of larger or smaller area are based the present park-systems of New England. From small beginnings have sprung extensive domains which fulfill the the conditions of such open-spaces and recreation-grounds far beyond the hopes of their well-wishers. As their value becomes more appreciated the generosity of their friends will become more pronounced; and the only regret is, that our ancestors were so slow in bequeathing such benefits to their posterity.

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FRANKLIN C. CLARK, M. D.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ON THE NORTH ATLANTIC BLOCKADE

WHEN in April, 1861, President Lincoln proclaimed a blockade of all the Southern ports, the length of shore to be watched was in round numbers, 11,000 miles. In these were 185 harbors and river openings, from Alexandria, Virginia, to the borders of Mexico on the Rio Grande. To close these 185 openings, the Secretary of the Navy had for the moment just three steamers, the rest of the commissioned fleet being either in Southern ports or scattered the wide world over. It was not alone in lack of vessels, but in want of men also, that the government was embarrassed. The call for volunteers was answered by hosts. Officers of the merchant service were a valuable part of this volunteer force, but so great was the need of officers, that appointments were secured by not a few men who had never been to sea. In fact, the first ship I was ordered to was commanded by one such, who could hardly box the compass. The youngsters at the Naval Academy, who had had one or more years' instruction, were at once taken into the service. They were mere boys, but they knew something of warships, and some of them made names that will not be easily forgotten.

After the call for men, came one for ships. The Navy Department sought to buy everything useful, and, because greed was a stronger passion than love of country, the prices were outrageously high. The inspecting officers were compelled by stress of need to accept about everything that would float and carry a gun—deep water ships, inland water steamers, ferry boats and harbor tugs.

Let me cite some instances of "patriotism" of that era. The firm whose employ I left to enter the navy, were large ship owners. Their ships were sold at fabulous prices, and they built and sold others, at about 200 per cent. profit and also had a large number chartered by the day. The senior member, who had known me from boyhood, would pat me on the back and say, "Billy, it's a glorious thing to be patriotic and serve one's country in time of need." When the war began this "patriotic" man was worth about \$100,000, but at its end he died, leaving two millions. Having bought 137 vessels, the government began to build

on its own account, and built the famous *Kearsarge*. Everybody built ships—one Connecticut firm particularly built them so cut away under the bow and counter that they had no bearings—they would beat a Minnesota lumberman at rolling logs; while at anchor they would roll so hard that only the masts saved them from rolling clear over.

In spite of all obstacles the Navy Department was equal to the emergency, and foreign statesmen had to admit the efficiency of the blockade. They pointed to the number of blockade runners that eluded the vigilance of our vessels, but they were fairly startled by the number of fast steamers which we were constantly capturing and which were often bought by the department and converted into blockaders. England built many of these, but generally they were soon captured by some energetic navy officer. What the loss to the Confederacy was will appear from the fact that in all 1165 prizes were captured, of which 210 were fast steamers. There were also 335 sunk, burned, driven ashore, or otherwise destroyed; or 1500 in all, worth \$30,000,000.

During the blockade, the Mecca of most blockade runners was Wilmington, and in March, 1864, I was detached from the *Maratanza* on that station, and ordered to the *Calypso*, one of these very converted blockade-runners, transformed into a gunboat. Eight or ten vessels, some of them old "tubs," comprised the Wilmington squadron. During the day we were all anchored, and life aboard was very monotonous. Our chief source of amusement was the putting of a "personal" advertisement in the old *Waverley Magazine* of Boston; and when the supply steamer came to us with the mail and supplies, we had fun for weeks, reading and answering the letters that came. I had sixty in reply to one advertisement, from all parts of the North. Little did the dear ladies who wrote know the enjoyment their letters gave the boys in blue on the blockade.

About once a month we went to Beaufort for coal, and every time I got a few barrels of rosin and a few cords of pitchpine, until I had twenty of each, and felt ready for the runners. We carried six guns and 125 men, and I had an understanding with the chief engineer that, in case we chased a runner, he was to haul every other fire and cram in the pine wood and rosin, so we could get up steam quickly. Ordinarily we burned hard coal, and all know it takes time for a hard coal fire to come up. At night, we were moving about under a very low pressure of steam; consequently we could not have very heavy fires; if we did, the steam would blow off and give us away to the runners, which thus had us at a dis-

advantage, as before we could get up steam they would generally run out of sight. They came down the river from Wilmington, and kept out of sight until a favorable night for running out—then came down to the bar or river entrance and crept out, generally hugging the shore very close, sometimes near enough to throw a stone on the beach—and as they were painted a dull gray or lead color, it was almost impossible to see them. Their safety valves were weighted down for fear a particle of steam would escape. If they could pass out undetected, so much the better; if not, they threw open the throttle valve and away they would go, trusting to their great speed and full head of steam to run us out of sight before we could get up steam, or they have to fix their fires, for the moment they touched their fires we could "spot" them; they burning soft coal, the first shovelful of fresh coal would show in a flame at the top of the smoke-stack.

It was my duty to take the *Calypso* from the day to the night station. I should have said that at dark the whole fleet moved in towards the entrance to the river about two and a half miles from the land. Any vessel seeing a blockade runner was to fire a rocket in her direction. On the evening of October 28, 1864, just as we got to our station, the *Eolus*, the next vessel to us (she had been a New York sidewheel towboat), fired a rocket, and by its light I saw for a moment a large blockade runner going out between us. Promptly the engineer piled in the rosin and the wood, and we tried to head her off, but she was too fleet. Putting out to sea, we went after her, firing several shots from our forward guns, and one shell, as we saw next day, went through both masts. We then settled down for a stern chase to seaward, the sky was overcast and very black, while astern of us, over the land, the sky was clear, so the runner could see us longer than we could see her. I had a powerful pair of night glasses, and did not take my eyes off from watching her, but at last she drew so far ahead and the weather became so hazy, that I lost sight of her. I knew that as soon as this happened, her course would be changed (for she was watching us as well), and I also knew it was about time for her to renew her fires; so I swept the horizon with my glasses, and was rewarded by seeing, three points on our port bow, one little flash of fire as it came from her funnel. I pointed our ship for her; her speed was diminishing, while our rosin and wood was giving us all the steam we could use, and we came up with her rapidly. The *Eolus* was on our port bow about one and a half miles and some distance ahead. The runner did not discover the *Eolus* until almost on to her, and then, in trying to

clude her, ran so close to us, that we gave her a broadside from our howitzers that so frightened the engineer that he stopped the engines. They showed two white lights in token of surrender, and before they had time to repent, we had a crew aboard them.

This was the second time her captain had been captured, and he told me afterwards that if the engineer had not stopped the engines he never would have surrendered.

Next morning we returned to our station with the prize, which proved to be the *Lady Stirling*, an English side-wheel steel steamer, with over 1000 bales of cotton. She was of beautiful model, and did not draw over eight feet of water. I was assigned to her as Prize Master, and with a crew selected from several ships, ordered to take her to Boston and turn her over to the U. S. Marshal. On reaching the day station the crew who had boarded her, found she was afire. This had been done by her crew by means of a fuse prepared for the purpose when she received her cargo. With a large extra force from different vessels, we worked hard all day and thought we had the fire out. That evening I put to sea in her, and during a heavy gale the flames broke out afresh. For a while it seemed very doubtful if we could save her; for between the heavy gale blowing, and the rolling of the vessel, it seemed almost impossible to subdue the fire. The next day, for the safety of crew and prisoners, I put into Beaufort, discharged all the cotton in the forward hold (where the fire had started), put the sound bales on deck, and the burning ones overboard, made fast with rope. The cotton was then re-stowed, and we started North again. Although we lost seventy-five or a hundred bales by the fire, the *Lady Stirling* was, with one exception the richest prize captured during the war. The amount sent to the fourth auditor of the Treasury for distribution was \$494,891.25 (The highest prize was the steamer *Memphis*, captured November 10, 1864, while running in—loaded with arms and ammunition valued at \$510,914.07).

WILLIAM JENNINGS, U. S. N.

CINCINNATI.

[Read before Loyal Legion of Ohio.]

EXTRACTS FROM BRITISH ARCHIVES

ON THE FAMILIES OF HALEY, HALLEY, PIKE, ETC.

V

(Continued from June)

A LONDON correspondent writes about an intended "visit to the Guildhall library to learn whether any of the parish papers of St. Catherine Cree or of All Hallows Staining are deposited there." He adds: "I find nothing more difficult than to obtain access to records in the city of London. There is the initial difficulty of ascertaining in whose custody the records may be at the present time and when this difficulty has been surmounted, one has no little trouble in obtaining access to the custodian. . . . The tower of the church of All Hallows Staining escaped the Great Fire and is still standing. Whether the church was rebuilt I know not. Possibly it was not and possibly the parish is for ecclesiastical purposes incorporated with that of St. Catherine Cree. In the Guildhall library there are the church wardens and rate-books of a few—but only a few—of the many City parishes."

It appears safe to infer that consanguinity is proved between Edmund Halley and Richard Pyke, by the fact that they are named as joint grantees in the deed dated 21st April, 1694. This document seems to represent a purely family transaction, for it will be observed that the consideration paid (five shillings) was only nominal. The present writer accepts this as evidence strongly corroborating the traditions printed in *Notes and Queries*, London, ninth series, XI., 205-206.

A comparison of certain coats armorial described, in part by Burke, in part by Fairbairn, under the surnames of Hale, Hales, Hawley, on the one hand, and Pike and Pyke, on the other, reveals some resemblances. Whether or not this fact is necessarily significant remains to be discovered.

A note touching the official record of marriage of James McPike and Martha Mountain of New Jersey, *circa* 1789, appeared in the

Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography, 30, No. 118 (April, 1906): 251. In response to this query, some documents concerning the Mountain family in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and its ancestors in the parish of Andover (Hampshire), England, were sent by Mr. O. D. Wilkinson, to the editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, where they will later appear *in extenso*. This reference to Bucks County may be a clue to the record of marriage McPike-Mountain, 1789.

Richard Pyke (Aug. 13, 1324) was of the Knights Companions of the Bath (K. C. B.)

Burke's "General Armory" (page 470) shows: "Hawleys.—Sa. a fret and a canton ar. *Crest*.—an arm embowed, throwing a dart ppr."

The same work gives (p. 803): "Pike of Glendarary, Co. Mayo, . . . *Crest*. An arm embowed in armour, the hand gauntleted grasping a broken spear all ppr. and charged on the elbow with an escallop az."

In the printed "Records of the Pike Family Association of America, 1902" (page 10) the coat of arms "brought over by John Pike, when he came to this country, in 1635," is described thus: "He Beareth Argent. Chevron Gules between Three Crescent Vert; *Crest*, three pikes proper one erect, the two Saltire-Ways by the name of Pike."

Dr. Clifford L. Pike of Saco, Maine, writes that he finds in the 'Visitations of Somersetshire' by (Weaver) (page 64) this item: Pike's Ash in Martock and of Moorlich, W. Bridgewater. Arms: Per pale Az. & Sa. over all three crescents, Or." Dr. Pike adds:

"This was granted to Sir Richard Pyke, living eighth year of reign of Richard II. (*circa* 1385), among whose descendants were:—his son, Thomas, who had son, Hugh (living third year Henry VI.) who married Elizabeth ———, and had son Thomas, who had son John, who had son William (of Moorlich, Somerset) who married Alice, (daughter of Thos. Bouring of Bouring's Leigh, in West-Abington, county Devonshire) who had sons:—Robert and Stephen. Robert married Eliza, daughter of ——— Thornhill and had son Thomas (of Moorlich) who married a daughter of Sir John Stowell of Castlestone. Stephen married Dorothy, (daughter of T. Cuffe) who had children: John, Francis, Elizabeth, Jerome and Jones. John of Bridgewater (1573) married Jane, daughter of Richard Castleman."

"I find John Pike, baptised Nov. 1, 1572; Robert Pike bapt. Aug. 29, 1582; and Robert Pike, bapt. July 29, 1583."

The Moorlich registers date back only to 1652. The Vicar of Moorlich writes Dr. Pike that "the Pikes of Somersetshire were among the prominent people of that county in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but they suddenly disappeared about the time of the Reformation."

"The names of the children of John Pike, who came to America in 1635 (John, Robert, Dorothy, Ann and Israel, [a girl]) are identical to the names borne by the family (ancestors) of the John Pike, baptised 1572. There was also a Hugh Pike of Newbury, Mass., born 1657, whom I have not been able to trace."

Dr. Pike connects his line "directly with the John Pike, baptised in 1572, and believe him to be the one who came to America, in 1635. He had a son born 1606 (the noted Capt. John Pike of Woodbridge), and another in 1616 (the famous Major Robert Pike of Salisbury, Mass.), but where they were born, I know not. Both these sons were members of the General Court for many years. This John Pike, 1635, styles himself 'laborer' from Langford, England, and was a highly educated man and plead causes in the Massachusetts courts as did both of his sons, especially Major Robert Pike. There are more than twenty parishes in England named Langford. This Sir Richard Pyke is the only one I have found with a coat bearing crescents, and so conclude I am right. Robert Pike, bapt. 1583, settled in Providence, R. I., but first came to Marblehead, I think, and I suspect he was the father of James Pike of Charlestown-Reading. I can connect him direct with Somersetshire through conveyances of real estate. Among his descendants was the late President James A. Garfield. Robert Pike, 1583—m. Catherine and settled in Providence, R. I., his dau. Hannah m. Maturin Ballou, see Ballou Genealogy for James A. Garfield's line of descent."

Woodward's History of Hampshire, vol. III., page 173, says: "Andover sent (in 1586) as M. P. a Burgess named James or Francis Halley and Edwin Sandes; Esquires."

In 1763 Captain Halley is rated in Register of Newnham, Basingstoke, for a Coppice.

The Broadsheet of 1684, about death of Edmund Halley, sen., is

said to omit the name of his nephew and it is unknown to the present writer.

List of unclaimed dividends (1790) has in 3% Consols fund: 8 dividends left 1788 by Robert Haliley, Linen-draper, of Southwark, London, as a Trustee.

In the special indices compiled by the Genealogical Department of the Newberry Library, Chicago, are several pages of references to the Pike family in America.

Edmond Hawles, Esq., appears as an executor of will of Sir Edmund Uvedale, Sheriff of Dorset, whose will dated 1 Oct., was proved in P. C. C., 6 Dec., 1621 (102 Dale.) *cf. Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica*, IV., 305.

The English surname Mountain is said to be derived from the French Montaigne. See sketch of Jacob Mountain in "Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography," IV., 447; New York, 1888.

"The Baronetage of England . . ." by Rev. William Betham, vol. IV., pp. 297-300; London, 1804, gives a pedigree of Hawley of Leybourne, Grange, Kent, dating from one John Hawley who had son William living 17 Henry VII (1502) who had son John of Auler, in Somersetshire, Esq. This pedigree contains the marriage of Kynborough to Richard Wroth, previously mentioned in this present series under surname Halley. This illustrates the interchangeableness of English surnames, but by no means implies any relationship between the respective families of Hawley and Halley, which, nevertheless, may have existed.

Some pedigrees of Hawley in England are given in the introduction to "The Hawley Record," by Elias S. Hawley, Buffalo, N. Y., 1890 (folio). But none with the coat: "Sable, a fret and a canton, argent."

EUGENE FAIRFIELD MCPIKE.

CHICAGO.

THE HISTORICAL WORK OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

I: IN RHODE ISLAND

(Concluded from June)

THE historian of the Chapter, Mrs. James Helme Rickard, made a valuable historical address on the occasion, involving in its preparation much research into the Revolutionary history of the town of Cumberland, in which the hill stands. Concerning the beacon she said:

“Cumberland beacon was erected on the spot which we mark to-day. There is no recorded date of its erection. It was about seventy feet high, with a large tar-kettle suspended from the top. Contrary to the belief of the historians of Rhode Island, we think we can prove from tradition—often as valuable as documentary evidence—that its fires were lighted during the Revolution. Old residents are unanimous in their belief—founded on family tradition—that this beacon ‘was used in the Revolution as a station for giving the surrounding country notice of important events, and calling the soldiers together for orders and to signal other stations’, their usual rendezvous being the old Belcher house. We know that a guard for the beacon was appointed in 1779, for the records have the following, under date of October, 1782: ‘At the General Assembly of the Gov. and Company of the State of Rhode Island and Prov. Plantations begun and holden at Providence on the last Monday in October’ it was voted that ‘Whereas Lieut. Col. Commandant George Peck exhibited unto this assembly a Pay Abstract of the Beacon Guard kept at Cumberland of Seven Men, from the Twenty-first Day of May to the Thirtieth Day of October, A. D. 1779, by Order of Major General Gates, Which being duly considered It is Voted and Resolved That the Amount thereof, being Seventy-six Pounds Sixteen Shillings, Silver Money, be allowed and paid to the said George Peck, out of the General Treasury, to discharge the same.’”

In the autumn of 1897, the Narragansett Chapter of Kingston erected a monument over the grave of Major Ebenezer Adams, in the

family burial ground in Kingston. It is of rubble work, pyramidal in shape, with marble tablet inserted, thus inscribed:

*Built in Memory of Ebenezer Adams,
Captain of Artillery in the War of the Revolution,
by the Narragansett Chapter, D. A. R., 1897.*

Ebenezer Adams was Captain of the Artillery Regiment in the Rhode Island State Brigade, enrolled under the act of the General Assembly in December, 1776. Later he held the rank of Major in the war of 1812.

The Pawtucket Chapter has done a great work at Slater Memorial Park in that city. This tract of land was the home of John Daggett, who acquired it in 1646 by vote of the townsmen of Rehoboth, Massachusetts, assembled in town meeting. It was owned by the Daggett family until purchased by the city in 1890. On the plain to the west of the farm occurred stirring actions in King Philip's War. A member of the Daggett family served as a member of the Committee of Correspondence during the Revolutionary War. For several years after its purchase, the city allowed the place to lie idle. That Pawtucket now has a park worthy of the name, is due to the interest aroused by the Pawtucket Chapter. The city has given the custody and care of the ancient house into their hands. This colonial house, built about 1685, has been thoroughly renovated by the Chapter at its own expense. It was re-silled, the stone work strengthened, the chimney rebuilt, the roof shingled and the whole painted, and the inside renovated and decorated in colonial style, from attic to cellar. It now compares favorably with any house of its kind in New England. It is situated on the old post-road from Boston to Providence and Newport. Trees have also been planted by the Chapter, on the grounds, named in memory of heroes of history, or for the historic spots whence they were obtained.

September 7, 1905, a beautiful tablet was erected on the house, and the whole work was dedicated by the Chapter to our Revolutionary heroes.

The General Nathanael Greene Chapter of East Greenwich has recently erected the only monument in Rhode Island to the memory of her greatest hero, from whom the Chapter derives its name.

This is a massive seat of granite by the roadside, near and in sight of the birthplace of General Greene, at Forge Bridge, Potowomut, about two miles from the town of East Greenwich, in the town of Warwick.

The seat is of rough finished Rhode Island granite, except the arms and inscription tablet, which are smooth-finished, and is six feet in height and six feet in breadth. The land on which it stands was given to the Chapter by Mrs. Rufus Waterman and family for the purpose. Several individuals, some of them members of the Greene family, contributed toward the cost of the work; the Lucretia Allen Society of the Children of the American Revolution, of East Greenwich, also aided, and the remainder was raised by the Chapter.

The unveiling, on October 19, 1905, the anniversary of Yorktown, was attended with appropriate exercises, including a parade of the Kentish Guards (the ancient company chartered in 1774, Nathanael Greene having been one of the incorporators, and one of the original organizers), who, with the members of the General Nathanael Greene Chapter, and their invited guests, including the Governor and his staff, and representatives of the other patriotic societies and Rhode Island Chapters of the D. A. R., marched in procession from the center of East Greenwich to the Forge Bridge at Potowomut, two miles distant. The societies represented, besides the Daughters, were the Sons of the American Revolution, the Society of the Cincinnati in Rhode Island (of which General Greene was the first president), the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, the Society of Colonial Dames, the Children of the American Revolution and the Rhode Island Historical Society.

The speakers of the day were the Governor of Rhode Island, Miss Elizabeth H. Swinburne, State Regent for Rhode Island of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Professor Wilfred H. Munro of Brown University, Rev. Daniel Goodwin, D. D., and Mrs. Elbridge Gerry Carpenter, Regent of the General Nathanael Greene Chapter, the presiding officer on this occasion.

The Governor found a fitting text for his remarks in a picture in one of the recent periodicals entitled, "The Story of the Empty Sleeve." He said:

"Men and women learn from books a little; they learn more from association. Nothing could signify more to the work of the Daughters of the American Revolution than a proper appreciation of what that work means. What the young men and women of the present day need to appreciate is that the heroes of whom they read and hear, were men and women like themselves, and from this to gain the realization that this country has cost something. With this realization firmly implanted in the minds of the youth of to-day, there may be born, as in the future they

pass by this place and are told what this seat represents, a new feeling of patriotism and loyalty to the country and all that it represents. May we hope to see in the future other historic localities in the State marked as this has been, and may we all strive to do our part to perpetuate that sentiment of loyalty to country which is the richest heritage that man can inherit."

The inscription on the back of the seat reads:

*A Memorial to Major General Nathanael Greene,
born near this spot July 27 (O. S.), 1742, and died at Mulberry
Grove, Ga., June 19, 1786. Erected by the Nathanael Greene
Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution in Rhode Island.*

This completes the accomplished work of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Rhode Island, along these lines, but it may appropriately be added that a joint committee of the Rhode Island Sons of the American Revolution and the Rhode Island Chapters of the D. A. R. was formed some years ago, to raise funds to erect a fitting statue to General Greene, to be placed either in the State House or on its grounds. The fund is growing, but is not yet sufficient for its purpose.

The Samuel Ward Society of the Children of the American Revolution of Westerly, Rhode Island, has placed two memorials, one a tablet of wood on the Whitfield elm at Stonington, Conn., the other of bronze at Weekapaug, R. I., the birthplace of Lieutenant Colonel Samuel Ward, one of the heroes of Quebec and Red Bank, the son of Governor Samuel Ward, Rhode Island delegate to the Continental Congress, who died a few weeks before the Declaration of Independence, while in Philadelphia attending to his duties at the Congress.

The Phebe Greene Ward Chapter of D. A. R. in Westerly, named for the wife of Governor Ward and mother of Lieutenant Colonel Ward, has raised a fund which is to be used for the marking of historic spots.

It seems that, in a few years, through the efforts of the various patriotic societies, the historic spots in our little State will all be suitably marked. The interest is not lacking, and where there is a will, the way will in time be found.

MARY ANNE GREENE,

*Honorary State Regent for R. I., National Society D. A. R., and
Regent of the Gaspee Chapter.*

Providence, R. I.

THE MASSACRE OF THE STOCKBRIDGE INDIANS.

[On June 14th, the Bronx Chapter, D. A. R., of Mount Vernon, N. Y., unveiled a tablet in commemoration of a little-known engagement of the Revolution: that between the cavalry of Simcoe, Tarleton and Emmerich and a small party of Stockbridge Indians in the patriot service.

This, by the way, is the only such affair which I have seen mentioned. Can any of our readers cite any other instance where the Indian allies of Washington cut any figure, in an encounter with British regulars?

The inscription on the memorial is as follows:

August 31, 1778.

*Upon this field Chief Ninham and seventeen Stockbridge Indians,
Allies of the Patriots,
Gave their lives for Liberty.*

*Erected by Bronx Chapter, D. A. R., of Mount
Vernon, N. Y., June 14th, 1906.*

[As this incident will probably be unknown to many of our readers, we have added a condensed account of it, taken from the *Magazine of American History*, of September, 1880.—Ed.]

THE brave Indians who offered up their lives on and near these heights in August, 1778, were Stockbridges, commanded by Abraham Ninham—part of the Unthekane tribe, which migrated from the Hudson about 1734, and settled at Stockbridge, Mass.

Ninham was an intelligent, trustworthy, and brave man, by many supposed to be a half-breed.

Early in 1775 he offered his services to the Provincial Congress, which employed him as scout and messenger to other tribes further west. In the performance of this duty he met with both personal loss and much suffering for which Congress made him compensation.

August 7, 1776, Washington wrote to Timothy Edwards, then Commissioner of Indian affairs, about employing the Stockbridges; and on August 21, 1777, they are found in service as noted in the newspapers: "On the late alarm occasioned by the taking of Ticonderoga, a number of Stockbridge Indians marched with the militia of that County (Berkshire) and were stationed with Generals Nixon and Fellows, between Fort Edward and Fort Anne.

" July 18 General Fellows sent five of them on a scout to Skenesborough, whereby they captured two British regulars and four Tories."

In October, 1777, Ninham made application to Congress "to be employed in the service of the United States." They were paid \$200, and on October 25, ordered to report to General Gates.

In August, 1778, Washington, then at White Plains, N. Y., detailed Colonel Gist, with a small body of light troops to act in connection with Ninham's men, in skirmishing between the lines; they having on August 20th fought Col. Emmerich and obliged him to retreat to Kings Bridge. Eleven days after, Gist divided his force into three parties, the Indians being of the infantry, who were posted on the slope of the hill, about two hundred yards east of the "New Road"—the Indians being in advance on the Mile Square Road.

The greatest struggle on that 31st of August was on the second field north of Daniel DeVoe's house, where were found the bodies of seventeen Indians, cut and hacked to death; many others were killed while retreating. About thirty in all were killed, and several wounded.

In August the British had a very singular and narrow escape, which Simcoe in his journal thus describes: "The Stockbridge Indians, about sixty in number, excellent marksmen, had just joined Mr. Washington's army. Lt Col Simcoe was describing a private road (the lane) to Lt Col Tarleton; Wright, his orderly dragoon, alighted and took down a fence of (Daniel) DeVoe's farm yard (adjoining the lane) for them to pass through; around this farm the Indians were ambuscaded; Wright had scarce mounted his horse, when these officers, for some trivial reason, altered their intentions, and spurring their horses, soon rode out of sight, and out of reach of the Indians. A few days after they had certain information of the ambuscade they so fortunately had escaped; in all probability they owed their lives to the Indians' expectation of surrounding and taking them prisoners." The latter part of the same month Simcoe prepared a plan, by which he thought to circumvent both the Indians and a small body of light troops under the command of Colonel Gist. Early in the morning of the 31st of August Simcoe, with a large number of troops of all kinds, set out, with the expectation of enticing the American troops and Indians down the Mile Square road, and at the same time of advancing his flanks both on the right and left, which movement, he says, "would be perfectly concealed by the fall of the ground upon the right, and by the woods (Cortlandt's) upon the left; and he meant to gain the

heights (Husted's) in the rear of the enemy, attacking whomsoever should be within by his cavalry and such infantry as might be necessary. In pursuance of these intentions, Lieut.-Colonel Emmerich, with his corps, was detached from the Queen's Rangers and Legion, as Lieut.-Colonel Simcoe thought, fully instructed in the plan," which was that he should post his command in Cortlandt's woods, on the west side of the upper house, the residence of Frederick De Voe, but instead he placed them near a half mile south, and opposite Daniel De Voe's house. However Simcoe says: "Emmerich most unfortunately mistook the nearer house—Daniel De Voe's—for one at a greater distance, the names being the same, and there posted himself, and sent from thence a patrol forward upon the road, before Lieut.-Col. Simcoe could have time to stop it. This patrol had no bad effect, not meeting with an enemy; had a single man of it deserted, or been taken, the whole attempt had probably been abortive. Lieut.-Col. Simcoe, who was halfway up a tree, on the top of which was a drummer-boy, saw a flanking party of the enemy approach. The troops had scarcely fallen into their ranks when a smart firing was heard from the Indians, who had lined the fences of the (Mile Square) road, and were exchanging shot with Lieut.-Col. Emmerich, whom they had discovered. The Queen's Rangers moved rapidly to gain the heights, and Lieut.-Col. Tarleton immediately advanced with the Hussars and the Legion cavalry; not being able to pass the fences in his front, he made a circuit to return upon their right, which being reported to Lieut.-Col. Simcoe, he broke from the column of the Rangers, with the Grenadier Company, and directed Major Ross to conduct the Corps to the heights, advanced to the road, and arrived without being perceived within ten yards of the Indians, who had been intent upon the attack of Emmerich's Corps and the Legion. The Indians now gave a yell, and fired upon the Grenadier Company, wounding four of them and Lieut.-Col. Simcoe. They were driven from the fences, and Lieut.-Col. Tarleton with the Cavalry got among them and pursued them rapidly down Cortlandt's ridge; that active officer had a narrow escape; in striking at one of the fugitives he lost his balance and fell from his horse. Luckily the Indian had no bayonet and his musket had been discharged."

Another version of the affair, from one of those engaged in it on the British side, appears to have been written in a spirit of jealousy. It is set forth as "A Genuine account of the late affair at Kingsbridge." "The British Troops fell in with a party of 60 Light Infantry of the Rebels, and 48 Stockbridge Indians under the command of the

son of Ninham, about a mile from our lines, when Colonel Tarleton, with the Cavalry of the Legion (late Pennsylvania Dragoons) and part of the Queen's Rangers, charged and pursued them a considerable distance. Several of the rebel Light Infantry and nineteen Indians were killed on the field refusing quarter, and many are supposed to have perished in the woods of their wounds. Ninham's son was killed and ten prisoners taken, among them a rebel Captain and two Indians."

Simcoe says: "The Indians fought most gallantly; they pulled more than one of the Cavalry from their horses. French, an active youth, bugle-horn to the Hussars, struck at an Indian, but missed his blow; the man dragged him from his horse, and was searching for his knife to stab him, when loosening French's hand he luckily drew out a pocket pistol and shot the Indian through the head, in which situation he was found."

A lieutenant of Emmerich's corps also set forth "A detail of the whole proceedings of the detachment that day, the truth of which can be testified by all that were present." He says: "Detachments from the Queen's Rangers, Chasseurs, De Lancey's Second Battalion, and Legion Dragoons, under the Command of Lieut.-Colonels Simcoe, Emmerich and Tarleton, marched the road to Mile Square for four miles, about 10 o'clock they took their several posts, viz., the Rangers and Legion Dragoons in a wood on the right, the Chasseurs, Light Infantry and Riflemen on the left, Lt. Col. Emmerich, with Dragoons and some Light Infantry, in the centre; at 12 o'clock Lt. Col. Emmerich discovered a body of rebel Infantry of between 50 and 60 Indians coming down the road directly for him, he immediately made an attack on them, and then kept retreating by degrees, in order to draw them through the right and left wings, which as soon as he found, by the warm firing of his Light Infantry and Riflemen and the Grenadiers of the Rangers, was accomplished, he immediately faced about and ordered a charge by his own Dragoons, accompanied by those of the Legion, which, by their activity and spirited behaviour, together with that of the Infantry then engaged, very soon put a period to the existence of 37 Indians and a number of Rebels; there were 10 prisoners taken, amongst them one Captain and two Indians of the Stockbridge tribe. Our loss was two killed of the Legion, two of the Chasseurs, and three of the Queen's Rangers wounded; amongst the slain was the young Indian Chief Ninham. The old Sachem, Ninham, has since been found dead of his wounds in Col. Cortlandt's fields."

These several versions of this brutal affair, made principally by

officers engaged in it, were all on the British side, and clearly prove that there was but a small body of American troops engaged, including the Indians—perhaps less than one hundred, all told—while the British troops out-numbered them nearly or quite five to one, and these were picked men, drawn from both infantry and cavalry, under command of three able and distinguished officers, who had sufficient skill to draw these inadequately armed Indians into an ambuscade, where infantry and cavalry enclosed, and broke them up in detail. Being well mounted, they were enabled to cut them down as they attempted to escape; the Indians having but little idea of resistance against cavalry, especially as their muskets were generally without bayonets, and at this time were unloaded.

Several of these Indians escaped through the woods and swamps. Others ran down the ridge, and across a small bridge over Tippet's Brook, a half of a mile distant, where, on the other side, a few of them hid among the rocks and bushes. Bolton says, "The cavalry being unable to scale the rocks, called upon the fugitives to surrender, promising them as a condition for so doing life and protection. Upon this, three ventured to throw themselves upon the mercy of the British soldiers, and were immediately drawn out by the bridge and there killed; since which period this bridge, which yet belongs to the ancient domain of Cortlandt, has been known as the "Indian Bridge."

Several of the wounded soldiers were taken to the houses of Frederick and Daniel DeVoe, where their wounds were dressed and cared for, and one poor Indian was brought to the latter's house—a most distressing looking object—having one side of his head or face cleaved down by a sabre cut almost to the chin; here he was nursed several weeks, when he was able to get away to some of his comrades north, where he finally got well, but with a face frightfully disfigured. Others were afterwards found maimed; the old Chief, Ninham, was so badly wounded that he must have soon after died; yet before his death he was able to crawl down the hill to a running brook, towards Jesse Husted's house, where his body was afterwards found by the peculiar action of the house dogs, which led to the suspicion that they had eaten human flesh. They were followed, when the remains of Ninham's body, which had been nearly devoured by the dogs, were found, and also the mutilated bodies of two or three more; all of which were buried in the "Indian Field," and a number of large stones piled on their graves, not as a monument, but to protect the bodies from further desecration.

THOMAS F. DEVOE.

THE NEW YORK SCOTCH COLONY.

(CONTRIBUTED BY MR. GEO. W. CHAMBERLAIN)

[This petition rehearses at length the story which is summarized in Dean Stanley's article. It is an example of the ingratitude of exalted personages, for the Duke of Argyle, though head of the Clan Campbell, seems to have done nothing for his unfortunate kinsman. Lossing ("Field-Book," i. p. 101) says Lieut. Col. Donald Campbell, who was of Montgomery's detachment at Quebec, was one of the family, and is buried in the same cemetery (at Fort Edward) as the hero of Stanley's article.]

Memorial of Lieutenant Campbell to the Lords of Trade.

To the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of Trade, &c. Memorial of Lieut. Donald Campbell of the Province of New York Plantation. Humbly Showeth,

That in the year 1734 Colonel Cosby being then Governor of the Province of New York by and with the advice and assent of his Council published a printed Advertisement for encouraging the Resort of Protestants from Europe to settle upon the Northern Frontier of the said Province (in the route from Fort Edward to Crown Point), promising to each family two hundred acres of unimproved land out of 100,000 acres purchased from the Indians, without any fee or expenses whatsoever, except a very moderate charge for surveying & liable only to the King's Quit Rent of one shilling and nine pence farthing per hundred acres, which settlement would at that time have been of the utmost utility to the Province & these proposals were looked upon as so advantageous, that they could not fail of having a proper effect.

That these Proposals in 1737, falling into the hands of Captain Lauchlin Campbell of the Island of Isla, he the same year went over to North America, and passing through the Province of Pennsylvania where he rejected many considerable offers that were made him, he proceeded to New York, where, tho' Governor Cosby was deceased, George Clarke, Esqr., then Governor assured him no part of the lands were as yet granted; importuned him & two or three persons that went over with him to go up and visit the lands, which they did, and were very kindly received and greatly caressed by the Indians. On his return to New York he received the most solemn promises that he should have a thousand

acres for every family that he brought over, and that each family should have according to their number from five hundred to one hundred and fifty acres, but declined making any Grant till the Families arrived, because, according to the Constitution of that Government, the names of the settlers were to be inserted in that Grant. Captain Campbell accordingly returned to Isla, and brought from thence at a very large expense, his own Family and Thirty other Families, making in all, one hundred and fifty-three Souls. He went again to visit the lands, received all possible respect and kindness from the Government, who proposed an old Fort Anna to be repaired, to cover the new settlers from the French Indians. At the same time, the People of New York proposed to maintain the people already brought, till Captain Campbell could return and bring more, alledging that it would be for the interest of the Infant Colony to settle upon the lands in a large Body; that, covered by the Fort, and assisted by the Indians, they might be less liable to the Incursions of Enemies.

That to keep up the spirit of the undertaking, Governor Clarke, by a writing bearing date the 4th day of December, 1738 declared his having promised Captain Campbell thirty thousand acres of land at *Wood Creek*, free of charges, except the expense of surveying & the King's Quit Rent in consideration of his having already brought over thirty families who according to their respective numbers in each family, were to have from one hundred and fifty to five hundred acres. Encouraged by this declaration, he departed in the same month for Isla, and in August, 1739, brought over Forty Families more, and under the Faith of the said promises made a third voyage, from which he returned in November, 1740, bringing with him thirteen Families the whole making eighty-three Families, composed of 423 persons, all sincere and loyal Protestants, and very capable of forming a respectable Frontier for the security of the Province, but after all these perilous and expensive voyages, and tho' there wanted but 17 Families to complete the number for which he had undertaken, he found no longer the same countenance or protection but on the contrary it was insinuated to him that he could have no land for himself or the people, but upon conditions in direct violation of the Faith of Government, and detrimental to the interests of those who upon his assurances had accompanied him into America. The people also were reduced to demand separate Grants for themselves, which upon large promises some of them did, yet more of them never had so much as a foot of land, and many listed themselves to join the Expedition to Cuba.

That Captain Campbell having disposed of his whole Fortune in the Island of Isla, expended the far greatest part of it from his confidence in these fallacious promises found himself at length constrained to employ the little he had left in the purchase of a small farm seventy miles north of New York for the subsistence of himself and his Family consisting of three sons and three daughters. He went over again into Scotland in 1745, and having the command of a Company of the Argyleshire men, served with reputation under his Royal Highness the Duke, against the Rebels. He went back to America in 1747 and not long after died of a broken heart, leaving behind him the six children before mentioned of whom your Memorialist is the eldest, in very narrow and distressed circumstances.

All these facts are briefly commemorated by William Smith in his History of the Colony of New York, page 179, where are some severe, though just strictures on the behavior of those in power towards him and the families he brought with him, and the loss the Province sustained by such behavior towards them.

That at the commencement of the present war, your Memorialist and both his brothers following their Father's principles in hopes of better fortune entered into the army & served in the 42d, 48th, and 60th Regiments of Foot during the whole war, at the close of which your Memorialist and his brother George were reduced as Lieutenants upon half pay, and their youngest brother [James] still continues in the service; the small farm purchased by their father being the sole support of themselves and three sisters till they were able to provide for themselves in the manner before mentioned, and their sisters are now married & settled in the Province of New York.

That after the conclusion of peace, your Memorialist considering the number of Families dispersed through the Province which came over with his Father, and finding in them a general disposition to settle with him on the lands originally promised them, if they could be obtained, in the month of February, 1763, petitioned Governor Monckton for the said lands but was able only to procure a Grant of 10,000 acres (for obtaining which he disbursed in Patent and other fees, the sum of two hundred Guineas) the people in power alledging that land was now at a far greater value than at the time of your Memorialist's Father's coming into the Province, and even this upon the common condition of settling ten Families upon the said lands and paying a Quit Rent to the Crown.

Part, however, of the people who had promised to settle with your Memorialist in case he had prevailed, were drawn to petition for lands to themselves, which they obtained tho' they never could get one foot of land before, which provision of lands as your Memorialist apprehends, ought in Equity to be considered as an obligation on the Province to perform, so far as the number of those Families goes, the conditions stipulated with his Father, as those Families never had come into & consequently could not now be remaining in the Province, if he had not persuaded them to accompany him, & been at a very large expense in transporting them thither.

That there are still very many of these Families who have no land and would willingly settle with your Memorialist. That there are numbers of non-commissioned officers and soldiers of the Regiments disbanded in North America who notwithstanding His Majesty's gracious intentions are from many causes too long to trouble your Lordship with at present without any settlement provided for them and that there are also many Families of loyal Protestants in the Islands and other parts of North Britain which might be induced by reasonable proposals and a certainty of their being fulfilled, to remove into the said Province, which would add greatly to the strength, security, and opulence thereof, and be in all respects faithful and serviceable subjects to His Majesty.

That the premises considered, particularly the long scene of hardships, to which your Memorialist's Family has been exposed, for Twenty-Six years in consideration of his own and his brothers' services the perils to which they have been exposed during the long and fatiguing war, and the prospect he still has of contributing to the settlement of His Majesty's unimproved country, your Memorialist humbly prays that Your Lordships would direct the Government of New York to grant to him the said 100,000 acres, upon his undertaking to settle 100 or 150 Families upon the same within the space of three years or such other recompence or relief as upon mature deliberation on the hardships and sufferings which his Father and his Family have for so many years endured and their merits in respect to the Province of New York which might be incontestably proved, if it was not universally acknowledged, may in your great Wisdom be thought to deserve.

And your Memorialist, &c., &c., &c.

May, 1764." [1763?]

OUR FOREFATHERS' LITERARY HEROISM

THE heroism of our Pilgrim and Puritan ancestors is the subject of frequent laudation. They were heroic in their dealings with Indians, witches, aliens, Quakers, Merry-Mounters, and Rhode Islanders. With themselves also they were heroic on the day of rest, which they called the Sabbath, when the tithingman's sharp stick permitted no nodding throughout a continuous performance of "exercises" for some hours. Nor could any Squire Sackville go out of the meetinghouse for a meditative pipe at the turnings of the hourglass, as at Bilbury Court. They were heroic too in the reptilian medicines, and the Genevan doctrines they swallowed without wincing. And their women were heroic to live with such men, of whom Hawthorne wrote: "Let us thank God for having given us such ancestors, and let each generation thank him not less earnestly for being one step further from them in the march of ages."

There is one neglected particular in which our forefathers showed a similar heroism, namely, in their reading. We are apt to think of them, as too busy with axe, hoe, fishline, and gun, to read much; but students would not like to meet Barachia Butts, Hadadezer Owen, and Standfast-on-high Gordon, farmers and fishermen, as examiners on the Old Testament. For the New Testament they had not so much use in church or State. King James's version, however, was easy reading compared with the jolting lines of the "Bay Psalm Book," or with Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom" of nether-world coloring, or with Anne Bradstreet's chilly muse. But our forefathers reveled in "painful" poetry and kept it for immediate use in the cold storage of Homeric memories, together with homespun elegies and blasting stanzas on successive decadences. As a consequence there was plenty of prose to match their verse, home-made and imported, beginning with the children's Catechism and youths' "Improvement" of the same, and for older heads, Calvin's "Institutes of Religion." An almanac later, and possibly the "Pilgrim's Progress," completed the bookshelves of the majority.

When the educated minority's collections are examined the same heroic spirit is evident. Of Elder Brewster's 393 books the first titles of each hundred are: "Lambeth on the Will of Man," "Hill on Life

Everlasting," "A Godly Forme of Household Government." These captains of hundreds may represent the other 390 titles, excepting those in Latin.

John Harvard's gift-books to the "college" began with "Ambrosii Dixionarum," "Abernethy's Physick for the Soule," "Analysis Apocalypseos." Two-thirds of the remaining 300 were doctrinal and polemic divinity. Peter Bulkley's 35 books were of similar stamp, as were Gov. Bellingham's 17, in spite of the circumstance that he won another man's *fiancée*, performed his own marriage ceremony, sat as judge at his trial therefor, and acquitted himself. He had no further use for "Cartwright on the Proverbs" or "Reinold on Idolatry." Of Gov. Winthrop's library of 39 volumes, only nine were in English; but how came "The Life of the Virgin Mary" among them?

The books accumulated at Harvard during the next hundred years would betray their character better if their Latin titles were given, such as "Bertholamæus de Rerum Natura," "Colloquium Wormaliense Institutum," and all the rest of the heavy-armed tomes in divinity which went up in flames in 1764. Lighter literature came with the new library, but Greek and Latin, tracts and theological books occupy 160 pages in the catalogue of 1790, when John Hancock gave a Hebrew lexicon and 500 pounds to purchase books more to his taste—Spenser, Chaucer, Pope, Dryden, Gay, Voltaire, Rabelais, and others; to which Hollis added Milton, Boccaccio, La Fontaine, and Shakespeare. But this was 170 years after the Mayflower landing. No such trash would have survived the Carboniferous Age, nor much that was written in England in that century and now deemed classic.

The birth of Yale College at Branford in 1701 was celebrated by ministers who contributed "Zonaræ Annals," "Beucer in Psalmos," "Bullinberii Opera," and other folios. Seventeen years later the governor and council were called upon to aid the sheriff in guarding their removal to New Haven; bridges being broken down, carts destroyed, and many volumes lost. Opposition might now be encountered at the other end of the journey. Sunrise occurred thirteen years after this scrimmage, when Dean Berkeley, who had been persuaded that Yale was likely to become an Episcopal college sooner than Harvard, sent 500 pounds' worth of books to New Haven by the Boston ship *Dolphin* right past Cambridge, thirty-three years before the patriotic bonfire there. In this consignment, besides a deed of "Whitehall" at Newport,

were the writings of Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Milton, Addison, Steele, Swift, Dryden, Pope, Cowley, and Waller. Even Wycherly elbowed Berkeley's "Minute Philosopher," and "Don Quixote" tilted with Tertullian. Doubtless the faculty eyed this group askance, and preferred Spratt and Smallbridge's sermons; but there were students who were the first in the country to take up English literature instead of the classico-theological courses of the glacial period. The early outcome was a new order of verse and prose by Trumbull, Barlow, Hopkins, and Dwight. Their epics were not Miltonic, nor their essays Addisonian; but a new style had caught American writers which could be traced to Berkeley's English classics, sent at the solicitation of Rev. Samuel Johnson of Stratford, first president of Columbia College, whose own library contained many of the above-mentioned authors.

Leaving the colleges to their pioneer work and returning to the heroic age, a few landmarks may be noted. The younger Winthrop, founder of New London, regaled himself with Cornelius Agrippa and Jamblichus, Lully, and Paracelsus. The Boston bookseller, Michael Perry's "best sellers" were "Quick's Synodicum," "Lamentations of Mary Hooper," "Sion in Distress," and "Willard's Peril of the Times" (indicated perhaps by the nine packs of cards inventoried in the same list). But the books were as popular as "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," or "The Night Side of London" are in Chicago, or "The House of Mirth" in New York.

Judge Sewall's diary tells us what was in vogue twenty-five years each side of 1700, particularly when he was looking for a third wife. To his first choice he presented "Smoking Flax Inflamed"; to his second, "A Glance of Heaven," to other widows his "Vial of Tears," "Ornaments of Sion," "Preston's Church Marriage," and "Sibb's Bowells of Compassion," remarking that his own "yern" for widow Gibbs, whom he gets. To a bride he hands "The Blessed Man," probably a coy compliment to herself. His own reading was in the "Thesaurus," the "Calling of the Jews," "Sermons of Glory," and no end of another kind. At sea he kills time with Erasmus, and once in Rhode Island with Ben Jonson's "Sejanus," copying a few hilarious lines, possibly to show Massachusetts ministers what toleration had wrought in the way of literary taste in Narragansett.

His son's Steeple Chamber Library in the Old South Church consisted largely of sermons and lectures running from ordinations to

executions. Even savages had a "Logick Primer" and "Wehko-maorganoo asquam Peantogig Kah asquam Quinnuppegig," alias "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted." There were also a few lighter volumes, as "Purchas His Pilgrimage," Ward's "Simple Cobbler," and "A Looking-Glass for Elder Clark of Newport."

Nor were Newport and the Plantations without their astringent reading. While their swift ships were carrying rum to the Gold Coast and bringing negroes back, the owners piously perused "The Christian Religion," Fuller's "Pisgah and Holy War," "Sermon Books." Meantime they "debated useful questions in divinity and morality." It was at late as 1764 when out of a thousand titles a Newport library catalogue appended ten, as "miscellaneous"—Shakespeare, Addison, Fielding, and others that had arrived fifty or a hundred years late. Nor because our forefathers could not get them earlier with velvets and wines, furniture, and even the books they were always importing from controversial Holland and elsewhere, but because they would have nothing reckoned as belles-lettres stand on their shelves with "The Godly Man's Ark," "Care's Last Legacy," "Mather's Memorable Providences," and other such wintry themes in English and drearier ones in Latin.

Comment has been confined for brevity's sake to what I have called the heroic age, say, the first 120 years of colonial life, but whose influence was strong for another century. Dawn-streaks began to appear with Berkeley's gift, and in remote homes when Franklin's almanacs brought to hungering youths scraps of exotic literature as Babylonish in the eyes of the elders as the apogees and perigees, the Ember and Rogation days of the mysterious calendar. What outlandish doings and more outlandish books were there beyond the barrier hills and over the wide sea!

Nor at this time is it permissible to go outside of New England to find the earlier hospitality towards English classics which obtained to the southward, and to discover unexpected treasures amidst the customary stores of divinity, philosophy, and ancient classics, and to note the readier welcome that the drama and fiction received in southerly towns. All that can be emphasized here is the century of restraint which was practiced by a "God-fearing and pleasure-hating people" in a single province. At length, however, it led the country in recovering its rejected inheritance of humanities, and as a consequence is contributing its share to the literature of a race and a century.

LORENZO SEARS.

MINOR TOPICS.

FRANCIS OF HUBBARDTON

On this, the anniversary of the battle of Hubbardton, July 7, 1777, it will be appropriate to notice the brave officer who that day gave his life for the cause of Freedom. Ebenezer Francis was born in Medford, Mass., December 22, 1743. He was commissioned Captain July 1, 1775, and Colonel of a regiment raised for the defence of Boston, July 28, 1775, and was stationed on Dorchester Heights until December of that year. When Congress authorized the raising of eighty-eight battalions for the war, he was appointed Colonel of one of them—the 11th Massachusetts. It was a part of the rear-guard under Seth Warner in the retreat from Ticonderoga, and participated in the battle of Hubbardton, where its commander fell at the head of his men, while fighting with great bravery. Anburey, who fought against him in the encounter, speaks of him as "that brave officer whose death, tho' of an enemy, will ever be regretted by those who can feel for the loss of a gallant and brave man." His body was buried by the Brunswick troops the next day. His only son, Ebenezer, died in Boston, in 1858, having held many responsible public positions. Some descendants still survive, among the most respectable and influential citizens of Massachusetts.

W. L. STONE.

POLITICS IN 1776

EDITOR MAGAZINE OF HISTORY:

In the admirable introduction to the "Diary of the Siege of Fort Schuyler," by W. Max Reid, in your number for February, he says, "Col. Dayton renamed it (Fort Stanwix) Fort Schuyler for General Philip Schuyler." Now, an autograph letter of Schuyler, which is in my collection, shows that political favors were very much the same then as to-day. In proof of this, I quote from it:

GERMAN FLATTS, Aug. 8, 1776.

DEAR COLONEL:

I thank you for the honour you have done me in calling the fort (Stanwix) by my name. As I cannot, consistent with delicacy, announce this to Congress, would it not be right for you to do it, and to Gen. Washington?

It does not appear to me from the Resolutions of Congress, that I am empowered to appoint paymasters to the Regiments. I shall soon be informed of their intention; & if the appointment is in me I will most certainly confer the office on your son. Adieu, my dear Colonel; I am, with every friendly wish,

Your obedient & humble Servant,

PH. SCHUYLER.

Now-a-days, the above might be described as a case of "you tickle me and I'll tickle you"—reminding one strongly of the episode, something over a year ago, when Gov. Odell made Platt's friend Baker a Railroad Commissioner in return for being himself made Chairman of the Republican State Committee by Platt.

However, it is interesting to know that Schuyler kept his promise, since in the "Roster of Revolutionary Officers" I find that Dayton's son was made a paymaster, about a month after the letter was written.

WILLIAM L. STONE.

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

LETTER OF COLONEL ROBERT MAGAW, SIXTH PENNSYLVANIA REGIMENT,
TO COLONEL JAMES WILSON, OF CARLISLE, PA.

(On the sixteenth of November following, the "strong fort" in which the writer had such confidence was stormed and captured by the British, and Magaw and many officers taken prisoners.)

MOUNT WASHINGTON, *July 29, 1776.*

MY DEAR SIR:

Tho' I can give you very little Incouragements from this place worthy of your notice yet I am Sensible you'll be pleased to hear from us—Yesterday two Row Gallies from New York came here & are now stationed some Miles up the River in order to attack some of the enemy's Tenders—as they sometimes separate several miles from the two Ships of War now up this River.

Our fort is very strong, near thirty cannon mounted, 4 of which are 12 pounders, the rest 6s, 4s, and 3s, besides a battery on a very great eminence on the opposite side of the river, where are 3 18 pounders, so that we are in a capacity to give the enemy a severe brush on their return. If one might judge from the present appearance of things, this campaign promises to be as inactive as the last. The pickaxe and spade are the principal weapons. We generally wish for more noble and dangerous service. Perhaps on the arrival of the foreign troops we may have enough of it. Their long delay, the season, etc., is much in our favor.

I am glad there is publick Virtue enough left to continue you in the publick Councils, & have strong Hopes that every Matter will at length terminate in the general Welfare—How is Mrs. Wilson & all friends in Carlisle? I have not heard from them for sometime. Write me a line when you have leasure—you shall hear from me frequently, I am

My dear Sir,
Yours affectionate,
ROBT. MAGAW.

P. S. In my last I mentioned a Commission for Doctr Jas. Mc-Henry as Surgeon of my Batn. Since which he has accepted of a more

Advantageous appointment in the Northern Army. I am now at a loss for anyone to recommend to that Station. Doctr. Morgan has promised me his assistance—If Holt whom I recomd. as Mate is appointed it is well—if not let it be suspended—perhaps I may get a better.

AN IMPORTANT AND CHARACTERISTIC WAR LETTER FROM GENERAL
GRANT

(Endorsed: Rec'd H. Q. 16 Army Corps, 13 Ap., '63)

HEADQUARTERS, MILLIKEN'S BEND, LA., April 9, 1863.
To Gen. S. A. Hurlbut, commanding 16th Army Corps:

Suppress the press of Memphis for giving aid and comfort to the enemy by publishing every move made here. Arrest the Editor of the *Bulletin*, and send him here a prisoner for his publication of present plans. I am satisfied that much has found its way into the public press through that incorrigibly gassy man, Col. Bissell of the Eng. Regt. I sent him to you thinking he could not do so much harm there as here. His tongue will have to be tied if there is anything going on where he is which you don't want made public. I feel a strange inclination to arrest him and trust to find evidence against him afterwards.

Very respectfully,

U. S. GRANT, Maj. Gen.

LETTER OF SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON TO MAJOR JELLES FONDA, DATED
SEPTEMBER 27, 1771.

SIR:

I wrote for a Baggage Boat to Mr. Van Eps, and desired that he would have it ready against Saturday, which is to morrow, and wrote him that ye Men should be down there to fetch her up. I must therefore request that you send three Hands to fetch her up against Monday night, that the 2 Boats may be ready to set of (f) a Tuesday or Wednesday morning at farthest.

I shall be glad to have half a Dozen pounds of your best Gunpowder for my own shooting, and a couple of the largest and thickest-furred Bear Skins, to be put into the Battoes for the use of the Gentlemen who go with me.

I am, Sir, your well wisher & Humble Servant

W. JOHNSON.

THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE

CHAPTER X

A NIGHT SCENE

FOR some time there was a dead silence among the party. Paskingoe was moody, and Sybrandt seeing no traces of the Indians he expected to meet at this spot, from time to time eyed him with looks of suspicion. He could not help believing his designs were at least questionable, nor disguise from himself that he was entirely at the mercy of the Indians.

"My brother thinks I have two tongues and two faces," said the one-eyed chief at last, in a sarcastic tone.

Sybrandt made no answer.

"The white man," continued Paskingoe, raising his voice, "does not know what to say; he is afraid to speak out. If I tell him the Indians and the beavers will come to-morrow, he will not believe me. Why should I lie to him? Is he not a muskrat caught in a trap?"

Sybrandt felt it was true; he was completely in the power of the Indian. Hardly knowing what to say he continued silent. The evening was now setting in, and the storm continued. The wind roared through the pines, the lightning flashed almost incessantly through the windows, accompanied by loud, angry peals of thunder, and now and then the crash of a fallen tree gave token of a triumph of the angry elements. The uproar without was strongly contrasted with the silence within. Paskingoe sat in moody silence smoking his pipe; Sybrandt was occupied in no very pleasing reflections on his awkward situation; and old Tjerck, from long experience of the Indian character, saw that mischief was at work in the breast of the one-eyed chief.

"Is not the white man and the black-white man hungry?" at length said the chief. "Has he anything good in his canoe? Let him send for it, and we will eat together."

Sybrandt had no disinclination to this proposal, and Tjerck was despatched with one of the Indians to bring in some provisions from the

canoe. While they were gone the One-eye ordered his people to kindle a fire, which they did with some difficulty, and the room at length became illuminated with the red glare of the pine knots that hissed in the chimney. In a little while Tjerck and the Indian returned, bringing the provisions which our voyagers had laid in, together with two guns which had been left in the canoe. The eye of Paskingoe flashed fire.

"Is the white man afraid of the bears and wolves to-night?"

"I brought 'em for fear he get wet," said old Tjerck. As the One-eye placed his blind side towards them, Tjerck dexterously handed Sybrandt a knife which he had concealed under his homespun linen frock, and which the young man as dexterously hid in his bosom. The meal being now prepared, they sat down to partake of it. After finishing, the One-eye asked Sybrandt:

"Has the white man any fire-water in his canoe?"

"I have," replied Sybrandt.

After a pause of some minutes, the chief asked:

"Is it good?"

"It is."

Another pause ensued, which was again interrupted by the chief.

"Has it never been to the spring? Our people have been poisoned by the white man mixing too much cold water with the fire-water."

"It is very good," answered Sybrandt; and another pause ensued.

"When the white man comes among us," said the chief, "we offer the best we have. We don't hide away our corn, and give him the husk. That is what you white men call nigger."

"No more nigger dan yourself?" muttered old Tjerck.

"Some drink would be very good," said One-eye. "I am dry."

Tjerck politely handed him a horn-cup of water, which he dashed on the floor, while his countenance began to exhibit keen anger and impatience.

"If the white man won't give, will he sell? The Great Manitou has promised me some fire-water to-night. I dreamed so last night."

"You dream almost equal to Sir William Johnson," replied Sybrandt, smiling. Paskingoe shook his head.

"No, no," said he, "Sir William out-dreams me. He dreamed away my best hunting-grounds; but I only dreamed away his red coat. But will the white man trade for some fire-water?"

Sybrandt felt the peculiar delicacy of his situation, thus buried alone in the depths of the wild solitudes of the Sacondaga. He knew the danger of declining, as well as complying with the wishes of Paskingoe. To refuse entirely would be to provoke his violence; to give him a moderate portion of spirits would probably only render him more eager for more, and to afford the means of intoxication would be only the prelude to violence and murder. During these reflections, the anger and impatience of the whole party became so evident, that he at length determined, as the best alternative, to gratify them with a small portion, in the remote hope that they would be satisfied. He accordingly sent Tjerck for a bottle which he had laid aside to treat the old man now and then. Tjerck shook his head, and obeyed with manifest unwillingness.

"It is good," said One-eye, as he took a deep draught, and handed it to the Indian next him. "It is good, but the water is very shallow; the Indian sees the bottom too easily." And indeed, by the time it had gone round the bottle was empty. Sufficient had, however, been swallowed to waken the sleeping demon that every drop of liquor conjures up in the heart of an Indian. As it mounted into their brains they became clamorous for more, and Sybrandt saw that his life would fall a sacrifice to refusing any longer. Accordingly a small keg was brought from the canoe, and the Indians set in for a complete savage debauch. In a little time their howlings and shoutings almost overpowered the uproar of the elements without, and their uncontrolled and uncontrollable animal spirits found vent in grimaces, boastings, and antics of mingled ferocity and buffoonery. Their eyeballs glared, they danced, and sung, and flourished their tomahawks and scalping-knives over the head of Sybrandt, who stood in a corner, his right hand in his bosom grasping his knife, in momentary expectation that that deep and never-dying hatred the Indian cherishes for the white man would precipitate them into some act of violence against him. He kept his eye steadily and fearlessly upon Paskingoe, who was now half-mad, recounting, with violent gesticulations, and tons of crack-brained, ferocious triumph, the number of white men he had butchered, of their wives and children he had scalped, of their

homes he had burned. He told how he had gone alone by himself to a town of the Hurons, which he entered at midnight, and murdered every soul in one of the wigwams, after which he retired without leaving any traces into the woods, and secreted himself. The next night he came again, and murdered the people of another wigwam, retiring as before into the woods without being seen. The third night he was watched, and pursued before he could achieve his last triumph. But he related, amid the yelling triumphs of his companions, how he escaped from his enemies, and brought home with him twenty-seven of their scalps.

"What white man could do this?" cried he, darting his eye of malignant fire upon Sybrandt; "What white man would dare do this, even if his limbs were not like those of a woman? The white man is a coward and a liar; he cheats us of our lands, and builds forts upon them, from behind which he shoots us down like dogs. He thinks he is our master, and that we are his black negroes, who have nothing we can call our own." Then brandishing his tomahawk, and dancing, and whirling himself round, yelling at the same time in concert with his companions, he again went on: "The white man cannot stand before the Indian unless there is two to one. I know it—I—Paskingoe—I know it. At Cataragui I buried this tomahawk in the skulls of two of the cowards who were running away like deer. At Hochelaga I drank the blood of three bragging cowards; it was pale and cold like that of a fish. At the great water of Ontario I tore out their hearts, and everywhere I go I drag their scalps smoking from their quivering brains, and spit upon them, and grind them under the soles of my feet. They could never look me in the face, and so the cowards tried to escape the fire of my eyes by putting them out. But they shall know me better with one eye than they did with two. Ten scalps have paid for one of my eyes, and ten more shall be paid before I sleep with my fathers."

Gradually excited by the liquor and the stories of these bloody exploits, the Indians and their chief became raving mad. They quarrelled and struck at each other with their knives, and thirsted for blood with the instinct of beasts of prey maddened by lust or hunger. At length the One-eye shouted:

"Are we fools? Blood must be shed to-night but not the blood of the Indian. The Great Spirit has sent the white man here to atone for the wrongs of his people. Let him die!"

"Let us drink his blood!"—"Let us scorch his brain with red-hot

coals!—"Let us tear out his heart!" shouted the yelling fiends, as they brandished their weapons and came towards Sybrandt with foaming mouths and eyes darting fire. At this moment the soul of the young man bowed to the supremacy of these accumulating horrors; but it sunk only for a moment, and regained its level again. There was no chance of retreat, and the very hopelessness of escape nerved him to a cool and wary exertion of his means of defense. He grasped his secret knife, and looked round for his trusty Tjerck, whose dusky form he saw at the moment vanishing out of one of the windows on the opposite side of the room. Thus left alone, he nerved himself for what might follow. The Indians, with all their hardihood and daring, are chary of their lives; although when it comes to the point, no people of the earth die so coolly. But the point of honor is to achieve their object with as little loss as possible. They therefore advanced warily upon Sybrandt, who stood as warily on the defense. They approached—their knives and tomahawks were raised to strike, and he was just about to spring upon the one-eyed chief, when a loud, long war-whoop was heard apparently close under the window, quivering amid the pauses of the storm.

"Hush! 'tis the war-cry of the Adirondacks," said Paskingoe.

The Indians suspended their purpose, and listened with breathless anxiety. Nothing was heard but the falling rain, the roaring of the forest, and the rattling thunder.

"The Adirondacks dare not come here; they are women," said the One-eye, contemptuously. Again they resumed their bloody purpose, and again the shrill war-whoop sounded amid the uproar without, and checked them for a moment. Sybrandt thought of retreating; but the single door was barred by the Indians, who stood for a few minutes expecting an attack from without.

"Let us die like warriors," said Paskingoe, and took another drink. His example was followed by the others, and the renewed draught added fury to their mad, malignant passions.

"The white man is a traitor," they cried. "He has brought the Adirondacks upon us;" and the One-eye aimed a blow with his tomahawk that Sybrandt could not parry. He warded it from his head, but it fell on his left arm, and disabled it entirely. In dealing this blow, however, Paskingoe, being somewhat unsteady with the liquor he had drunk, stumbled forward, and met the weapon of Sybrandt, which entered his

bosom. He fell upon the floor, and the rage of his party became still more intense. They yelled like tortured fiends; and, notwithstanding the cool determination of our hero, a few moments must have decided his fate, when, just at the instant death hovered over him—at the very crisis when their tomahawks and knives were about to let out his life-blood—the door of the fishing-house was violently burst open, and a tall, majestic white man in a hunting dress rushed into the room, followed by half a dozen people. The arms of the Indians, the moment they saw him, were arrested, and their weapons remained suspended above their heads.

CHAPTER XI

A WOODMAN

THE stranger addressed a few words in the Mohawk language to the stiffened warriors, with an air of indescribable authority. They lowered their weapons, and retired to the other extremity of the room, to which he had waved them with his hand. He then advanced towards Sybrandt, now become weak with the loss of blood, and courteously asked an explanation of the scene, which the young man briefly gave. The stranger shook his head, and exclaimed, in a desponding tone:

“Rum—rum—rum! the shame of the white man; the ruin of the red. What can I do with these wretched people when my own do all they can to undo what I have devoted my life to accomplish.”

Then observing that Sybrandt leaned against the wall, and was gradually sinking in his height, he asked anxiously:

“Are you hurt, sir?”

“I believe I am, sir. I feel no pain, but my left arm seems getting useless;” and overcome by weakness he sunk down upon the body of Paskingoe. The master passion of the dying Indian for a moment animated his waning strength. He grasped his knife between his feeble fingers, and raising his arm, unnoticed in the obscurity of the dark corner, struck a delirious random blow with the last expiring energy of despair. The knife remained sticking upright in the floor, and the Indian chief died with the effort.

“Who is that?” cried the stranger.

“Paskingoe,” muttered one of his party; “the chief who gave you his lands, and whom you called brother. Revenge him.”

The stranger made no answer, but proceeded to examine into the situation of Sybrandt, who had fainted with loss of blood. He gave a key to one of his attendants, who descended into the cellar, in the wall of which was a secret recess where were kept a variety of articles necessary to the various privations and accidents incident to traveling or sojourning far from the haunts of men and the conveniences of civilized life. The stranger applied what was proper of these to the case of Sybrandt, who in a short time recovered from his swoon, and was accommodated with a mattress from the receptacle above mentioned. Having seen to all this, the stranger turned to the Indians of Paskingoe's party, who were standing in sullen silence, and demanded the occasion of this fray.

"The white man can tell you. He will make a good story out of it. Ask him," said one of them.

"Very well," replied the stranger, "Take the body of your chief away to his people, that they may bury him. The storm is over. Go; and when you have done this, come to me. I will see justice done. Go, now, and take care what you do. Take care!"

The Mohawks placed the body of their chief on a rude litter made of the sticks which had been gathered to light the fire, and departed with mournful steps, shouting the monotonous death-song, which gradually died away in the distance till it was heard no more. The stranger then having ascertained that Sybrandt was in a deep, exhausted sleep, directed all to be kept quiet, and carelessly throwing himself upon the floor, with his cheek supported on his hand, soon fell into a quiet repose, which was shared by all his companions, with the exception of one, who was directed to watch the slumbers of Sybrandt.

The morning dawned bright, clear, and refreshing, finding all safe and well but our hero, whose ailment, however, was nothing but weakness. He would have risen with the rest, but his head grew dizzy, and he obeyed the injunctions of the stranger to remain quiet for that day at least.

"We will pursue the amusement of hunting, the object which in fact brought us here so opportunely, and it shall go hard but you shall have some venison for dinner. I would promise you trout too, but the streams are too much swelled for fishing. Remain quiet with your old servant, whom I have instructed what to do, and to-morrow my people shall carry you to my home on a litter of green boughs, which is better

than all the sedan-chairs." So saying, he shook hands with Sybrandt, and departed, observing, "You have no fever, I see."

When they were left alone, Tjerck expressed an honest, heartfelt pleasure at the miraculous escape of his young master. "I did all I could for young massa," said he.

"Yes, you ran away," said Sybrandt, who felt not a little indignant at his desertion.

"Aha! massa," said Tjerck, "who you tink made dat great war-whoop dat stop de rascal One-eye two, tree minute, and save your life, hey?"

"I don't know; the Adirondacks, I suppose."

"Old nigger!" cried Tjerck, with uncontrollable self-complacency, and laughing with all his might; "old nigger make it."

Sybrandt saw the whole plan, and thanked Tjerck for the prompt diversion he made in his favor, which, by giving time for the coming of the stranger, undoubtedly saved his life. He then gradually died away into the slumber of weakness, while his black guardian angel sat and watched him with the stillness of a dead calm in the wilderness.

His repose was long and deep, and he awoke refreshed and hungry. The stranger and his party returned from their hunt with plenty of game, and Sybrandt was allowed to partake sparingly of the meal which was prepared. He had now leisure to contemplate the person to whom he owed his rescue from the drunken ferocity of the One-eye and his party. He was apparently about fifty years of age, with a form of the largest and most lofty proportions, a deep ruddy, yet bronzed complexion, and a countenance of a most singular combination of expression. It united those indescribable yet indelible characteristics which seem inseparable from a cultivated intellect, with the careless, fearless daring of one whose life had been passed in the midst of dangers and the enjoyment of unlimited sway. His deportment, while it was easy and courteous to all, betrayed a careless superiority, which both the Indians and white men seemed tacitly to acknowledge, obeying implicitly every word he uttered, every motion of his hand, and every glance of his eye. His manner and mode of expressing himself sufficiently indicated that he had sat at good men's feasts and been where bells had tolled to church, at the same time they were totally distinct from those of the gentlemen Sybrandt had seen

at the house of his uncle. His motions exhibited the ease, facility, and unembarrassed vigor of an Indian, and there was a singular force, brevity, and richness in his phraseology that partook somewhat of the Indian manner of expression. He wore a hunting dress equally partaking in the modes of savage and civilized man, and indeed altogether exhibited a singular confusion of the peculiarities of the two races. His deportment towards Sybrandt was kind, at the same time that his attentions were rather indifferent than very particular. He took upon himself the direction of our hero, his merchandise, and affairs, without consulting or seeming to think it worth while to consult him.

"To-morrow, at sunrise," said he, "we shall set out for home. My people will carry you and your baggage. The canoe must be left where it is." Then turning to his people, "Rest; and be ready by break of day."

In a few minutes all was quiet, though, with the exception of Sybrandt, the floor was their bed, and their pillow a knapsack, a log, or perchance a stone. In the dawn of the morning they set forth in a direction nearly southwest, through a forest of pines, beeches, and maples, such as nature produces but once on the same soil, by the exertion of her unimpaired, youthful energies. The solemn pines, straight as an arrow, and without a single limb below a height of a hundred feet, seeming already shaped for the masts of some mighty man-of-war, stood side by side, at distances leaving sufficient space unencumbered by underwood for the travelers to pass without difficulty. But when, as it sometimes happened, their course lay through a rich, juicy bottom land, a new creation sprung up before them of beeches, maples, and majestic plane trees, spreading and interlocking their arms, and forming an impenetrable shade, only to be visited by the bright rays of the winter sun when the leaves fall and the branches are bare. Beneath their damp and gloomy reign sprung up a lesser race of nature's progeny, consisting of shrubs, and vines, and plants of every various name, mingling and matting together and forming a succession of obstacles which only the strength, skill, and perseverance of a woodman might overcome.

JAMES K. PAULDING.

(To be continued.)

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No. 2



MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Americanus sum: Americani nihil a me alienum puto

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THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

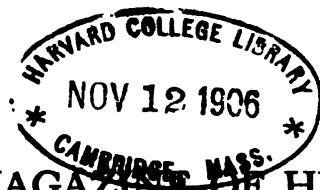
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COLONEL DAVID S. FRANKS

THE two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Jewish settlement in the United States, which has just been celebrated, emphasized Jewish association during this whole period with the noblest and most patriotic measures in our national history, and called attention to the fact that a Jewish community, which numbered considerably less than two thousand persons in all America during our Revolutionary struggle, sent several hundred soldiers to the field of battle during the war for Independence; a percentage which no other creed could surpass. President Roosevelt adverted, on this occasion, to the fact that "during the Revolutionary period they aided the cause of liberty by serving in the Continental army, and by substantial contributions to the empty treasury of the infant Republic," and ex-President Cleveland well said: "When, with true American enthusiasm and pride, we recall the story of the war for our independence, and rejoice in the indomitable courage and fortitude of our Revolutionary heroes, we should not fail to remember how well the Jews of America performed their part in the struggle, and how in every way they usefully and patriotically supported the interests of their newly found home." Of the Jewish soldiers who engaged in our Revolutionary struggle, two, Solomon Bush and David S. Franks, reached the rank of colonel. The eventful and checkered career of the latter attracted the interest of the late Paul Leicester Ford, who makes him figure as a character in his historical novel, Janice Meredith, and he will receive our attention in this sketch. Colonel Franks' career arouses special interest for the further reason that he was not an inhabitant of any of the thirteen colonies, when he permitted his love for liberty and independence to carry him away from his Canadian home, notwithstanding heavy pecuniary sacrifices, and to link his fortunes with those of the struggling American people.

Towards the close of the French and Indian War, about 1768, we find a Jewish congregation organizing in Montreal. Of this congregation, David Salisbury Franks, a young Englishman engaged in business in that city, where he had settled about 1774, soon afterwards became president. There were others of his name residing in Canada, including his father. The family appears to have been very well-to-do, and have had extremely influential connections elsewhere in America, and in England. He was connected with Aaron Franks of London, who was one of the leaders in the London Jewish community of the day, as well as a favorite of the King; as also with Isaac Franks, the brother of Aaron, who had died a few years earlier in London, leaving a fortune of £300,000, an enormous sum for that day, and who had been devoting no less than a tithe, amounting to £5000 per year, to charity, for some time before his death. Jacob Franks of New York and the latter's son, David Franks, of Philadelphia, were also connections; they had acted as contractors for supplying the Crown with provisions and army supplies for all America during the French and Indian War, and subsequently during the Revolutionary war. David Franks was entrusted, because of his Loyalist leanings, with the duty of providing subsistence for British prisoners. Rebecca Franks, a daughter of David Franks, was one of the leading belles and wits of Philadelphia before she married Sir Henry Johnson, a distinguished English officer. It is natural that a man coming of such stock should become active in public affairs, so we need not be surprised to find David S. Franks agitating, about 1774, for a representative assembly for Canada, and signing a petition which was forwarded to the Crown, and was widely circulated in print for that purpose. The French residents, who constituted the great majority of the inhabitants of Canada, did not join in this movement, probably because they realized that they might be excluded from holding office under English law because of their Catholic religious views. The government was not disposed to grant this petition for an assembly, and public opinion in Montreal became gravely agitated on account of this movement, and the excitement produced by the outbreak of the Revolutionary War to the south. Early in 1775 we learn that the statue of the King in Montreal was found to have been secretly defaced by inscribing upon it some insulting epithets in French, and the newly-conquered French residents loudly expressed their indignation at this outrage. One particularly zealous subject proclaimed that the perpetrator, when discovered, ought to be put to death, whereupon young

Franks replied publicly that "in England men are not hanged for such small offenses." The zealous Frenchman thereupon used opprobrious language to Franks, and proceeded from words to blows, which Franks returned with interest. The next day, Franks' assailant lodged a criminal complaint against him for having uttered the above-quoted remark, which he regarded as treasonable, and Franks was promptly arrested and imprisoned, and the enormous sum of £10,000 bail, which was offered for him, was declined. As the law did not regard this remark of Franks' as treasonable, however, he was released a week later by order of the governor. We need not be surprised that a man of Franks' leanings and experience should have been attracted by the prints freely circulated by Congress advising Canada to join in the Revolution, and it is also probable that his business relations had made him intimate with some of the patriot leaders. At any rate, he openly sympathized with and aided the Americans under Montgomery and Arnold during their invasion of Canada, and was forced to flee from Canada in 1776, when the American forces abandoned the country.

In an autobiographical sketch which recently came to light, he says himself: "As soon as the Troops under Gen. Montgomery took possession of Montreal, I did everything in my power to promote their Success, and at one time advanced nearly the Amount of Five hundred half Johannes in Goods & Money, which was afterwards paid to me in depreciated paper. In 1776 soon after the unfortunate attack on Quebec, General Wooster appointed me to the Office of Clerk of the Cheque or Paymaster to the Artificers of the Garrison of Montreal, in which Capacity I was indefatigable in forwarding the public Works, and again advanced considerable Sums of Money, at times when there was not a farthing in the Military Chest to satisfy the demands of the Workmen."

Early in 1777 Governor Carleton sent to the British Ministry a list of twenty-nine persons, being "the principal persons settled in the province who very zealously served the rebels in the winter of 1775-1776, and fled upon their leaving it," and David S. Franks no doubt had earned the place he occupied upon this list. In an accompanying letter, Governor Carleton pointed out that only a single Frenchman figured on this list of twenty-nine, which is not surprising, for, naturally, the Anglo-Saxon's love for independence and representative government is more pronounced than the Frenchman's. But General Carleton might also have added, in the case

of Colonel Franks, that his Jewish antecedents and his Old Testament no doubt gave him a special additional passion for liberty and self-government, and the historian to-day is bound to take into consideration the intimate relation between the study of and devotion to the Old Testament, and political liberty, as cause and effect, as is evinced in the case of the Puritan Revolution in England and of New England's theocratic government.

The records of the New York Provincial Congress (preserved in Force's Archives, series iv., vol. vi., page 1437), under date of June 29, 1776, show that he was then permitted to go to New York City with his man-servant, *en route* to Philadelphia, as "a friend to the American cause," he being the holder of certificates from Canada and from the chairman of the Albany patriot committee. There is some little uncertainty as to the time and place when he was again mustered into the patriot military ranks, but he cannot have left them for any length of time, for he himself wrote that "when the Northern Army retreated from Canada, I joined it as a Volunteer and continued attached to that army with some little intermission until the reduction of Gen. Burgoyne. In 1778, after the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British Army, and on the arrival of Count D'Estaing, I procured Letters of recommendation from the Board of War, from Mr. Gerard and Mr. Deane who came with the Count, and joined him off Sandy Hook. I continued with that Admiral until he arrived at Rhode Island, when on the failure of that Expedition I returned to Philadelphia where my military Duty called me." During a portion of this period, while staying at Philadelphia in 1778, he served as Aide-de-Camp of General Arnold with the rank of Major. It seems very probable that he had become intimate with that intrepid, zealous and able soldier in Canada, long before jealousy, extravagance, and spite caused Arnold to assume the traitor's *rôle*. His relations with Arnold were at this time very close, and when Arnold was appointed to the command of Philadelphia in 1779, Major Franks, who accompanied him, found his chief enamored with one of the lights of the fascinating and fashionable set in which his own kinswoman, Rebecca Franks, shone so brilliantly. There is every reason to believe that Franks thoroughly relished this life of gaiety and arrogated military supremacy over the civil authorities, and soon gave up the plan which he had entertained shortly before, of retrieving his pecuniary losses by retiring from the army when he could do so with honor, in order to take up some business ventures as Arnold's partner.

Meanwhile, Arnold married his fair but unfortunate inamorata, and the dissipation and extravagance attending and following this event, stirred up his enemies to action. Various charges of irregularity were brought against Arnold, one being that he sanctioned Franks' action in commanding his orderly sergeant, who belonged to the local militia, to fetch his barber for him, an unseemly order to a soldier. This contest between the military officers in charge and the local civil authorities, resulted in Arnold's being found guilty by a court martial, on a couple of trivial charges, but with a finding that he acted without any improper intent, and he was ordered to be reprimanded by the general-in-chief; Washington, as is well known, transformed the reprimand, which he was compelled to administer, into a gentle caution, coated with praise for his general conduct. Major Franks was a witness at the court martial held with respect to Arnold's conduct in Philadelphia, in 1779. Arnold, however, was furious at this action, as well as at several slights he considered Congress to have been guilty of toward him, and eventually secured the command of West Point with the intention of betraying it to the enemy.

Franks' relations to Arnold had been so close as to place him in a suspicious position, but even before any official investigation took place, Washington wrote about Franks and his associate, Colonel Varick: "The gentlemen of Colonel Arnold's family I have the greatest reason to believe were not privy in the least degree to the measures he (Arnold) was carrying on, nor to his escape." They were formally placed under arrest, however, but soon established their innocence conclusively. Immediately after his flight Arnold wrote to Washington, committing Mrs. Arnold to his care, and asking that she be safely conducted to her family in Philadelphia. A postscript to this letter reads as follows: "In justice to the gentlemen of my family, Colonel Varick and Major Franks, I think myself bound to declare that they . . . are totally ignorant of any transactions of mine, that they had reason to believe were injurious to the public." Washington delegated Franks to escort Mrs. Arnold to Philadelphia to her family, which he did, and it has been largely due to his positive and convincing statements, made at that time and subsequently, that posterity has taken the view that Mrs. Arnold was wholly unacquainted with her husband's treasonable designs. One of his strong and chivalrous statements in her defense has been handed down to us, which is all the more convincing because Arnold had been in the habit of assigning to him particularly the work of attending to her welfare and safety,

and which had led to his being humorously dubbed "the nurse" in the camp. Before conducting Mrs. Arnold to Philadelphia, Franks and Varick had demanded a court of inquiry, and when Franks returned to the army, this was secured, and both were absolutely vindicated.

The connections which Major Franks had, and his familiarity with French, induced the patriot leaders to send him abroad in the government service, and accordingly we next find him on his way to Europe with important dispatches to our ministers there, and bearing a letter of introduction, dated July 13, 1781, from Robert Morris to Franklin, stating that "the bearer of the letter, Major Franks, formerly an aide-de-camp to General Arnold, and honorably acquitted of all connections with him after a full and impartial inquiry, will be able to give you our public news much more particularly than I could relate them," To Jay, with whom Franks seems to have already been acquainted, Morris wrote in still more flattering terms. Major Franks arrived in Spain at the end of August, and delivered his dispatches to Jay, and by his discreet conduct and prudent account of American affairs was able to favorably impress Count de Florida Blanca, the Spanish minister, and to materially assist Jay in his negotiations. A month later he left for Paris, where he delivered dispatches to Franklin about the middle of October. We find frequent reference to him in the correspondence of Franklin and Jay, and learn that he was detained in France until the following June. Some of the annoyances our early officials were put to are suggested by a few lines about him written by Franklin to Jay, in which the former advises the latter that he had advanced fifty louis to Franks at the latter's request, taking Franks' note, payable to Jay therefor, but that Franks' stay was so long, and he bought so much, that this sum was insufficient. Nearly all our public officials at this time had to render each other similar favors, and we know that Franks was very fond of "cutting a pretty figure," with all the display requisite therefor. In August, 1782, when he delivered his answering dispatches to Congress, he found that he had been one of those whose names had been dropped meanwhile from the army rolls in the curtailment of the military forces, and that in spite of the fact, which had been overlooked, that Morris had arranged with him that he was to retain his position in the army during his absence and was to receive no other emolument for his services in going abroad than his salary as major. Under these circumstances, he had little difficulty in having his name restored to the rolls, but his turn to retire to private life, together with the rest of the army, soon

arrived. Soon after, he sought a public position abroad, for which he was strongly endorsed, and was chosen in January, 1784, by Congress to carry the triplicate of the ratification of the treaty with England to our ministers abroad. He had, meanwhile, been promoted from major to lieutenant-colonel. Colonel Harmar, who was delegated on a similar errand, as well as Franks, carried the treaty and dispatches with them, first to London, and then to Paris, to Franklin, Jay and Adams. While in Paris, Harmar and Franks doubtless enjoyed the gay scenes of court life without troubling themselves about the impending revolution, and maintained American dignity and chivalry abroad, as is indicated by a letter Harmar wrote six years later to a friend who had been with them in Paris. Harmar was at the time in command of troops in the Ohio region, in the midst of an Indian war, and far removed from signs of civilization and comfort, so that his present situation presented a striking contrast "to the gay moments he well remembers we passed together in France, particularly the civilities received from you at the palace at St. Germain en Laye, where I dined with you in company with Mr. Barclay and Col. Franks." In September, 1784, Franks was appointed American vice-consul at Marseilles by the American agent, Thomas Barclay, but this position was exchanged the next year for the secretaryship to Barclay, who had been selected to negotiate a treaty with the Emperor of Morocco. Their labors in Morocco were successful, and Franks returned with the newly-negotiated treaty to America early in 1787, and bearing a letter to Congress from Jefferson and Adams, referring to the difficulties of negotiations with such semi-savage nations, and recommending Franks to the favorable consideration of Congress. A few months later we learn of an interesting encounter between him and Rev. Dr. Manasseh Cutler, the framer of the Northwest Territory "Ordinance of 1787," at this time in Bristol, Pennsylvania. The particulars of the encounter are interesting as throwing light on the State and sectional jealousies of the day, for Dr. Cutler was a Yankee who could not restrain his indignation at the contempt for New England which Colonel Franks and his associate, General Armstrong, both of whom Cutler describes as "high bucks," affected. After heated arguments, in the course of which Dr. Cutler carried the war into Africa by making caustic references to Pennsylvania, a friendly understanding was brought about, and Franks and Armstrong "acknowledged the New England States were entitled to an equal share of merit with any in the Union, and declared they had no intention to reflect."

We next encounter Franks in the character of active participant in the ceremonies of Washington's inauguration as President in New York City on April 30, 1789. He was one of the half-dozen military officers who were the aides in charge of the inaugural procession. No doubt his selection was partly intended as a recognition of his race, on the same principle that services had been held, per official request, in the Jewish synagogues in New York, as well as at the other thirteen places of worship in the city. Both incidents may be compared to one which Thomas Wentworth Higginson referred to in a paper on "The Sympathy of Religions," in which he said: "The first Parliament of religions in this country may be said to have been simultaneous with the nation's birth. When in 1788 the Constitution of the United States was adopted, and a commemoration procession of 5000 persons took place in Philadelphia, then the seat of government, a place in the triumphal march was assigned to the clergy, and the Jewish rabbi of the city walked between two Christian ministers, to show that the new republic was founded on religious toleration. It seems strange that no historical painter, up to this time, has selected for his theme that fine incident. It should have been perpetuated in art, like the landing of the Pilgrims or Washington crossing the Delaware."

Only a few months elapsed before the cares of office again rested on Franks, for he was appointed in this same year secretary to General Lincoln, Colonel Humphreys and David Griffin, commissioners to negotiate a treaty with the Creek Indians. The savages at home proved less tractable than those in Africa, however, and the commission, after convincing itself that satisfactory terms of peace could not be agreed upon, proceeded to map out plans for a vigorous Indian campaign. But their labors seem to have been important, and the appointment considerable of a distinction, for we learn from Washington's own diary that the commissioners and their secretary had the honor of dining with the President on November 16, 1789. Earlier this year Colonel Franks had received from Congress a donation of 400 acres of land for his services during the Revolution. Partly, no doubt, on account of this fact, and partly because friends and relatives were financially interested, we find him actively engaged, in 1790, in efforts made to settle the Ohio country, particularly in the affairs of the Scioto Company. Many French *émigrés* of good, and in some cases noble families, who wished to leave their native land on account of the turmoils of the Revolution, purchased lands in this region, and Franks

was appointed by Col. William Duer, one of the leaders in this movement, to receive a detachment of the immigrants in Virginia and to conduct them to their destination in the Ohio region, which we have already referred to in connection with Colonel Harmar, Franks' late associate. They were expected to arrive at Alexandria, Virginia, about March 1, 1790, and Franks was then there to receive them, but as they did not arrive within several weeks thereafter, Franks concluded that they had made some other port, and returned North. In fact, they had been merely delayed, and arrived after his departure, about May 1, 1790. This does not appear to have been the end of his relations with the enterprise, however, for we find that in November of that year he successfully employed his personal influence with the executive council of Pennsylvania to secure four tents belonging to the State, to be delivered to him for the use of the French emigrants to the Scioto lands.

The unpublished "Duer Manuscripts," belonging to the New York Historical Society, contain several later references to Col. Franks in this same connection, and there is reason to believe that he was one of the party of unfortunate French settlers who migrated to Ohio in reliance upon the representations of the Scioto Company, and were massacred there by the Indians. The references in question indicate that he was protesting against the mismanagement which ended in calamity for all concerned.

His portrait was painted as a miniature by Charles Wilson Peale in 1777-8 at Valley Forge (*Pennsylvania Mag. of Hist. and Biog.*, vol. xxviii., p. 246), and this may be the portrait of him in the possession of Clarence de Sola of Montreal, a copy of which is to be found in the recently published edition of Sargent's *André*, edited by Mr. William Abbatt. He was a charter member of the Society of the Cincinnati, of Pennsylvania, and is referred to in affectionate terms by several of the patriot leaders of the Revolution, including Jefferson, Morris, Jay, Franklin, John Adams, and Robert R. Livingston. Jefferson characterized him in a private letter to Madison, recommending him for appointment in 1787, as "light, indiscreet, active, honest, affectionate." Even his enemies must have been bound to acquiesce in the concluding passage of his autobiographical sketch, accompanying an application for office once addressed by him to Washington: "Thus I have devoted Eleven Years

of the best Part of my Life to the Service of my Country, in all which time I am bold to say that I have been actuated by a disinterested zeal for her Honor & Prosperity."

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NEW YORK CITY.



ANTHONY WHITE, I, II, AND III

[A paper in this MAGAZINE, I., 40-44, on Anthony Walton White, Brigadier in the Continental Army, contained a few fragmentary references to the General's ancestors in Bermuda, and also to his father, Anthony White, 3d. The following paper supplies some additional precise data, gleaned from manuscripts in the Public Record Office in London, and from the British Museum, as to Anthony White, 1st and 2d, and as to Leonard White; the sources of information in relation to Anthony White, 3d, are cited *passim*.]

COLONEL ANTHONY WHITE, 1ST, OF BERMUDA

ANTHONY WHITE, 1st, in June (?), 1685, is "suspected of a design to overthrow the government" of Bermuda. On October 8 of the same year the Governor, in a letter to the Board of Trade, recounts the doings of the "discontented party," amongst whom is Anthony White. On the 26th of the following month White signs a petition as an officer of the militia of the Island. Two years later, or on July 11, 1687, he appears in the list of the Colonial Assembly as *Captain* Anthony White. The records are silent concerning him for the next eight years; but in November, 1695, he appears as a member of the Council. Two years later he is again apparently *persona non grata* to the Governor, who, writing to the home government, declares that White, amongst others, should "answer at Whitehall" for certain actions: in other words, accuses him of treason. Nevertheless, he retained his high official place, and on August 18, 1702, *Colonel* Anthony White is one of the members of a Chancery Court—evidently by virtue of his position as a member of the Council. About the same time, he is again alluded to as a member of the Council, and the cause of distractions in the Government. His faculty of making enemies continued as a prominent trait in his character, for a few months later a letter of information, not dated, but referred to on March 24, 1702-3, states that "White's father was transported from Newgate, a poor, contented cuckold; his mother, an Irish woman, bought and sold here, kept a rum punch shop most of their time." The preposterous exaggeration of this charge is apparent from the fact that on April 2, 1703, in a Representa-

tion of the Inhabitants of Bermuda, Anthony White signs his name with the military officers, and signs again in the Council column, showing that his high standing in the official community was recognized by his associates. In November, 1706, we find him called *Chief Justice*, and there is a speech of his to the Grand Jury on some case. He is still a member of the Council. In a manuscript in the British Museum is a list of Councillors for Bermuda, 1706-1711. Anthony White is on the list, but his name is struck through with a pen, and marked "dead." A volume of papers, 1709-1715, contains no mention of him whatever. The presumption is that he died between November, 1706, and the year 1709.

LEONARD WHITE

Leonard White, who is understood to have been a son of Anthony White, 1st, signs the Representation of April 2, 1703, mentioned above, as a military officer. In November, 1706, he is a member of the Grand Jury. In the list of Councillors, 1706-1711, Leonard White is named. He is again mentioned under date of September 12, 1709, as one of the general panel of jurors summoned to serve at a special court of Oyer and Terminer, but he does not appear to have served. In this summons he is referred to as *Captain* Leonard White. Captain Leonard White serves on a court martial February 9, 1710, and on March 3, 1712, is a member of a Court of Errors. Under date of May 9, 1715, he signs as a member of the Council. In a document dated July 1, 1724, containing a list of names fit to supply vacancies in the Council, is this sentence: "Leonard White, Junr., son of a Councillor of the same name. He is at present Justice of the Peace & is a man of good Interest & good Character."

ANTHONY WHITE, 2D

Anthony White, 2d, said to have been a son of Leonard White, 1st, above, and grandson of Anthony White, 1st, is believed to have come from the Bermudas to New York about 1715. There (in the Dutch Reformed Church) he m. Joanna Staats (b. Jan. 31, 1694, dau. of Dr. Samuel Staats), Jan. 26, 1717. They had a son, Anthony, bap. in the N. Y. Dutch Church, Nov. 6, 1717. The father is reported to have died soon after, on a voyage to the Bermudas. His wid. m. Admiral Norton Kelsall Sept. 29, 1726.

COLONEL ANTHONY WHITE, 3D

Anthony White, 3d, bap. Nov. 6, 1717, gave a receipt July 29, 1737, to Frederick Morris, for the (judgment?) roll in the case of Patrick Campbell vs. James Wallace.¹ He was admitted as a freeman of the City of New York the day after he became of age, or on Nov. 7, 1738, being styled "gentleman" in the record.² It was probably very soon after this date that he married Elizabeth, daughter of Governor Lewis Morris, of New Jersey, and became identified with and a resident of this Province, for on June 19, 1741, he was commissioned by his father-in-law, the Governor, as Clerk of the Peace and Clerk of Monmouth County.³ He was admitted to the New Jersey Bar as an attorney and counsellor, at the March term, 1739, but it is doubtful if he practiced very strenuously. Governor Morris appointed him Surrogate of the Prerogative Court, Feb. 15, 1744-5, an office to which he was reappointed Oct. 13, 1746, by President John Hamilton, after the death of the Governor. On removing to New Jersey he took up his residence at New Brunswick, or on the Raritan river, opposite that city. His house was afterwards the Pool home, and in late years was occupied by Mr. George Metlar. It is said to have been built about 1740 by Anthony White.⁴ When Samuel Myers Cohen, a New York merchant, was about to sail for England, in view of the great perils of such a voyage he made his will Aug. 11, 1741, and Anthony White was one of the witnesses.⁵ He was the mediary through whom William Chetwood, of Elizabethtown, transmitted a letter written April 7, 1747, by Edmund Bainbridge, of Maidenhead, to Nathaniel Camp, of Newark, in relation to a plan on foot to contest the claims of the East Jersey Proprietors, White sending the letter to Robert Hunter Morris.⁶ He was in a group of distinguished citizens at Burlington, May 15, 1750, when Counsellor John Coxe declared that it was no use for him to practice in the Court of Chancery before Governor Belcher.⁷ Anthony White, Esqr., of Somerset County, and Elizabeth, his wife, conveyed to Robert Tilton, of Middletown, Monmouth County, yeoman, by deed dated May 8, 1751, consideration £930, a tract of 309 acres and a fraction, in the city of Shrewsbury, Monmouth County.⁸ The lands of Dirck Schuyler, and his wife Anne Mary, were advertised to be sold on Oct. 28, 1754, and information in relation thereto was to be had of Anthony White,

¹ *Calendar N. Y. Hist. MSS.*, II., 529.

² *N. Y. Hist. Soc. Coll.*, 1885, p. 137.

³ *East Jersey Deeds*, E2, p. 509.

⁴ *Local Tradition.*

⁵ *N. Y. Hist. Soc. Coll.*, 1894, p. 406.

⁶ *N. Y. Col. Docs.*, 6: 346.

⁷ *N. J. Archives*, 7: 543.

⁸ *E. J. Deeds*, Lib. H2, p. 263.

at New Brunswick, and others.⁹ The dwelling-house, storehouse, stabling, wharf and lot of land on which Dirck Schuyler "lately lived," in the City of New Brunswick, and other property, were advertised to be sold on March 25, 1755, by William Walton, of New York, Anthony White, of New Brunswick, and others.¹⁰ White also about the same time advertised the grist-mill and land late of Matthew Clarkson, deceased, and Gerardus Depeyster, on the Raritan River, opposite Raritan Landing, and within a quarter of a mile of his own residence.¹¹ The debtors of William Symonds, late of New Brunswick, were desired by public advertisement, July 31, 1758, to pay their debts to "Anthony White, Esq., at New Brunswick."¹² On Jan. 11, 1759, White advertised the farm and plantation known as Lawrence's Island, on the Raritan river, about two miles from New Brunswick. At the same time he offered for sale "sundry of the best and most valuable farms and plantations on the West-New-Jersey Society's 100,000-acre tract in Hunterdon County."¹³ Governor Josiah Hardy commissioned him, Jan. 2, 1762, Clerk of Hunterdon County and on March 22, 1762, one of the Surrogates of the Prerogative Court in the Eastern Division of New Jersey.¹⁴ He was one of the managers of the Bound Brook bridge lottery, to raise £400 for the erection of a bridge across the Raritan river at that point, the scheme being advertised in *The New York Mercury*, May 10, 1762.¹⁵ On the death, July 3, 1762, of Lewis Morris, Jun., Judge of the Court of Admiralty of New Jersey, Governor Hardy commissioned Anthony White to succeed his deceased brother-in-law.¹⁶ On Jan. 26, 1763, he was appointed one of the Justices of the Peace in the counties of Morris and Somerset.¹⁷ He presented a petition, dated July 19, 1764, to Lieutenant-Governor Colden, of New York, for a ferry from Staten Island to Bergen Point—probably desiring the franchise.¹⁸ This was doubtless in anticipation of the transaction next recorded, to wit: The commissioners appointed by the Legislature to partition the Bergen common lands sold a tract of land at Bergen Point at public auction, Sept. 7, 1764, to Hendricus Kuyper, the highest bidder, for £7,300, "proclamation or lawful money of New Jersey," and gave him a deed, Sept. 10, 1764.¹⁹ He endorsed on it a declaration that he held the same in trust for Anthony White, of the City of New Brunswick (2-18ths), and others, who had furnished the money for the purchase.

⁹ *N. J. Archives*, 19:411.

¹⁰ *Ib.*, 454.

¹¹ *Ib.*, 453.

¹² *Ib.*, 20:256.

¹³ *Ib.*, 20:316, 317.

¹⁴ *N. J. Archives*, 9:360.

¹⁵ *N. J. Archives*, 24:36.

¹⁶ *Ib.*, 378.

¹⁷ *N. J. Archives*, 17:342.

¹⁸ *Calendar N. Y. Hist. MSS.*, II., 748.

¹⁹ *East J. Deeds*, Lib. A3, p. 413.

Mr. White died seized of three lots of the tract on the Kil van Kol, and three lots on Newark Bay, and they were partitioned among his three surviving children, Aug. 27, 1798.²⁰ Governor Franklin commissioned him one of the Justices of the Peace of Somerset County, Sept. 21, 1767, and one of the Justices of the Quorum of the same county, April 21, 1768.²¹ He was commissioned a Judge of the Court of Oyer and Terminer of Somerset County, Aug. 26, 1768; Aug. 30, 1769; May 14, 1770; Oct. 30, 1770; Aug. 28, 1771; Oct. 1, 1774.²² Anthony White and Eliza, his wife, conveyed to James Neilson, of New Brunswick, in 1772, the mill property at Lawrence's brook for £500.²³ This was known as Longfield's Mills, a settlement that antedates the settlement of New Brunswick. Under date of Dec. 8, 1778, he again advertised the Island Farm, which he had offered for sale in 1759, as already mentioned. He was now living at the Union Iron Works, in the present Warren County.²⁴ It was at his house at the Union Iron Works that William Paterson, afterwards Governor of New Jersey, and Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, married as his first wife, Cornelia Bell, on February 9, 1779. Among the young people present on that occasion was his host's daughter, Euphemia White, who some years later became Judge Paterson's second wife. The will of Anthony White, of Middlesex County, dated Feb. 14, 1780, was proved at New Brunswick, Nov. 12, 1787, indicating that his sojourn was but temporarily away from the city which had so long been his home. He devises to his son, Anthony Walton White, two-fifths of his estate, and to his daughters, Isabella, Joanna and Euphemia, each one-fifth. He does not refer to his wife; she had doubtless died before the date of his will. All four of the children were made executors. The witnesses to the instrument were Anne Kearny, Ravaud Kearny (his wife's kin), and Edward McShane.²⁵

Anthony White and Elizabeth Morris, his wife, had issue:

- i. Joanna, b. Nov. 14, 1744; m. about 1787, Col. John Bayard (his 3d wife); d. June 26, 1834, without issue; he was b. Aug. 11, 1738; d. Jan. 7, 1807, at New Brunswick.²⁶

²⁰ *Winfield's Land Titles of Hudson County*, 135, 141, 144.

²¹ *Lib. Ca of Commissions*, p. 322; *N. J. Archives*, 17:504.

²² *Lib. AB of Commissions passim*.

²³ *Unrecorded Deed, Neilson MSS.*

²⁴ 2 *N. J. Archives*, 3:10.

²⁵ *Liber No. 29 of Wills*, in the Secretary of State's Office, p. 360.

²⁶ *N. Y. Gen. & Biog. Record*, 15:63.

- ii. Euphemia, b. Dec. 10, 1746; m. about 1785, William Paterson (his second wife), Governor of New Jersey, 1790-1793; Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, 1793-1806; she d. Jan. 29, 1822, in the 86th year of her age.²⁷
- iii. Isabella; mentioned in her father's will, in 1780. No further account. She probably died soon after him, or at least before 1798, when his Bergen lands were partitioned among his *three* surviving children.
- iv. Anthony Walton, b. July 7, 1750; he took his middle name after his godfather, William Walton, a distinguished merchant of New York; m. 1783, Margaret Ellis, then in her 15th year.²⁸

Colonel White probably lived the life of a gentleman of elegant leisure in his day, residing principally on his farm and not taking a very active part in public affairs, although associating and on terms of intimacy with those concerned in the government of the Colony and State. That his sympathies were with the American cause may be inferred, not from any positive utterances of his that have come down from us, but from the very energetic and prominent part taken by his son in the Revolution.

WILLIAM NELSON.

PATERSON, N. J.

²⁷ *Penn. Mag. of Hist. & Biog.*, 3:431, 434; *N. Y. Gen. & Biog. Record*, 23:91.

²⁸ For a full and interesting sketch of Gen. Anthony Walton White, see *N. J. Hist. Soc. Proceedings*, 2d Series, 7:105-115 (January, 1882), reprinted in *THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY, WITH NOTES AND QUERIES*, 1:40-44 (January, 1905).



MAJOR GENERAL JOHN POPE, U. S. A.

SOME PERSONAL MEMORANDA

I DO not propose to write a narrative or start a discussion, but only to make some disconnected notes of General Pope's personal relation to the events and transactions with which he was connected.

He was a man of large ability and great acquirements; a man of warm affections; an untiring friend; frank and outspoken in his likes and dislikes—a positive man, born to command. But while he brooked no insubordination in others, he yielded implicit obedience to lawful authority. He was intensely loyal. He was notable for his service to the country, both in peace and war; for the amount of harsh and unjust censure to which he was subjected and the patient silence in which he bore it.

He was a lieutenant of engineers with General Taylor in the Mexican War. For his service there the government gave him two brevets, and the State of Illinois, a sword. In 1849 he explored the trackless wilderness about the extreme upper Mississippi and the Red River of the North, determined the fact that the Red was a navigable stream, described in glowing terms the beauty of the region, predicted it would be a State in ten years, suggested its boundaries, and gave routes for railroads to cross it. Many were the gibes at his "visionary flights." But the Hon. Samuel F. Vinton pronounced his report one of the most valuable produced by his Corps; and in less than ten years Minnesota was a fact, her boundaries as he had proposed, and since then the railroads have been built on his routes, and her wheat is world-renowned.

From 1853 to 1859 he was surveying a Southern route for a Pacific railroad, about the 32d parallel of latitude. So well was it done, that when such a road was built, it was close to the line as he ran it, except at one point there was a trifling deflection of three miles.

During these years he spent much time on the *Llano Estacado*, or Staked Plain; an arid waste where many adventurers had died of thirst in the attempt to cross. Satisfied from the geological features of the

region that there was water under it which could be reached by boring, carrying a supply of water with him and running many risks, he bored wells—without success. For many years Pope's wells were a standing joke in the army. But eventually others, better equipped, bored deeper, reached water, and the dreaded desert was stripped of its terror.

His first command in the Civil War was in Missouri, which was rent by internecine war and invaded by troops from the South. Arson, robbery, assassination, bushwhacking and murder made a social chaos. He expelled the invaders, suppressed the guerrillas and restored peace and order. Progress down the Mississippi was barred by the heavy batteries on and near Island Number Ten. He was sent with a land force to open the way, with the coöperation of Commodore Foote's fleet. No other operation of the war was better planned, better executed or crowned with more success.

He was called back from further operations down the river, and transferred with his command, called the Army of the Mississippi, and incorporated with Halleck's force advancing on Corinth. On its evacuation, Pope pushed forward in pursuit of the enemy and sent back to Halleck reports of success, received from his advance. Unfortunately the newspaper correspondent from Washington published a despatch from Halleck stating that "Pope already reports ten thousand prisoners and deserters from the enemy and fifteen thousand stand of arms captured." This sensational despatch, universally understood that ten thousand men had actually been captured, went the round of the newspapers; and when it became known that no such capture had been made, Pope was branded as a braggart.

As a matter of fact, he had made no such report; but his feeling as a soldier was, not to entangle the prosecution of the war by a personal controversy. He was silent until it was over, but then he had a correspondence with Halleck which is printed in the *Rebellion Record*, Part 2, Vol. 10.

At the end of June he was summoned to Washington, to take command of a force to be organized for the defense of Washington, while McClellan was advancing on Richmond. Between him and the Army of the Mississippi existed a strong attachment; he protested against the transfer, but the order was peremptory. When he was leaving, a friend said: "And so you are going to Virginia?" He answered quietly, "Yes—to the grave of military reputations."

The Eastern troops he was to command were the three independent detached Corps of McDowell, Banks, and Fremont—all his seniors. Fremont declined to serve under him, and Sigel who took his place, reported the corps as badly disorganized.

As Lee was between Pope and McClellan, it was necessary to provide for the chance of his breaking loose from McClellan and overwhelming Pope, exchanging Richmond for Washington.

For this, Pope urged that it would be idle for his small force to oppose the enemy in front, as Lee would be able to overlap both his flanks and push him back, or overwhelm him and pass on. He proposed in such case to take post at the base of the mountains, hang on Lee's flank and by incessant attacks hinder his progress until McClellan could be brought around. But he was overruled, and required to oppose the enemy in front.

Sent to a field which he objected to, to command troops not cordial to him, with an inadequate force required to perform a hopeless task, and weighted by a plan of campaign he disapproved, he yet set out stoutly to do his best.

All he could hope to do was to delay Lee when he should advance. To inspirit his little army and impress the enemy, he issued an order saying: "I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies—from an army whose business it was to seek the adversary and beat him when found; whose policy has been attack and not defense."

Two of his staff remonstrated, contending that it would give needless offense both to his own and the Army of the Potomac—but absorbed with the single idea of doing all he could with the means in his hands, and unwilling to believe that offense would be taken where not meant, he persisted.

The Army of the Potomac, devoted to McClellan, and the latter's ardent partisans who were already jealous of him whom they deemed a Western interloper, were inflamed by the order, and the bitter feeling against Pope was intense.

It was at this time that the ancient joke which in former times had been put upon older officers—the joke of "headquarters in the saddle"—

was exhumed, and fastened upon him, and there are people to this day who believe the phrase was used by him.

Any brilliant success, already almost hopeless, was now out of the question—but it was sturdily attempted and everything that could be done by increasing vigilance, untiring toil, and persistent resolution, was done. By audacious resistance, the line of the Rapidan was held for a week—and when no longer tenable, Pope retired beyond the Rappahannock so skillfully that the movement was accomplished before the enemy knew it was attempted. When Lee massed his whole army along the southern bank of the Rappahannock, fordable in many places, and Halleck urged Pope to hold on in order to give time for re-inforcements already at hand to join him, Pope telegraphed: "I must do one of two things—either fall back and meet Heintzelman behind Cedar Run, or cross the Rappahannock with my whole force and assail the enemy's flank and rear. I must do one or the other at daylight. Which shall it be? I incline to the latter, but don't wish to interfere with your plans." Halleck answered: "I think the latter of your two propositions the best." Pope prepared to cross, but in the night a heavy rain begun, by morning the river had risen six feet, the fords were impassable and the movement unnecessary.

In the operations about Groveton and Bull Run, McDowell, through excess of zeal, made a fatal mistake which allowed Jackson to rejoin Lee—and Porter, suffering his friendship for McClellan and enmity to Pope¹ to obscure his sense of duty, lagged behind at a vital moment. Disaster came, instead of reasonably hoped for victory. Pope moved to Centreville that night and remained there next day, August 31, in a strong position which Lee declined to attack.

At about sunset the next day Lee attacked Pope's right at Chantilly, was repulsed, withdrew and marched for the upper Potomac. Pope's task was accomplished—Lee had been delayed and Washington protected.

In the long and acrid controversy which grew out of these last operations, Pope maintained a dignified reserve. His published utterance—the article in *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*—is a model of calm presentation of his statement of the case.

After the war, he was assigned to command the Department of the

¹ See article, "The Army of the Potomac" in the *MAGAZINE*, August, September and October, 1905.

Missouri, with headquarters at Fort Leavenworth. It contained Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, the Indian Territory, Colorado and New Mexico, and more than one-fourth of the regular army. When he took command the Cheyennes and Arapahoes roamed over the plains, the Utes held the mountains of Colorado, and the Apaches infested New Mexico. When he made his first visit of inspection, the entire tour from Leavenworth to Santa Fé and return was made with wagons and ambulances. Before he was transferred to San Francisco, the hostile tribes had been subdued and swept onto reservations; trans-continental railroads banded the entire region; narrow gauge tracks threaded the mountains, and populous settlements reached to the extreme borders.

In the suppression of the Indians and the advance of settlements under military protection, General Pope was in constant relation with the civil authorities, where the utmost discretion as well as firmness was required. In everything he won the confidence and respect of National, State and local authorities and the people themselves. He took a personal interest in every member of the large command at Leavenworth, and had friendly acquaintance with every officer—more than a hundred—in it. His annual visits to the remoter posts were gala days, and every officer esteemed himself fortunate when he had a chance to visit headquarters.

His home was the abode of domestic happiness. Much of the light went out of his life when his wife died. His children clustered around him until his eyes finally closed, the most devoted children I have known.

MANNING F. FORCE,

Brigadier and Brevet Major-General, U. S. V.

[Read before the Ohio Loyal Legion.]

THE HISTORICAL WORK OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

II: IN VIRGINIA

VIRGINIA, so rich in historical interest, and containing so many places that are shrines of pilgrimage to all students of history and lovers of their country, has comparatively few monuments. This has not been from lack of interest, nor from undervaluing the great privilege of being the custodians of these for our people, but from many other causes. This condition we hope will be soon remedied, and many of these places marked in the near future; and the Virginia D. A. R. be able to say, like those of Connecticut, that their work in this line is almost accomplished.

The Montpelier Chapter of Orange has marked the birthplace of Zachary Taylor by a boulder with a bronze tablet. This boulder is on the exact place where the house once stood, and the inscription on the tablet reads: "On this site Zachary Taylor, President of the United States, was born November 24th, 1784."

On the battlefield of Great Bridge a handsome granite monument has been erected by the Great Bridge Chapter, of Norfolk, to commemorate the first battle ¹ fought on Virginia soil during the Revolution (Dec. 9, 1775). This Chapter has also marked the cannon ball in old St. Paul's Church in Norfolk. This ball was fired by Lord Dunmore's fleet, as he was bombarding Norfolk in his last fight in Virginia, where as Colonial Governor, he had so faithfully served his sovereign, and so faithlessly dealt with the people.

¹ The Culpeper Minute men, bearing a flag with the device of a coiled rattlesnake, and the motto, "Don't tread on me," were of the patriot troops, and John Marshall, afterwards Chief Justice, was one of their number.—Cooke's *Virginia*.

The Frances Bland Randolph Chapter of Petersburg placed in old Blandford Church, which was built in 1735, a handsome tablet inscribed:

*In Memory of
The Patriots
Who planned, upheld,
and achieved
the Independence of
The United States
of America, 1775-1782*

Also a cenotaph in old Blandford Churchyard to Burk, the Virginia Historian. The memorial is inscribed:

*In Memory of
John Daly Burk,
an Irish refugee, and author of a
History of Virginia, who is
buried on the North Side of the
Appomattox River, near the
western limits of Petersburg,
Virginia.*

Erected in 1905.

The Mount Vernon Chapter of Alexandria has undertaken the restoration of Pohick Church,—the Church of Washington, which was in a state of dilapidation. A new roof has been put on, stone aisle laid, new floor put in, and the church is now ready for the interior furnishings.

A monument was placed over the grave of General Andrew Lewis, the hero of Point Pleasant, and one of Washington's most valued officers. This was done by the Margaret Lynn Lewis Chapter, named in honor of General Lewis' mother. This monument is placed over the grave of General Lewis in Fairview Cemetery, Salem, Virginia; and is on what is

part of the Lewis lands granted by George III. His body was moved from another part of the old home farm, Richlands, by some of his descendants. The monument is on the highest elevation, commanding from its square an unrivalled view of the beautiful Roanoke Valley, and the Blue Ridge and Alleghany Mountains, which from this point seem to meet and mingle into one grand beautiful encircling range. The monument is of granite, inscribed:

GENERAL ANDREW LEWIS

1716-1781

*Pioneer, Patriot, Hero of the Battle
of Point Pleasant, which was the most
closely contested of any battle ever
fought with the Northwestern Indians,
was the opening act in the drama,
whereof the closing scene was played
at YORKTOWN.*

The Colonial officers and Revolutionary soldiers of Augusta County have been remembered by tablets in the Staunton courthouse, placed there by the Beverly Manor Chapter of that place.

The Fort Nelson Chapter of Portsmouth has recently unveiled a monument in honor of Fort Nelson. This ceremony was most appropriately held on the 112th anniversary of an attack on the fort by the British.

An interesting work now in progress is a memorial window to Mary Washington in her old church in Fredericksburg. The Betty Washington Lewis Chapter is assisting in this work of love.

Contributions have also been made and work done in connection with the Virginia Historical Society, and the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. At the suggestion of the Blue Ridge Chapter, the Virginia Daughters contributed several thousand dollars to the Virginia State Building at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis;—this building being a reproduction of Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson.

The Fairfax County Chapter will provide a suitable receptacle for holding and preserving the will of General George Washington. This is to be placed in the courthouse of Fairfax County, where the will is now kept.

The birthplace of Thomas Jefferson at Shadwell, and of George Rogers Clark, both in Albemarle County, will soon be marked by the Albemarle Chapter of Charlottesville.

Other things under contemplation at the present time are: memorials to George Wythe, by the Commonwealth Chapter of Richmond, and to Patrick Henry by the Old Dominion Chapter in Old St. Paul's Church, Richmond; placing memorial furniture in the Raleigh House to be built by the National Society of the D. A. R., on Jamestown Island, and working with our heart and strength for the Jamestown Exposition; and always to aid in any work which fosters true patriotism and love of country,—for this is the true monument to the spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence.

ALICE PEYTON JAMISON,

Virginia State Regent, N. S., D. A. R.

ROANOKE, VA.



EXTRACTS FROM BRITISH ARCHIVES

ON THE FAMILIES OF HALEY, HALLEY, PIKE, ETC.

(Continued from July)

AT Somerset House, London (Prerogative Court of Canterbury, Register 39 Spurway) is this will of Edmund Halley, Surgeon, Royal Navy, the son of Dr. Edmond Halley:

"I, Edmund Halley, Surgeon of his Majesty's ship the Bristol, Capt. Wm. Chambers, without any further form or ceremony do give and bequeath unto my welbeloved wife Sybilla Halley all such Moneys, Goods, Chattles, Lands, Tenements, &c. that I now possess or may be posses'd of, by what Right or Title soever, leaving her my abovesaid Wife Sybilla Halley at my decease my sole Heir and Executrix to this my last Will and Testament. E. HALLEY.

Signed this Eighth day of November, 1739, in the presence of Jno. Poynter; E. Bradston."

"This will was proved at London the Twelfth day of ffebruary in the Year of our Lord one thousand Seven Hundred and fforty [-one] by the oath of Sybilla Halley, widow, the Relict of the deceased and Sole Executrix named in the said Will to whom Administration was granted of all the goods &c of the said deceased."

Further particulars regarding the service of said Edmund Halley as a Surgeon in the Royal Navy, etc., appeared in the *London Notes and Queries*, tenth series, ii., 88, 224. The will of his younger surviving sister, Mrs. Catharine Price, was quoted at length in the *New York Genealogical and Biographical Record*, vol. xxxiv., 106-108 (British Museum press-work 10882 k. 25).

Under the title of "*Halleiana Inedita*," a list of unpublished documents relating to Dr. Edmond Halley was published in *The Observatory* for March, 1906 (xxix., 137-138). The origin of the surname "Halley" was discussed in *Notes and Queries*, London, ninth series, xi., 366; and in *Scottish Notes and Queries*, Aberdeen, second series, vii., 36, 78. The names Hailey, Haley, Haly, Hayley are said to be derived from

Hailey, a chapelry in Oxfordshire. (*See* "Patronymica Britannica," by Mark Anthony Lower, M. A., London, 1860; pages 143, 144, 152.)

Among entries in P. C. C. registers, Somerset House, London, are ("362 Simpson"):

Elizabeth Pike of Surrey. Letters of administration, August, 1765.

Benjamin Pike (or Pack) of Middlesex. Will approved Sept. 1764.

In the Public Record office, London, are said to be some legal proceedings (late in Elizabeth's reign) relative to Brightwell, in Oxfordshire, to which Ralph and Robert Halley were parties. (*Extract* from letter from Mr. Geo. F. Tudor Sherwood, 50 Beecroft Road, Brockley, S. E., London.)

In the S. P. Rigaud collections, Bodleian library, Oxford (vol. 8, page 27) is a letter addressed "to Dr. Halley at his house the corner of Bridgewater Square, in Barbican," July 16, 1716. This serves to show the location of his domicile at that time.

Mr. Joseph Pike, of Dunsland, Cork, Ireland, is the present head of the Pike family in Ireland.

Dr. Clifford L. Pike, Saco, Maine, is the secretary of the Pike Family Association, which numbers five hundred members. Among its publications is a reproduction of the coat of arms brought to America from England, in 1635, by John Pike. Dr. Clifford L. Pike is engaged in writing a general history of the Pike family, and possesses much information obtained from English records.

Among Scottish gentlemen interested in Pike genealogy may be mentioned Mr. James Pike, care Marcus, 28 Rosemath Place, Edinburgh; and Mr. W. J. Pike, Norbury House, Droitwich.

The writer is informed that Mr. Edmund William Pike, I. S. O., of London, is "descended from a Somersetshire family who only took the name of Pike about three generations ago."

Dr. Halley's father is said to have belonged to the Halley's of Derbyshire, which is, no doubt, true, but the writer would be inclined to look to Devonshire as the earlier home of that family. As stated elsewhere, John Aubrey gives the coat armorial of Dr. Halley: "Sable, a fret and a canton argent" (*cf.* Aubrey's "Brief Lives," Clark, vol. i.,

page 282; Oxford, 1898). In another work we find this heraldic item: "Sa, fretty and a canton, arg.—Hales, Hauley, co. Devon, *V*.—Hawleys" (*cf.* "An alphabetical dictionary of coats of arms," by John W. Papworth; edited, in part, by Alfred W. Morant, vol. ii., page 884; London, 1874).

In Fairbairns' "Crests of Great Britain," appear several coats of Hailly, Halley, Pike, and Pyke, of which only two are cited below:

Halley, boar's head, erased and erect, between two ostrich-feathers, ppr. Plate 60, crest 7.

Pyke, England, a boar, passant, ar., gorged with a garland of (laurel,) vert. Plate 29, crest 10.

In Burke's "Landed Gentry of Ireland," London, 1899, are two accounts (pages 367-368) of Pike families in Ireland, descended from Pykes of Devonshire which, indeed, was the home of the famous Richard Pike or Peeke, of Tavistock.

Burke's "Landed Gentry of Great Britain," tenth edition, London, 1900, contains a pedigree (page 1184) of the family of Pike-Nott, where it is said that "Elizabeth Isaac married Humphry Pyke of the old Devonshire family of Pyke or Pike, of whom was Henry Pike, Sub-Dean of Exeter Cathedral, 1350." Was this Humphry Pike any relation to the Humphrey Halley previously mentioned in these notes?

It might seem that the Halleys and Pykes, of London (*circa* 1690-1700), were of Devonshire descent. This problem may yet be demonstrated.

The remarkable bravery of Richard Pike of Tavistock, is proverbial. (*Cf. Notes and Queries*, London, tenth series, v., 218.) It may be more than a mere coincidence that in the traditions preserved of James McPike 1751 ? 1825) is the statement that "He was brave, even to foolhardiness, as a soldier." (*Extract* from a letter postmarked June 17, 1900, from the writer's kinswoman, Miss Eudora Hereford, Covington, Kentucky, quoting recollections of Miss Kate Bowers, dictated by the latter.)

An account of Richard Pike of Tavistock, appears in the *Devon Notes and Queries*, published at Exeter, England (July, 1905).

EUGENE FAIRFIELD MCPIKE.

CHICAGO.

RELIGIOUS RESTRAINT AMONG THE EARLY PURITANS ON LONG ISLAND.

THERE is no portion of New York State that has had so much written about its history and inhabitants as has Long Island. Local historians still continue to glean and collect new topics that never fail to be of interest about that unique geological and political portion of New York State.

The first English inhabitants that made a settlement in colonial New York originated in the struggle for religious liberty in England, and was planted on Long Island, and were branches from New Haven and other New England colonies.

The earliest settlement was within Suffolk County and was made in 1639 on Gardiner's Island under title derived from the Earl of Stirling, to whom a grant of the whole of Long Island had been made by the Plymouth Company in 1635.

Southold and Southampton were settled in 1640, Easthampton in 1648, Shelter Island in 1652, Huntington in 1653, Brookhaven in 1655, Smithtown in 1668, by English immigrants from New England.

A small party of English emigrants from Lynn, Mass., in the spring of 1640 took possession of Cow Bay in Hempstead. The Dutch drove them away. These persons afterward made the first settlement at Southampton in 1640. All these settlers were strongly imbued with Puritan doctrines, and zealously devoted to their strict observance.

The most populous portions of the Duke of York's dominions in 1664 were on Long Island. The English had settled there to enjoy their religious freedom according to their own consciences. When the boundary between New Netherland and Connecticut was defined in 1650, the jurisdiction of each was quite well understood. The General Court of Connecticut had all along up to that time claimed by their patent the whole

Extracts from an unpublished paper read before the N. Y. Historical Society, entitled "Religious Liberty in Colonial New York."

of Long Island and all the country to the Hudson River, with the exception of Manhattan Island. The English towns on the east end of Long Island and in the middle rejected the Dutch authority and formed a political association with the people of Hartford and New Haven, whose laws they had accepted and dwelt under. They were some of them from the New Haven and other Connecticut colonies. They naturally sought alliance with the adjacent New England colonies, particularly with those in Connecticut to whom they were warmly attached, and with whom they were closely united in a common sympathy. Easthampton adopted the laws of Connecticut in 1653.

The several towns joined Connecticut at the following dates: Southampton in 1644; Easthampton in 1657; Brookhaven in 1559; Huntington in 1660; Oyster Bay in 1662. Southold joined New Haven Colony in 1646. The several towns then became entitled to send deputies to the General Court (Assembly) at Hartford; Southold to send them to New Haven.

Among the first measures taken by these Puritan colonists was the establishment of religious worship and schools, which in most of the towns on Long Island date from the first or second year of settlement. This is the time when the "blue" laws were introduced in the Province of New York.

The first English settlement in the territory of New York was made at Southold in 1640 by a colony from New Haven under Rev. John Youngs, who, in 1641, erected the first English church edifice in the Province of New York. The government of this colony was modeled after that of New Haven, and none but church members were allowed to vote or to hold office. The Mosaic Code was also adopted as their law. The church government was according to the New Testament, like all the Presbyterian churches. It was not until 1657 that the Mosaic Code was superseded by the Code of Gov. Eaton, and then only in part. It was not united to New Haven until 1648, and was not united to Connecticut until 1662. It passed under the jurisdiction of New York laws in 1665.

In these early days the church served as a town hall and a school-house as well as a church, hence the common name of "meetinghouse" which was applied to a church in those days.

The New Haven Colony was founded by Mr. Theophilus Eaton, Rev. John Davenport, and Mr. Edward Hopkins, in 1639. The latter

soon withdrew to the Connecticut Colony. The New Haven Colony was founded upon the policy that all government should be in the church. No person in this colony could be a freeman with a right to vote unless he was a member of a church in that colony and in full communion. None of the other three colonies in New England were so strict in favor of churches being above the state as in this. There was no code of laws for the local government of New Haven until in 1655, when Gov. Eaton finished the codification which was approved by the elders of the jurisdiction and ordered printed.

The Puritans always professed to follow the Word of God alone for their conduct in life. They professed to aim at greater purity of doctrine, holiness of living, and more strict discipline than others.

The fundamental laws adopted by the inhabitants settled in Connecticut in the year 1638-9 to establish a government, among other things required the Governor to take oath that he "will further the execution of justice according to the rule of God's Word." A magistrate's oath was to assist in the execution of the laws made by lawful authority, "and to further the execution of justice according to the righteous rule of God's Word."

In October, 1643, at an election or town meeting of the New Haven Colony it was particularly "ordained that the General Court (of New Haven) should with all care and diligence endeavor to maintain the purity of religion and to suppress all irreligions according to the best light they could obtain from the Divine Oracles, and by the advice of the elders and churches in the jurisdiction so far as it might concern civil power."

In April, 1644, the record shows that "It was ordered that the judicial laws of God, as they were delivered by Moses, and as they are a fence to the moral law, being neither typical nor ceremonial, nor had any reference to Canaan, shall be accounted of moral equity and generally binding on all offenders, and be a rule to all the courts in this jurisdiction in their proceedings against offenders until they be branched out into particulars hereafter."

Among the tenets established by Rev. John Davenport in the New Haven church was "That all vicars, rectors, deans, priests, and bishops are of the devil; are wolves, petty popes, and anti-Christian tyrants. That all things of human invention in the worship of God, such as are in the Mass Book and Common Prayer, are unsavory in the sight of God.

That it is a heinous sin to be present when prayers are read out of a book by a vicar or bishop."

The Westminster Confession of Faith and Catechism, which was adopted as the guide and as the doctrinal standard and rule of conduct and discipline for Presbyterians in 1647, was rigidly enforced throughout New England, but nowhere more earnestly than in New Haven and Connecticut Colonies and their settlements on Long Island. I need not now make extracts or quotations and cite examples, if any there be, to show the actual living practices there, under those ecclesiastical laws which it can be inferred might have occurred if occasion offered, but will only refer to some of the statute laws that were applicable to all the inhabitants at large who by accident or choice came among them. Eaton's Code of Laws is still extant without any question of its not being genuine. The Duke's laws for New York were made up and compiled from them and from other statute laws in force in the Puritan colonies. They were adopted in 1665, and have long been regarded as the first code of laws applied to colonial New York; but in fact, Eaton's Code was the first, except the agreement made by the members of the New Haven Colony among themselves in 1638 and carried to Long Island by the first settlers and continued in force there until Eaton's Code took their place in 1657.

The capital laws of Connecticut which were established by the General Court in 1642 provided that "If any man (after legal conviction) shall have or worship any other God but the Lord God, he shall be put to death."

"If any person shall blaspheme the name of God, the Father, Son, or Holy Ghost, with direct, express, presumptuous, or high-handed blasphemy, or shall curse God in the like manner, he shall be put to death."

"If any child or children about sixteen years old and of sufficient understanding, shall curse or smite their natural father or mother, he or they shall be put to death, unless it can be sufficiently testified that the parents have been very unchristianly negligent in the education of such children, or so provoke them by extreme or cruel correction that they have been forced thereunto to preserve themselves from death or maiming."

Inferior punishments were confinement in the pillory, the stocks, whipping, fine and imprisonment, banishment, in the discretion of the court.

The Puritans were jealous of the admission of strangers among them, and only allowed them to participate in their privileges upon careful examination of character and motives.

It was an indispensable rule in all the English towns on Long Island that no person should be admitted to settle among them without the approbation of the inhabitants or of a majority of them at a town meeting. They were careful in exacting punctual attendance on public worship and a strict observance of the Sabbath. The penalty was a fine, or corporal punishment, or banishment in aggravated cases. A person was fined ten shillings for bringing a bag of meal from Oyster Bay to Huntington on a Sunday.

The Sabbath began at sunset on Saturday, and continued until sunset on Sunday, the same as it was in Connecticut. This was according to the Mosaic law, "No person shall go from his or her place of abode on the Lord's Day unless to attend upon the public worship of God, unless upon works of necessity, or mercy, on penalty of fine and imprisonment. Every person in the community shall, and they are hereby, required, on the Lord's Day, carefully to apply themselves to duties of religion and piety, publicly and privately." Contracts made on Sunday between the rising and the setting of the sun were wholly void, and money loaned on Sunday could not be recovered, and property delivered on Sunday need not be paid for.

The New Haven Code of Laws printed in 1656, taken from the Massachusetts laws established in 1641, which prevailed in New Haven Colony, contains the following provision relating to the observance of the Sabbath:

"Whosoever shall prophane the Lord's Day, or any part of it, either by sinful servile work, or by unlawful sport, recreation, or otherwise, whether wilfully or in a careless neglect, shall be duly punished by fine or imprisonment, or corporally, according to the measure of the sinn and offence. But if the court upon examination, or by clear and satisfying evidence find that the sinn was proudly, presumptuously, and with high hand committed against the known command and authority of the blessed God, such a person therein despising and reproaching the Lord, shall be put to death, that all others may feare and shun such provoking rebellious courses. Numbers xv, 30 to 36."

In the records of New Haven containing the orders of the General

Court in 1647 it was recorded: "The court considering that it is their duty to do the best they can that the law of God may be strictly observed, did therefore order that whosoever shall, within this plantation, break the Sabbath by doing any of their ordinary occasions, from sunset to sunset, either upon the land or upon the water, extraordinary cases, works of mercy and necessity being excepted, he shall be counted an offender, and shall suffer such punishment as the particular court shall judge meet, according to the offence."

Punishment for minor offences under the Blue Laws consisted in (1) Banishment from the colony; (2) expulsion from the church; (3) deprivation of right to vote in church and government matters; (4) fines by payment of money. When the offender was already out of the church he was ostracised (boycotted) by church members in addition to above. Where the offenders were children under the control of parents, they were relegated to them with a direction and advice to punish them. Offending women were banished or ostracised. Corporal punishment was by whipping.

The local courts that had jurisdiction of these local offences against Sabbath breaking and other minor offences against morals were composed of the deacons and elders of the church. The minister (clergyman) had nothing to do with the hearing of such cases, although he might investigate them, and be consulted as to the punishment to be administered in such cases, but he was not a member of the court.

The early Puritan clergymen in New England and on Long Island were highly educated and graduates of famous colleges in Europe. The elders and deacons that administered the church laws were ardent, sincere men, and subject to the prejudices that were characteristic of the people at that time.

Some of the clergymen in the New Haven and Connecticut and other New England colonies were invited to be members of the representative body that formulated their Faith, but they declined to take part in the Assembly at Westminster but fully subscribed to the doctrines there promulgated in 1647, and followed them in their charges in church work.

The Westminster Confession of Faith and the Church Regulations connected to it were the common law of the land in those colonies. No person can doubt that they would be rigidly enforced when an opportunity was offered to administer them. If there were not more cases recorded,

it is because there was no occasion to apply them. The laws that prevailed among them as have been described, and were enforced by them particularly relating to the observance of the Sabbath whenever occasion required, are far more creditable to the Puritans and likely to have been administered among them than it is to the writers and commentators to deny that they ever existed. It is the latter that cause the term "Blue Laws" to be an epithet of sarcasm and reproach instead of the sacred emblems from which the name originated and to which it belongs.

After the charter by Charles II. to Connecticut was received in 1662, all the Long Island towns sent deputies to the General Court at Hartford. It was thus that the Blue Laws of New Haven and Connecticut were in force for many years where those colonies claimed and exercised jurisdiction. They were in operation in the English settlements in the Province of New York by authority for a quarter of a century.

The legislative history of New York cannot be stated without including some of the Blue Laws of New Haven and Connecticut.

The term "Blue Laws" was not used in derision at that time when applied to the Puritans; on the contrary, it had a high and noble meaning to them. The Puritans wore blue as their badge, in opposition to the scarlet of English royalty, and Cardinal red. Some of the Presbyterian preachers of the Scotch Covenanters used to wear over their preaching robe an apron of blue. When the robe was dispensed with, the apron of blue was thrown over the front of the pulpit and hung there during the service. In blazonry it signifies Charity, Loyalty, and Fidelity. They based their choice on Biblical authority. Blue or azure is the symbol of divine eternity and human immortality. In the book of Numbers (xv, 36) it is directed: "Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments, and that they put upon the fringes a ribband of blue."

The modern application of the term arises out of sarcasm and expressions of contempt for strict church laws that reach to the affairs of men to such an extent as to make harmless actions mortal sins before the law, and make "the strength of sin" by the law. Such laws are also called "Puritanical."

This is particularly true of their laws and practice relating to the observance of the Sabbath. The New Haven Code was very strict about the observance of the Sabbath day.

The Westminster Confession and the Church Discipline therein enjoined was an outgrowth of the spirit of that time. Its ecclesiastical precepts continued to prevail and rule the reason of the community long after their statutory authority had ceased under the "Duke's Laws." The trials for heresy that occurred during a long period in the church are an evidence of its character and the hold it had upon the consciences of some of the church authorities. In the history of the Province of New York, by William Smith, Chief Justice of the Province, published in 1752, he says that some of the so-called Blue Laws of Connecticut "were only records of convictions, consonant in the judgment of the Magistrates to the word of God and dictates of reason."

When we consider the rules and feelings that guided the deacons and elders who were the magistrates in dealing with offenders against the laws, practices, customs, and church regulations that prevailed in such a community, we cannot doubt that the Blue Laws have been faithfully and fairly depicted by those that had seen them enforced and lived among them, and have left a record of some such occurrences.

When the charter of the province in America was given to the Duke of York by King Charles II., the instructions to the Commissioners under it were dated April 23d, 1664. With reference to religious worship he desired to make no changes unless "they do in truth deny that liberty of conscience to each other which is equally provided for and granted to each and every one of them (the New England Colonies) by their charter."

In regard to Connecticut, after referring to their Presbyterian rule, the instructions said: "without in the least restraining them in the free exercise of their religion but insisting with them as with the rest, that all the rest who dissent from them have the like liberty without undergoing any disadvantage with reference to their civil interest, but that they enjoy the same privileges with the rest."

When Colonel Nichols obtained possession of the new province by the surrender of the Dutch in September, 1664, the English settlers on Long Island wished a more definite government modeled after the other colonies. They induced Colonel Nichols, as acting deputy governor of the province of New York, to call a convention to submit to the representatives of the people in the English towns a new form of local government. This convention met at Hempstead in February, 1665. At this conven-

tion the code of laws afterward known as the "Duke's Laws" was unanimously adopted. Though they nominally applied to all the new province, it was on Long Island and in Westchester County that they were made to apply to the daily life of the inhabitants.

The commissioners reported to the king, dated May 27th, 1665, of the New England Colonies and New York, that "In these colonies they freely consent that all administration of justice shall be in the king's name; that all householders shall take the oath of allegiance; that church membership shall not be considered in making freemen; that all persons of civil lives shall have liberty of conscience, so that they deny not their shares of maintenance to the public ministers (preachers) fairly chosen by plurality of votes."

The Duke's Laws enacted "Nor shall any person be molested, fined, or imprisoned for differing in judgment in matters of religion who profess Christianity."

"If any person within this government shall by direct, exprest, impious, or presumptuous ways, deny the true God and his attributes, he shall be put to death."

It also enacted that "No Indian whatsoever shall at any time be suffered to powow or perform outward worship to the Devil in any town within this government."

"Sundays are not to be profaned by travellers, labourers, or vicious persons."

It was also enacted that "tending to the peace and good government of the respective towns, the constable, by and with the consent of five at least of the Overseers for the time being, have power to ordaine such or so many peculiar Constitutions as are necessary to the welfare and improvement of their town; provided they be not of a criminal nature, and that the penalties exceed not twenty shillings for one offence, and that they be not repugnant to the public laws."

These constitutions were to be confirmed at the next court of sessions held in the county.

The town meeting, in which only church members could take part, made orders for the division of lands, the enclosure or cultivation of common fields, the regulation of fences and highways, the education of children, and the preservation of good morals.

The Orders and Constitution made by the authority of the town of Brookhaven, July 8th, 1674, were as follows:

"Whereas, there have been much abuse and profaning of the Lord's Day by the younger sort of people in discoursing of vain things and running of races; therefore, we make it an order, that whosoever shall do the like again, notice shall be taken of them and be presented to arrest them to answer for their faults and to receive punishment as they deserve.

"Whereas, it has been too common in this town for young men and maids to be out of their father's and mother's house at unseasonable times of night: It is therefore ordered that whosoever of the younger sort shall be out of their father's or mother's house past nine of the clock at night shall be summoned into the next court, there to pay court charges, with what punishment the court shall see cause to lay upon them, except they can give sufficient reason for their being out late.

"Whereas, God has been much dishonored, much precious time misspent and men impoverished by drinking and tippling, either in ordinary or other private houses: therefore, we make this order that whosoever shall thus transgress, or sit drinking above two hours, shall pay five shillings, and the man of the house for letting of them have it after the time prefixed shall pay ten shillings, except strangers only.

"That whosoever shall run any races or run otherwise a-horseback in the streets or within the town plot shall forfeit ten shillings to the use of the town."

The five English towns on the west end of Long Island were Newtown, Hempstead, Flushing, Gravesend, and Jamaica. The towns of Brooklyn, Bushwick, Flatbush, Flatlands, and New Utrecht were known under the English government as the "Five Dutch towns." All of Long Island and Staten Island and the part of Westchester known as the Bronx peninsula was organized as a county called Yorkshire. The "Five Dutch towns" were allowed to form an ecclesiastical society under the Classis of Holland; they continued as such until 1772.

The "Duke's Laws" were changed from time to time, but many of the characteristics in them continued for many years in the laws of New York.

Each of the towns on Long Island had a General Court from the time of their first settlement that made rules and regulations of matters

concerning its inhabitants, and were continued under the Duke's Laws. These town records have been printed. They do not show any ecclesiastical trials for infringement of the moral law.

The New Haven Code of 1656 by Gov. Eaton and the Massachusetts Code of 1660 were printed at the time they were issued and distributed for use by the courts. The copy of the "Duke's Laws" that was first printed in 1811 in Vol. I. of N. Y. Historical Society's collections was taken from the town records of Easthampton in 1798. Each town on Long Island had a MS. copy of these laws, furnished at the time they were issued, and in some of the towns they were copied in the town proceedings and records.

We can still find traces of them in the statute laws at the present. They were first printed from the town records of Easthampton in 1811, as I have stated. There were changes made in them, and some additions by the Court of Assizes, which court was abolished in 1683. All the records and orders of that court have not been found. The N. Y. Historical Society has some of the orders and records that have never been printed.

R. S. GUERNSEY.

NEW YORK CITY.



GENERAL LYON AND THE FIGHT FOR MISSOURI

WHEN Abraham Lincoln was elected President, Missouri was a border slave State, bounded on three sides by free States. Her State officers were Secessionists, making every effort to take their State out of the Union. The Union men appealed to the Secretary of War to replace General Harney who commanded the Military Department of the West, with headquarters at St. Louis; and he appointed Captain Nathaniel Lyon, Second U. S. Infantry, a native of Connecticut, a graduate of West Point in the same class as Grant, Buell, Buckner, Hancock, and others destined to fame during the Rebellion. He took rank above all these in college honors. Entering the army at graduation, he was actively engaged in its work from 1841, was brevetted at Churubusco and wounded in the assault on the City of Mexico. He came of an iron race; he was a descendant of Thomas Lyon, eighth Lord Glamis of Scotland, in the sixteenth century, and was a grand nephew of Colonel Thomas Knowlton of Bunker Hill, who was killed in the battle of Harlem Heights, in 1776. He was a deep thinker and a profound student. As a soldier he was alert, vigilant and untiring. Unmarried, he gave his affections to his country, and as an evidence of his great love for her, it is only necessary to state that he bequeathed his fortune of \$30,000 to be used by the Government in putting down the Rebellion—the only instance of the kind I know.

He was a man of keen intellect, and a close observer of current events, hating slavery and the doctrine of disunion and their advocates. Ready for the struggle he had foreseen, he was impatient of the delay of the Government in meeting the strong combinations so rapidly made in Missouri and elsewhere. It was well for Charleston that he did not command Fort Sumter. General Sherman said: "Lyon was the first man in this country that seized the whole question and took the initiative, and determined to strike a blow and not wait for the blow to be struck." Had he lived, he would have been the Stonewall Jackson of the Union army. Sherman, who visited him at the time we are concerned with, April, 1861, characterizes him as "a man of vehement purposes and determined action." He was in a critical situation, surrounded by powerful adverse

combinations, and an almost resistless Secession sentiment. Without hesitation he took the aggressive, beginning operations so rapidly as to bewilder and almost paralyze the enemy, and on May 10th he captured "Camp Jackson" so quickly that its commander, General Frost, a West Pointer, hardly knew what had happened, and published a long protest against such rude treatment. It is noteworthy that both Grant and Sherman, unknown to each other, were in St. Louis as civilians on that day, and both relate incidents of it in their memoirs. Grant says: "As soon as the news of the capture reached the city, things changed; the Union men ordered the Confederate flag, which was displayed on Pine St., to be taken down. The command was given in tones of authority, and it was taken down, never to be raised again in St. Louis. I witnessed the scene." The frightened Legislature dispersed, members not even taking time to draw their salaries, and the State officials dispersed, never to meet again.

Here is an event of the period which will throw much light on our hero's character. Thomas L. Snead of Virginia, now of New York, was a member of the Confederate Congress, and a Colonel in the field. To the question recently asked him: "Whom do you think the greatest man you saw during that period?" "Captain Lyon," he replied: "he was the greatest man I ever saw in my life. I met him thrice: at the conference he had with the Missouri State officers; on the battlefield of Wilson's Creek; and when I buried him. All three within three months. I buried him by General Price's orders, and said to myself, "That is the greatest enthusiast I ever saw, and the greatest man."

Mr. Snead was asked for an estimate of Lyon's character. He said: "I am the only survivor of the meeting of June, 1861, at the Planters' House, St. Louis, when he with F. P. Blair and Lyon's officer, Conant, met Governor Jackson, General Sterling Price, and myself.

"General Price was an old and distinguished officer of the Mexican war, had been Governor of Missouri, and was one of the best politicians we had. Jackson was one of the best politicians in the country. Blair, though of rather narrower qualities, was a very expert manipulator of men. Lyon was a little red-headed captain of infantry, stiff, precise and unbending. Rising in a stiff, stern way, he said: "Governor, Mr. Blair will represent my Government." Blair began to speak, but soon Lyon, seeing he was playing the politician and not the man, interfered. He took up the conversation, and I never in my life saw such an exhibition of pluck, honesty, coolness and statesmanship. Those old politicians were

turned about and confounded; he never lost his temper, and was grave and cold as death. The others wanted no invasion of Missouri by the Union troops, and a sort of neutrality. At the last, rising stiffly, Lyon said, 'Before I will consent, sir, that my Government shall agree not to march into your State, fight in your State, and be in every respect the Government in your State, I will see you sir'—he put his forefinger against Jackson's breast, 'and you'—touching old General Price, 'and you'—to Blair,—'and you, and you,' turning to Conant and myself, 'or *myself*'—he said this without a particle of bravado, but with a measure of coolness and honesty which carried the deadliest meaning—'*I will see you all under the sod.*' This means War, Governor Jackson.' He took out his watch and said: 'You will be allowed time to eat your dinner, which I have ordered for you. There will be a carriage at this door of the hotel, to take you to the train.' Without bowing himself out, he left the room, his spurs ringing on the floor, and if we had not hastened out of town and burned the bridges behind us, he would have caught us that night. He was right after us, raced us out of Jefferson City, kept to us till he saw he was overpowered, and then he died like a man."

The little army that marched out of Springfield that dark night, August 9th, in silence, with army blankets wrapped around their cannon wheels to prevent noise, and gunny sacks on the horses' feet, were weak, hungry, and almost naked; but there never were, in a like number of troops going into battle, more men of a high order of military talent and ability; more of general intelligence, of education, of learning in all departments of knowledge. A large portion became commissioned officers and about thirty brigadier and major generals before the war ended.

I will not attempt to describe the battle of Wilson's Creek. It was, in point of disparity of numbers engaged, casualties suffered and general effect upon the country, one of the greatest battles of the war. The Union forces were 4,300, the enemy 20,000, and we lost 1,225. Congress voted thanks to the army, and recognized the valor and patriotism of Lyon: to whose memory an obelisk was erected in Lyon Park, St. Louis. Judged by what he did, and by what his rare talents promised, it may be affirmed that this Nation has rarely, if ever produced a greater military genius, or a more unselfish patriot. Public recognition of his services has been slight, but will surely come, for his fame is permanent, and will increase.

In 1897, Connecticut unveiled a statue of Colonel Thomas Knowlton, the grand-uncle and prototype of General Lyon, who fell (at the battle of

Harlem Heights) under Washington more than a century ago. Lyon fought that August tenth, against fearful odds, and with heroic and desperate courage. His life and death was a tragedy; he lived and thought, and worked alone. He fought out and ended his mission, guided by the deep conviction and counsel of a great soul. He had not planned, fought and died in vain; for through him the swift movement of Secession in Missouri was checkmated. By wisely planning, boldly doing, and bravely dying, he had won the fight for Missouri; a noble sacrifice, which in the economy of God's universal plan, seems always required for the vindication and triumph of a mighty truth.

J. S. CLARK.

Late Captain 38th Iowa.

DES MOINES.

NONSENSE VERSE ON AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT,

WRITTEN BY HAWTHORNE IN 1862

Alcott often used to visit Hawthorne at Concord, and at times, it seems, was rather boresome with his long dissertations on spiritual matters:

There dwelt a Sage at Apple Slump
Whose dinner never made him plump;
Give him carrots, potatoes, squash, parsnips and peas,
And some boiled maccaroni without any cheese,
And a plate of raw apples to hold on his knees,
And a glass of sweet cider to wash down all these;
And he'd prate of the Spirit as long as you'd please—
This airy Sage of Apple Slump!

"A little nonsense, now and then is relished by the wisest men."—So we will not apologize for inserting it in a serious magazine.—(Ed.)

The original MS. was sold in New York lately for \$100.

THE FLAG IN KANSAS.

[The people of Republic City, Republic county, Kansas, have organized for the purpose of celebrating the one-hundredth anniversary of the visit of Zebulon Montgomery Pike to the village of the Pawnee Republic, September 29, 1806. The site of the village is but six miles south of the Nebraska line, and so similar organizations in that state are expected to assist on that occasion.

The committee have agreed that there shall be four days: Wednesday, September 26, Women's day; September 27, Grand Army day; September 28, Historical day; and the 29th, Pike's day. It is probably well enough understood that on September 29th, 1806, Zebulon Montgomery Pike, while making his famous exploration which resulted in the first knowledge of Pike's Peak, found a village of Pawnee Indians with the Spanish flag above them, notwithstanding the transfer of the country by the Louisiana purchase, and that he caused them to take it down and raise the flag of the United States in its place.

This flag incident is the first and about the most interesting in the history of Kansas. In 1901 the state legislature erected a granite shaft on this village site of the Pawnee Republic, and placed an iron fence around eleven acres, the land being the gift of Mrs. Elizabeth A. Johnson.¹]

OF the early explorers of the region now known as Kansas, the experiences of no other exceed in interest those of Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike. He was not alone an explorer, adventurer, trapper, or hunter, but a soldier, whose earnest and thoughtful patriotism culminated in an act on this village site, in Republic county, which gave great charm and interest to his career. He conducted two entirely separate and distinct expeditions. One of them, in 1805-'6, was from St. Louis, by way of the Mississippi, to the head waters of that stream and return, for the most part, by the same way he went. The other expedition was taken westward from St. Louis to the interior parts of the then Louisiana, to explore the sources of the Arkansas river. He left St. Louis Tuesday, July 15, 1806, on his second expedition, and this is the one of such exceeding interest to Kansas. I will repeat the story of Pike as told by the late Captain Elliott Coues, secretary and naturalist of the United States Geological Survey, to whose careful investigation we are indebted for the definite location of the march of Pike across Kansas up to the site of the Pawnee Indian village, where was first raised the American flag on Kansas soil.

Lieutenant Pike's party consisted of two lieutenants, one surgeon, one sergeant, two corporals, sixteen privates, and one interpreter. He

¹ From an address by George W. Martin, Secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society, at the village of the Pawnee Republic.

entered Kansas about the northeast corner of Bourbon county, September 4, 1806. He left a map with his route dotted; and, while it is not absolute geography, competent authorities trace him across the counties of Bourbon, Allen, Woodson, Coffey, Lyon, Chase, Marion, Dickinson, and Saline. A little above the mouth of Deer creek he crossed the Neosho. Our authority confidently locates Pike within three miles of the town of Marion on the night of the 13th. He camped the next night near Durham, and on the 16th he reached a branch of Gypsum. On the 17th of September he crossed the Smoky Hill river at Bridgeport, near where the Missouri Pacific railroad crosses.

Here his route turned north, crossing the Saline in the neighborhood of Culver, and then passing into Ottawa county. September 19 the rain interrupted their travels, and during the intermission they employed their time "reading the Bible and Pope's Essays, and in pricking on our arms with Indian ink some characters, which will frequently bring to mind our forlorn and dreary situation, as well as the happiest days of our life." It rained again on the 20th, and here they killed buffalo and elk. September 23 they crossed the Solomon in the neighborhood of Glasco. On the 24th they camped on a branch of White Rock. September 25 the party marched a good hour, and in about eight miles struck a very large road on which Spanish troops had recently marched. As they near this spot I quote all Lieutenant Pike says:

SEPT. 25. When we arrived within about three miles of the village we were requested to remain, as the ceremony of receiving the Osage into the towns was to be performed here. There was a small circular spot, clear of grass, before which the Osage sat down. We were a small distance in advance of the Indians. The Pawnees then advanced within a mile of us, halted, divided into two troops, and came on each flank at full charge, making all the gestures and performing the maneuvers of a real war charge. They then encircled us around, and the chief advanced in the center and gave us his hand; his name was Caracaterish. He was accompanied by his two sons and a chief by the name of Iskappe. The Osage were still seated; but Belle Oiseau then arose, came forward with a pipe, and presented it to the chief, who took a whiff or two from it. We then proceeded; the chief, Lieutenant Wilkinson and myself in front, my sergeant on a white horse next, with the colors; then our horses and baggage, escorted by our men, with the Pawnees on each side, running races, etc. When we arrived on the hill over the town we were again halted, and the Osage seated in a row; when each Pawnee who intended so to do presented them with a horse, and gave a pipe to smoke to the Osage to whom he had made the present. In this manner were eight horses given. Lieutenant Wilkinson then proceeded with the party

to the [Republican] river above the town and encamped. I went up to our camp in the evening, having a young Pawnee with me, loaded with corn for our men. Distance twelve miles. As the chief had invited us to his lodge to eat, we thought it proper for one to go. At the lodge he gave me many particulars which were interesting to us relative to the late visit of the Spaniards.

SEPT. 26. Finding our encampment not eligible as to situation, we moved down onto the prairie hill, about three-fourths of a mile nearer the village. We sent our interpreter to town to trade for provisions. About three o'clock in the afternoon twelve Kans arrived at the village, and informed Baroney (meaning Vasquez, the interpreter), that they had come to meet us, hearing that we were to be at the Pawnee village. We pitched our camp on a beautiful eminence, whence we had a view of the town and all that was transacting. In the evening, Baroney, with the chief, came to camp to give us the news, and returned together.

SEPT. 27. Baroney arrived from the village about one o'clock with Caracaterish, whose commission from the governor of New Mexico was dated Santa Fe, June 15, 1806, and three other chiefs, to all of whom we gave a dinner. I then made an appropriate present to each, after which Lieutenant Wilkinson and myself accompanied them to town, where we remained a few hours, and returned. Appointed to-morrow for the interview with the Kans and Osage.

SEPT. 28. Sunday. Held a council of the Kans and Osage, and made them smoke of the pipe of peace. Two of the Kans agreed to accompany us. We received a visit from the chief of the village. Made an observation on an emersion of one of Jupiter's satellites.

SEPT. 29. Held our grand council with the Pawnees, at which were present not less than four hundred warriors, the circumstances of which were extremely interesting. The notes I took on my grand council held with the Pawnee nation were seized by the Spanish government, together with all my speeches to the different nations. But it may be interesting to observe here, in case they should never be returned, that the Spaniards had left several of their flags in this village, one of which was unfurled at the chief's door the day of the grand council; and that among various demands and charges I gave them was, that the said flag should be delivered to me, and one of the United States flags be received and hoisted in its place. This probably was carrying the pride of nations a little too far, as there had so lately been a large force of Spanish cavalry at the village, which had made a great impression on the minds of the young men as to their power, consequence, etc., which my appearance, with twenty infantry, was by no means calculated to remove.

After the chiefs had replied to the various parts of my discourse, but were silent as to the flag, I again reiterated the demand for the flag, adding, "that it was impossible for the nation to have two fathers; that they must either be the children of the Spaniards, or acknowledge their American father." After a

silence of some time an old man arose, went to the door, took down the Spanish flag, brought it and laid it at my feet; he then received the American flag, and elevated it on the staff which had lately borne the standard of his Catholic majesty. This gave great satisfaction to the Osage and Kans, both of whom decidedly avow themselves to be under American protection. Perceiving that every face in the council was clouded with sorrow, as if some great national calamity were about to befall them, I took up the contested colors, and told them that as they had shown themselves dutiful children in acknowledging their great American father, I did not wish to embarrass them with the Spaniards, for it was the wish of the Americans that their red brethren should remain peaceably around their own fires, and not embroil themselves in any disputes between the white people, and that for fear the Spaniards might return there in force again, I returned their flag, but with an injunction that it should never be hoisted again during our stay. At this there was a general shout of applause, and the charge was particularly attended to.

SEPT. 30. Remained all day at the camp, but sent Baroney to town, who informed me on his return that the chief appeared to wish to throw great obstacles in our way. A great disturbance had taken place in the village owing to one of the young Pawnees, Frank, who lately came from the United States, having taken the wife of an Osage and run away with her. The chief in whose lodge the Osage put up was extremely enraged, considering it a breach of hospitality to a person under his roof, and threatened to kill Frank if he caught him.

Captain Coues says, in his correspondence with E. D. Haney, "I in fact trailed Pike right to the vicinity of Courtland and Scandia," but there the trail ended. In his book he said he could go no further, and that the precise location of the village ought to be determined. This put it up to the people of the neighborhood. In January, 1896, the board of directors of the Kansas State Historical Society appointed E. B. Cowgill, F. G. Adams and Noble L. Prentis a committee to visit Republic county and definitely, if possible, locate the site of Pawnee Indian village. Mr. Prentis was unable to make the trip, but Mr. Cowgill and Judge Adams made a careful examination and report. By many relics, embracing broken mills, pottery, scraps of copper, pipes of red pipestone, hoes, undressed flint, copper kettle, charred corn, circular excavations, an adjoining cemetery, and an exterior embankment around the village, this committee definitely concluded:

"In view of all the facts in the case, the commissioners of the Kansas State Historical Society are of the opinion that the site on section 3, township 2 south, range 5 west, in Republic county, Kansas, is the site of the village of the

Pawnee Republic at which Lieutenant Pike, on the part of the United States, induced the Indians to haul down the Spanish flag and fly in its stead the stars and stripes, September 25-30, 1806."

The evidence adduced by this committee fully satisfied Captain Coues, and, in correspondence now on file with the State Historical Society since the publication of the book, he fully coincided with the conclusion of the committee.

From October 1 to 7 Lieutenant Pike and party remained in this vicinity, visiting with the Indians and trading horses, not forgetting to leave many patriotic impressions with the chiefs. They marched on the 7th, and on the 8th found the camp of the Spaniards who had visited the village, and, counting fifty-nine fires, estimated that they numbered 354. Pike crossed the Solomon in the vicinity of Beloit, and on Sunday, the 12th, he came to the Smoky Hill, in Ellsworth or Russell county. The expedition struck the Arkansas at Great Bend, which stream they followed until they reached the site of Pueblo. November 12 they passed out of the state of Kansas through Hamilton county. November 26 and 27 Pike attempted to climb the great peak which bears his name.

Zebulon Montgomery Pike was born at Lamberton, N. J., April 27, 1779. In 1812, five years after Pike's return from the West, the war with Great Britain broke out, and we find him a brigadier-general on the northern frontier. On the 27th of April, 1813, as he was landing his men at York, upper Canada, now Toronto, he had a spirited fight with the British, in which a magazine exploded and Pike was killed. If the people of Kansas have been slow to commemorate Pike's action on this village site, his memory has been stamped eternal in the ages.

But to return to the flag incident on this village site. How did it happen, what did it mean, and what has been the result? Wonderful events have transpired, and wonderful results have followed, assuring pleasant and hopeful life and liberty to our own people, and to the oppressed and distressed in distant climes.

The fathers of this country, after the revolution, had some very serious problems to confront, chief of which seemed to be a lack of unity among the states. A glance over the history of this country from the days of Washington and Jefferson down to the suppression of states' rights through our awful civil war, and the startling and apparently accidental spread of our flag half-way around the world, suggests that an

overruling providence intends that American liberty shall cover the earth. Pike knew of the Louisiana purchase, while the Indians and probably the marauding Spaniards did not.

The region known as the Louisiana purchase originally belonged to France. In 1762 France ceded it to Spain. On the 1st of October, 1800, by secret treaty, Spain gave it back to France. On April 30, 1803, France sold it to the United States. Why this great transfer of territory to us?

The spirit of sectionalism and the spirit of commercialism prevailed largely in different portions of the country upon the close of the revolution, and it is safe to say that they culminated in the Louisiana purchase. Many of the people on the Eastern seaboard took an indefensible position of antagonism to the settlements west of the Alleghany mountains, and at the same time large bodies of these same settlements were clamorous about their rights, and were not unready to use veiled threats of disunion when they deemed their rights infringed, but they showed little appreciation of their own duties to the Union. The navigation of the Mississippi was the great central thought then, the lower portion of this territory being controlled by the Spaniards and the upper part by Great Britain. The Western people complained of the feebleness of the federal authorities to give adequate protection against the Indian and the Spaniard; and they demanded that the United States wrest from the British the lake ports and from the Spaniards the navigation of the Mississippi. A party called "separatists" figured largely at the close of the eighteenth century. In Vermont and Kentucky there was considerable of this element, but their movement failed in both states, and the final triumph lay with men of broad national ideas. This result was fraught with immeasurable good in the first-formed frontier states. A precedent was established for the action of all the other states that sprang into being as the frontier rolled westward. It decided that the interior of North America should form part of one great republic. It increased the significance of the outcome of the revolution.

But there could be no uninterrupted and peaceful navigation of the Mississippi. The frontiersmen looked with an envious eye upon the rich possessions of the Spaniards, and the Spaniards recognized the menace of the westward-pushing American to their power in Louisiana. Endless intrigue and every species of bribery and corrupt diplomacy on the part of Spain followed, and, while protesting to the Americans that they were

striving to keep the Indians at peace, they secretly incited them to hostilities. Years of diplomacy followed, looking to the open navigation of the Mississippi. The Spaniards would arbitrarily close the river when they might catch some rich cargo from Kentucky or Tennessee that they might steal. The end was the Louisiana purchase, Jefferson being influenced by two considerations—one, the evils that would follow if the territory remained with France; and the other, the blessings that would follow with the mouth of the Mississippi in possession of the United States. But the purchase was met with a roar of execration. It was approved by Congress and signed by the President October 31, 1803. And so, on the 29th of September, 1806, Lieutenant Pike was right in hoisting the flag on this beautiful site, although the constitution did not follow until fifty-five years later.

April 9, 1856, William H. Seward made a speech in the United States Senate in favor of the admission of Kansas into the Union. The original draft of this speech, in Seward's handwriting, lately came into the possession of our State Historical Society. The first sentence of this speech, copied from his manuscript, is: "I salute the Congress of the United States in the exercise of its most important function—that of extending the federal constitution over added domain."

Wonderful development and absolute liberty followed over every foot of this vast territory with the unfurling of the flag. There are now thirteen states carved out of the Louisiana territory, and they have sixty-seven representatives in Congress. Then came Florida, and so, too, Texas and California later enjoyed peace and freedom under its folds.

The world moves, and Kansas has had a conspicuous place in front of the procession from the time she fired the first shot in the battle to wipe out human slavery, backing this with more volunteers in the civil war than she had voters, down to the hour when the Twentieth Kansas blazed the way for "Old Glory" in the Orient. Kansas in the '50's and the early '60's presented two views—one of beauty and grandeur, and the other of barrenness and desolation. The former never faded, while the other worried the homesteader struggling for subsistence. No portion of western Kansas at any time looked so desolate as did Johnson and Douglas counties when I walked across them forty-three years ago. If so then, what must have been the dreariness of this region when Pike, full of patriotic inspiration, with about twenty men, in the face of several hundred savages, and with over 300 Spaniards lurking in the vicinity, pulled down the Spanish flag and raised the Stars and Stripes?

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

LETTER OF WHITTIER TO LUCY LARCOM CONTAINING A SEVERE CRITICISM OF TENNYSON

AMESBURY, 24th. 8th month, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I came home some days ago, & found a letter, as I suppose, from thee to my sister, postmarked Augusta, Me.—I forwarded it to her at Lee, N. H., where I left her. She has not yet returned, & I suppose has not felt able to make thee a visit at Beverly.

As for myself, I expected ere this to have seen thee, but since my return I have not been well enough to leave home. I wanted to call thee to account as respects "the Book," which is to be, some time or other. I hoped to be able to hear thee read some of its *Mss.* Situated as thou hast been for the last year, I do not however, see how thou could'st do much more than plan thy story & wait for leisure & quiet to write it. But do not be discouraged—the opportunity will come, in due season. In the meantime, we shall always read with pleasure whatever thou may'st find leisure to write while presiding over thy interesting family at Norton. Thee did quite wrong to leave us that evening of thy little visit: we should have had a very comfortable & cosey time, if thou had'st staid: and we would have put thy orthodoxy to the trial of a Quaker meeting.

But my page is full—Ever & truly thy friend

J. G. WHITTIER

On the opposite page Whittier has written:

. . . "Has thee read Tennyson's new book ('Maud')? I have looked over it and do not like it. It seems affected in style and Alexander Smith-ish. It is a real falling off from the sweet and solemn beauty of 'In Memoriam.' It is a mawkish, morbid love story, utterly destitute of lofty purposes, or generous sentiment, or Christian grace. I had a pleasant letter to-day, from Grace Greenwood, who is at La Pointe L(ake) Superior, with her relation Mr. Gilbert, the Indian Agent

A LETTER FROM DICKENS ON NIAGARA FALLS

[It is dated from a hotel on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls, May 1, 1842, and addressed to Henry Austin, London.]

Dickens says:

"We have had a blessed interval of quiet in the beautiful place of which, as you may suppose, we stood greatly in need; not only by reason of our hard travelling for a long time, but on account of the incessant persecution of the people by land and water, on stage coach, railway car, and steamer, which exceeds anything you can picture to yourself by the utmost stretch of your imagination. . . . So far we have had this Hotel nearly to ourselves. . . . It has exactly the appearance of a house built with a pack of cards; and I live in bodily terror lest any man should venture to step out of a little observatory on the roof, and crush the whole structure with one stamp of his foot."

Dickens proceeds to enlarge on the subject of copyright, uttering very indignant sentiments on the action of those who print and distort his writings and on the "vile" newspapers in which some of them appear. He then says:

"I vow before High Heaven that my blood so boils at these enormities, that when I speak about them, I seem to grow twenty feet high, and to swell in proportion—'Robbers that ye are'—I think myself, when I get upon my legs—'Here goes.' " "The places we have lodged in; the roads we have gone over; the company we have been among; the tobacco-spittle we have wallowed in . . . the packing cases in which we have travelled . . . are all subjects for legend and tale at home. Kate has fallen down (per register) in landing, and getting in and out of coaches, seven hundred and forty-three times."

In another portion of this letter Dickens speaks of a play he was going to appear in at Montreal and describes his costume.

The picture he draws of Niagara Falls is a beautiful one:

"You can see the Falls rolling and tumbling and waving and leaping, all day long—with bright rainbows making fairy arches, down a hundred feet below us. When the sun is on them they shine and glow like molten gold. When the day is gloomy the water falls like snow—or sometimes it seems to crumble away like the face of a great chalk cliff—or sometimes again to roll along the front of the rock like white smoke. But at all seasons, gay or gloomy, dark or light, by sun or moon, from the bottom of the Falls there is always rising up a solemn ghostly cloud which hides the boiling cauldron from human sight and makes it in its mystery a hundred times more grand than if you could see all the scenes that lie hidden in its tremendous depth."

THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE

CHAPTER XI—Continued

A WOODMAN

THE litter of boughs in which Sybrandt was placed was carried alternately by the followers of the stranger, and certainly a more easy mode of conveyance was never devised for an invalid. Rude, and silent, and monotonous as was the forest through which their journey lay, it was not devoid of gaiety or incident. Sometimes the keen eye of one of the party would detect a black squirrel looking down from the topmost branches of one of these towering pines, and barking, as it were, in derision. The leader would then propose some little prize for bringing it down with a single bullet, and without drawing blood. A halt would then be made for the purpose of disputing the prize. None but a woodman could even distinguish these little animals among the dark foliage of the lofty pines, clinging close to the limb, and almost incorporating themselves with the rough bark. Each took his turn, and the object was to strike the bark of the tree with the ball directly where it came in contact with the body of the squirrel, by which he would be stunned, and fall to the ground without any external wound. Few were capable of this feat on the first trial, and loud were the shouts that echoed through the forest at the successive abortive attempts. When each one had tried without success, the leader would utter some little epithet of contempt, bid them stand aside, and never fail to bring the little animal down without breaking his skin. So if they met with any difficulties in their march which the strength, skill, or intrepidity of the others could not surmount, he took the lead and laboring oar, and conquered every obstacle of nature by superior strength, management, or daring. It was by frequent instances of this sort that the mystery of his unbounded sway over his people was explained to Sybrandt. The human character can only be perfected and consummated by the union of superior knowledge and superior strength, directed and animated by a courage that dares all dangers, defies all obstacles.

At midday they halted in an open space for the purpose of rest and refreshment. "On this spot," said the stranger, carelessly, "on

this spot, about fifteen years ago, was fought a bloody battle between the Hurons and the Mohawks. We were taken by surprise and suffered dreadfully; but——” and his eye kindled in triumph, “we, I and my people, made the cowards flee at last, and shot them down like deer. The name and the nation was extinguished on this spot at a single blow. History says nothing of this; but if a bedrid king or superannuated queen had died that day, it would have been carefully recorded. The causes which change the destinies of men and the face of the earth lie unseen and unnoticed, while little things and little men are carefully handed down to future times as mighty agents in the vast business of the universe. Such is history, and in fact tradition is no better. One conceals or overlooks the truth; the other tattles falsehoods.” And he mused for a little time, as if applying these observations to his own past experience.

CHAPTER XII

THE WOODMAN'S HOME

ON the evening of the second day they arrived at the residence of the stranger, a few miles from the banks of the Mohawk river. It was a little embryo settlement just struggling forth in the midst of the vast empire of nature, and composed of log cabins, the first remove from the bark huts of the Indians. “This is the capital of my kingdom,” said the stranger; “it is a wide empire, not very populous; but never mind, the time will come.” He welcomed Sybrandt to his house—a large square edifice of hewn pines, the interstices filled with mortar—with that frank, careless hospitality characteristic of everything he said and did, and presented him to his wife and children; the former an Indian woman, the latter an evident mixture of wild and tame, the perfect images of nature in her finest proportions.

Sybrandt remained at the house of the stranger some weeks ere he entirely recovered from the effects of his wound; and after his recovery, in truth, he was in no haste to go away. It was evident, too, that the stranger did not wish to part with him. “It is long,” said he, “since I have had a companion who could talk with me on subjects connected with my early habits and associations.”

Our hero could not refrain from expressing his surprise at seeing a person of his education and accomplishments thus voluntarily become an exile from civilized society to mix with beings so different from himself.

"Why, I don't know," replied he, smiling; "I was tired of the labor of doing nothing. In my own country I was a gentleman, but a gentleman without fortune; and such a one, you know, cannot stoop to be active and useful except in certain professions. I was physically incapacitated for any sedentary profession, for there is about me an impatience of being still, a sort of instinctive longing for exercise, fresh air, and freedom of action, that make me a fitter companion for wild beasts and wild men than for lords and ladies. They might have made a soldier of me; but my family was Jacobite, and neither would we ask, nor the government grant me a commission. I might have gone into a foreign service; but the truth is, I had some qualms about one day or other perhaps being obliged either to fight against my own country, or desert the standard under which I had voluntarily enlisted. It happened that an intimate friend of mine was appointed governor of this province, and the thought struck me that I should have plenty of elbow-room in the new world, and plenty of exercise for my ungovernable propensity to activity in hunting deer, wrestling with bears, skirmishing with the Indians, and other rural amusements. I proposed to accompany him, and he accepted me as a companion, under the character of his private secretary. On our arrival in New York he desired me to sit down and write an account of our voyage and safe arrival to the colonial secretary. Before I had half finished there was an alarm in the house that a bear had made his appearance in one of the markets, or perhaps, as I believe was the fact, in the only market in the city, which I suppose has grown very much since. I threw down my pen, sallied forth in the crowd, and after a smart skirmish with Sir Bruin, actually killed him with my own hand.

"I was excessively proud of this exploit. 'I suppose you expect to be breveted,' said his excellency, smiling. Then shaking his head, he added, 'I see you won't do, my good friend. You are cut out for a mighty hunter before the Lord, like honest Nimrod, and not for a secretary. Have you an inclination to go as resident minister among the Mohawks, and become the bear-leader, or, in more classic phrase, the Lycurgus of these wild Spartan warriors?'

"He then explained to me, that the government had directed him to establish if possible, an agency somewhere on the banks of the Mohawk, for the purpose of acquiring an influence over these warlike tribes, for whose good graces the governors of Canada and New York had been for a long while contending.

" 'What say you, my friend?' said he; 'I think you are the very man. You are about half Indian already; and if you can only make them half white men, you cannot but agree admirably!'

"The idea caught my fancy wonderfully; and I accepted the offer without hesitation. You, who have lived so near the confines of the dominion of Nature and mixed with her sons, need not be told the particulars of my coming here, the privations and dangers I encountered, and the obstacles I met and overcame. We shall talk over these some other day. I have already sat still here longer, I believe, than I have done at one time these ten years. So come, Westbrook, 'tis a fine day for a hunt; and you are well enough to join in it."

He then whistled his dogs, who came wagging their tails, as much delighted as their master—furnished Sybrandt with a gun, and his eldest son, a boy about ten years old, with another, and after making all necessary preparations, called his wife, an agreeable-looking Indian woman, with a voice as soft as a flute, and an eye like an antelope.

"Sakia!—She is an Algonquin," said he to Sybrandt, "and her name translated into English is 'love.' Sakia, we shall return before night. See that you have something good ready for us." Sakia went her way smiling and good-humored as a child.

"She is my wife—my good and lawful wife—and the mother of all my children. I never had any other, and I never wish to have. You look as if you wanted to express your wonder that I have not brought a civilized European lady to share my solitude. But, in truth, what would such a one have done here but fret away her soul into vapors, and pine herself to death, and hang a dead weight upon me and my purposes. Not one in a million of the fine ladies I formerly associated with would have consented to accompany me in the wilderness; and if she had, 'tis a million to one she would have made herself as wretched as she would have made me. She could not hunt like me; and her lonely hours would have been embittered by perpetual ennui or perpetual fears. Still less would an ignorant, vulgar white woman have suited me as a companion. The ignorance of the Indian is neither troublesome nor offensive, like that of civilized life; nor is it accompanied by that grossness of manner and clumsy carriage, characteristic of hard labor. An Indian woman is always graceful; and the sweetness of her voice makes amends for all that is wanting in sentiment and expression—or rather it is both sentiment and expression combined. No, no, young man—if you ever come to live

in the woods, marry a wood-nymph. You might as well bring a dancing-master here as a fine lady. But come; we are wasting time. Take care you don't mistake me for a wild animal, when we get into the woods, and shoot me. Here, Will, do you go ahead, my boy; and if old Snacks don't behave herself, take a whip to her. I give my boys the lead," said he, addressing Sybrandt, "whenever it can be done with safety. It makes them brave and manly."

Our party soon buried themselves in the pathless woods, and continued onward till they struck the banks of a little lake, whose waters were of crystal, and in whose bosom the surrounding verdant banks were reflected with a thousand new and nameless beauties, just as the imagination heightens and adorns the realities of nature.

"Let us sit down here awhile," said the stranger. "You seem tired. Or, if you like, you can stay here and fish, while Will and I skirt round the lake with our guns. I have brought fishing-tackle with me."

Sybrandt chose this alternative, being somewhat tired; and the stranger and his boy departed with the dogs, to make the tour of the lake, which seemed some half a dozen miles in circumference. "Lay your gun where you can reach it, in case a deer or a bear comes by," hallooed he from a distance, just as they vanished in the woods.

Influenced by the scene before him, which threw a charming quiet and repose over his whole soul, Sybrandt, instead of engaging in the sport of fishing, continued to contemplate the unadorned, unsullied beauties of nature in this her wild, secluded paradise. The crystal waters lay sleeping within the green-fringed curtains of their waving banks, and not a sound, an echo, or a motion disturbed the deathlike quiet of the landscape. The world, as it presented itself at that moment to his eye, was composed of the sky above, the little lake and its green border beneath; all beyond was shut out from the view. The axe had never opened a vein in the bodies or limbs of the primeval forest, that giant progeny which exhibited the product of the first energies of mother earth; nor had her bosom ever, in this lonely region, been seared by the hand of man. Life itself seemed extinct, except in the beating of Sybrandt's pulses, and the myriads of little fish that sported in the transparent waters, and turned their silvery sides ever and anon to the bright beams of the god of day. Sybrandt little thought, at that moment, that a few years, a single generation would scarcely pass away, before this region of the dead, or rather of those who never had an existence, would spring, as if by magic, into life and ani-

mation; that its silence would pass away before the babbling tongues of all ages, and almost all countries; that languages and men would congregate within these now melancholy woods, that never met before in any spot of all the earth; and that the Promethean touch of courage, enterprise, activity, energy, and perseverance would here perform, in almost less than no time, the far-famed ancient miracle of animating the lifeless clod into motion and intelligence.

So thought not Sybrandt. He thought of the past and of the future, as they concerned himself and his own affairs. They became concentrated in his recollections and anticipations, his hopes and his fears, his sufferings and his enjoyments. That selfish loneliness which formed so large a portion of his habits and his character here came over him with renewed force, curdling and stagnating his feelings and sympathies, except as they referred to himself alone, and to his own exclusive objects and pursuits. With these Catalina was so intimately associated, that he never thought of himself without thinking of her. There was more than usual mortification and sadness connected with his present associations; for solitude is ever the nurse of melancholy musings, imaginary woes, and foreboding apprehensions. In connection with Catalina, he recollected little from which he could derive any gratification, or on which memory could exercise its powers of exaggeration to any other purpose than to increase and give energy to his bitter impressions. On the contrary, every smile of ridicule, every real or fancied indication of her indifference, dislike, or contempt, arose one after another before him, like malignant spectres, pointing their skinny fingers, and grinning in supernatural scorn. His face became flushed, his heart beat, and the drops of agony started from every pore, as one by one he recurred to the long item of imaginary neglects or insults he had endured, and again voluntarily inflicted upon himself the real mortifications they occasioned.

As he sat thus, as it were, eating of his own soul, and banqueting on the bitter bread of wounded pride and sensibility, his fishing materials remained unnoticed at his side, and he neither heard the loud music of the hounds, nor the report of the stranger's gun, from time to time echoing through the woods. His reveries were at length interrupted by the voice of the stranger, sounding cheerfully in his ear, and awakening him to a perception of reality. He came laden with a variety of game, and exclaimed, as he advanced:

"Come, let us away home. I have plenty of game, and you, I

dare say, plenty of fish. We shall have a glorious dinner, and glorious appetites. Let us see what you have caught."

"Nothing," said Sybrandt, coloring a little.

"Nothing! O, thou idle or unskillful piscator, what hast thou been doing?"

"Thinking," said the youth with a sigh.

"Thinking! what has a man to do with thought among the Indians and wild beasts? Action, boy, action is the word here in my empire of shade. Were I to spend my time in thinking, I and my little ones would starve. I have half a mind to give you no dinner to-day."

"I have thought away my appetite already," said the other, somewhat sadly. The stranger eyed him with a glance of keen inquiry.

"Young man," said he, seriously, "you are a scholar; I have found out that already. But your education, I doubt, is not quite finished. I shall put you through an entire new course, and make a man of you, as well as a scholar. In a few weeks there will be a meeting of the Mohawks at my court. Until then you will have no opportunity to dispose of your merchandise to advantage; and I know well that an unsuccessful Indian trader can never rise among the frontier men, because he is supposed to want both courage, conduct, and perseverance. You must therefore stay with me till after my grand council, and I shall have time to turn over a new leaf with you. You want action, and you shall have it. What say you?"

"My friends will be uneasy at my long absence."

"Oh, if that is all, I am to send a messenger to Albany in a few days, and he will carry a letter for you. So that objection is got over."

"Nobody cares about seeing me," thought Sybrandt.

"What say you; is it a bargain?" said the stranger.

"It is," said the other; and the matter was decided. "And now for home. Oh, how gloriously hungry I am!" and they hied them towards home with long and hasty strides.

JAMES K. PAULDING.

(To be continued.)

GENEALOGIES OF THE MAYFLOWER PASSENGERS, 1620.

(*First Paper*)

[The following Mayflower families are respectfully submitted in the hope of correcting many errors which have, from time to time, appeared in print. It is not asserted that these genealogies are absolutely correct, but it is confidently believed that they are free from many common errors. Only those known and supposed to have left descendants are here given. The arrangement throughout is alphabetical. In following the different authorities I find that the dates as here given from England and New England sources are mostly in Old Style, while those from Holland sources are given in New Style. A few are given in both styles.—GENEALOGICAL EDITOR.]

¹ JOHN ALDEN, b. about 1599; d. at Duxbury, Mass., Sept. 12, 1687. He came from Southampton, England, to Plymouth, and later, settled in Duxbury. He m. at Plymouth in 1623 or 1624, Priscilla, daughter of WILLIAM and ALICE (——) MULLINS. She was alive in 1650 when Bradford wrote the appendix to his History. Issue alphabetically arranged:

² DAVID, b. in 1646; m. Mary Southworth.

² ELIZABETH, b. in 1624 or 1625; m. Dec. 26, 1644, William Paybodie (Pabodie).

² JOHN, b. 1626 or 1627; mentioned in the division of cattle June 1, 1627.

² JONATHAN, b. about 1632; m. Abigail Hallett; d. Feb. 14, 1697 in his 65th year.

² JOSEPH, b. about 1628; m. Mary Simmons; d. Feb. 8, 1697.

² MARY, alive and unmarried June 13, 1688.

² PRISCILLA, alive and unmarried June 13, 1688.

² REBECCA, alive and of marriageable age Oct. 1, 1661.

RUTH, m. Feb. 13, 1657, John Bass of Braintree. She d. Oct. 12, 1674.

² SARAH, b. about 1630, m. Alexander Standish (¹ MYLES).

²———, child whose name is unknown alive in 1650.

Either Rebecca Alden or the child whose name is unknown m. Thomas Delano before 1688.

¹ ISAAC ALLERTON, b. about 1586, went from London to Leyden about 1609 where he was betrothed Oct. 7 and m. Nov. 4, 1611, to Mary Norris of Newbury, Co. Berks, England. She d. at Plymouth, Mass., Feb. 25, 1620-1. He m. (2) about 1626, Fear, daughter of Elder William and Mary (——) Brewster of the "Mayflower." She d. Dec. 12, 1634. He m. (3) Joanna ——— and lived in Plymouth, Salem (the part now Marblehead) and New Haven, Conn., where he d. before Feb. 12, 1658-9. Issue:

² BARTHOLOMEW, b. at Leyden about 1612, came in 1620 but returned to England after 1627 and there married and was living in 1650.

² ISAAC, b. 1630; graduated at Harvard College in 1650; settled in Virginia and left descendants.

² MARY, b. June, 1616 in Leyden; m. in 1636 Elder Thomas Cushman. She d. in 1699.

² REMEMBER, b. in 1614; m. Moses Maverick (Rev. ¹ John) of Salem (the part now Marblehead).

² SARAH, b. Jan. 1618; probably d. before 1650.

² ———, buried in Leyden, Feb. 5, 1619-20.

JOHN BILLINGTON came probably from Southampton. His wife was Eleanor and he d. in 1630. Issue:

² FRANCIS, b. about 1609; d. at Middleborough, Dec. 13, 1684; m. at Plymouth in July, 1634, Christian (Penn) Eaton, widow of Francis Eaton of the "Mayflower." She d. at Middleborough about 1684.

² JOHN, d. before 1630.

GOV. WILLIAM BRADFORD, son of William and Alice (Hanson) Bradford of Austerfield, Yorkshire, England, b. March 19, 1589-90; d. at Plymouth between May 9, and June 3, 1657. He went to Holland about 1607 and was betrothed at Amsterdam, Nov. 9 and married Dec. 10, 1613 to Dorothy May, daughter of Henry May. She came from Wisbeach, Cambridgeshire to Holland. She came in the Mayflower, but d. at Provincetown Harbor, Dec. 7, 1620. He m. (2) at Plymouth, Aug. 14, 1623, Alice (Carpenter) Southworth, widow of Edward Southworth of Leyden and daughter of Alexander Carpenter of Wrington, Somersetshire, England. She was b. at Wrington, about 1590 and d. at Plymouth, March 26, 1670-1, *ae.* about 80 years. Issue:

² JOHN, b. in Holland, came after 1620.

² JOSEPH, b. at Plymouth about 1630.

² MERCY, b. before 1627; m. Dec. 21, 1648, Benjamin Vermayes.

² WILLIAM, b. at Plymouth, June 17, 1624; m. (1) Alice Richards of Weymouth; (2) Mary ———.

¹ ELDER WILLIAM BREWSTER, b. about 1567; d. at Plymouth, April 10, 1644. He was the son of William Brewster, receiver at Scrooby, England. His wife Mary ———, was b. about 1569 and d. at Plymouth in 1627 being "aged." Bradford says he had "many children." Issue:

² FEAR, m. at Plymouth in 1626, Isaac Allerton.

² JONATHAN, b. Aug. 12, 1593; (buried a child at Leyden, Nov. 27, 1610, and his wife there May 10, 1619?) He m. at Plymouth, April 10, 1624, Lucretia Oldham.

² LOVE, came in 1620; d. in 1650.

² PATIENCE, came with Fear about 1623; m. Aug. 5, 1624 at Plymouth, Gov. Thomas Prence.

² WRESTLING, d. young, unmarried.

² ———, buried at Leyden, June 20, 1609.

¹ PETER BROWN, d. before Oct. 10, 1633. He had "divers" wives of whom wife Mary survived. He left no sons notwithstanding the frequent statement to the contrary. Issue:

² MARTHA, mentioned June 1, 1627.

² MARY, b. about 1627; m. Ephraim Tinkham.

² PRISCILLA, m. William Allen.

² REBECCA, m. William Snow.

JAMES CHILTON, d. Dec. 6, 1620, and his wife d. soon afterwards. He left no sons. Issue:

² ISABELLA, bapt. at St. Paul's, Canterbury, England, Jan. 15, 1586-7; m. at Leyden, July 21, 1615, Roger Chandler and left three daughters and perhaps other children.

² MARY, came in 1620, and m. Oct. 12, 1624, John Winslow, son of Edward and Magdalene (Ollyver) Winslow of Droitwich, England, and brother of Gov. Edward Winslow of the "Mayflower."

(To be continued.)

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WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

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SEPTEMBER, 1906

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THE BATTLE OF HARLEM HEIGHTS

[Dr. Emmet's article was written in reply to the following article which appeared some time ago in the *New York Evening Post*. The whereabouts of the Richards letter, quoted from, we have been unable to ascertain.—Ed].

SINCE the publication of Prof. H. P. Johnston's monograph on the battle of Harlem Heights, not more than one or two letters or documents have come to light to be added to the very complete list of authorities given in the appendix. One of these which has recently been brought to notice is interesting and important as confirming certain views advanced by Professor Johnston respecting the location of the battlefield and other particulars of the action. It is in the form of an extract from the diary of a Revolutionary officer, Lieut. Samuel Richards of a Connecticut regiment, who, after describing the retreat from Long Island in August, 1776, continues his narrative as follows:

We then marched and took possession of the heights of Harlem and immediately flung up lines for our defence. . . . We were employed the succeeding night (September 15, 1776) in throwing up a slight entrenchment on the brow of the hill at Harlem Heights in full expectation of being attacked by the enemy in the morning. When the sun arose I saw the enemy in the plain below us, at the distance of about a mile, forming in a line. By accounts afterwards, their number was said to exceed twenty thousand, and they indeed made a brilliant display by the reflection of the sun's rays on their arms.

The sharp action which took place that day under Col. Knowlton is so well detailed by the historian, I need not repeat it. The enemy sent a detachment of about five thousand along the bank of the North River, which our people attacked with spirit and about an equal number, and drove them back to their main body. The loss on our side was about thirty killed and sixty or seventy wounded. The loss to the enemy must have been more than that, as we repulsed them after a warm fire of three-quarters of an hour. Here I first saw Lieut. Munro; he had volunteered to go to the attack on our right under the command of Col. Knowlton.

The next day I had a mournful duty assigned to me—the command of a covering party over the fatigue men who buried the dead which had fallen in the action the previous day. I placed myself and party on a small eminence so as to see the men at their work, and to discover the enemy should they approach to interrupt them. There were thirty-three bodies found on the field; they were drawn to a large hole which was prepared for the purpose and buried together. One body of a fine-limbed young man had been brought into the camp with a bullet hole in the breast near the heart. I was struck with reflections on the force of habit to see those fatigue men performing this duty with as little apparent concern as they would have performed any duty.

The diary, though written some years after the close of the war, furnishes a narrative which is apparently based upon an accurate recollection of the events described. Lieut. Richards supports Professor Johnston's assertion, already corroborated by a mass of evidence, that the battle was fought on the western side and slope of Morningside Heights. These authorities, and the maps published in the history, trace the advance of the British from what is now One Hundred and Seventh Street along the bank of the North River to the "buckwheat field" lying between Broadway and Riverside Drive, One Hundred and Sixteenth Street and One Hundred and Twentieth Street, as they now exist, where they were met by Col. Knowlton's Rangers and where the battle occurred.

The statement of Lieut. Richards that the American loss was about thirty killed confirms the estimate made by Professor Johnston, while the third statement as to the burial of those killed furnishes a new item to be added to the account of the battle, and lends increased interest to an historic site. The plan of the battle and Lieut. Richards's description when studied in connection with the natural topography of the Heights leave no doubt that either upon or immediately to the west of the Columbia University grounds lies the burial place of the men who fell "in the first battle of the Revolution in which the American troops faced and routed the British."

DR. EMMET'S REPLY.

In the *Post* of Feb. 10th, an editorial on the battle of Harlem Heights interested me extremely, as the locality is there described as though there existed no longer a doubt as to the exact place where the battle was fought. I am aware that this view is held by many, but beyond the fact that the present site of Columbia University must necessarily be

nearer the locality where the battle was fought, it has no greater claim, I believe, to that honor than has Union Square, or any other locality. I have given no thought to the subject for many years and I am writing away from home, without a book of reference, but fortunately I have retained a recollection of the details. I am not actuated by a spirit of controversy in raising this issue, nor do I intend to take any further part in discussion. I simply wish to offer a protest, in consequence of my knowledge that the history of our country is being constantly perverted and misstated.

There exists no question that the battle of Harlem was fought, either to the north or the south of the western portion of Harlem flats; that the Americans occupied certain heights; and that the assault of the English was made by one body and that the larger portion, from the plain below along these heights; at the same time a smaller body gained the top of these heights by ascending a ravine from the Hudson river bank at some distance from the main line of attack. The whole question then relates to the locality of Harlem Heights, and at this late date, in the absence of positive proof, the locality must either continue to remain in doubt, or must be decided by circumstantial evidence, which is often the most reliable. Before presenting the evidence on which I propose to base my argument it will be necessary to make a digression.

Grant's tomb occupies the site of Mt. Alto, the country place of my uncle, the late Mr. Bache McEvers, with whom for many years I spent a portion of every summer. As a boy I became as familiar with every foot of this neighborhood as I am now with the sidewalk in front of my Madison Avenue city residence, where I have lived for nearly fifty years. I generally accompanied my uncle when he took his Sunday afternoon walks and through his knowledge I became familiar with the history and traditions of this neighborhood, and of Westchester. On one occasion, during the summer, I think of 1838, I had pointed out to me the site of the battle of Harlem Heights, with the ravine on the North river, or west side, where a portion of the British troops came up to make the attack, and beyond that the road on Breakneck Hill, to the east side, down which the English were driven after being routed. The surrounding country was then under cultivation and divided up in small fields with scarcely any trees standing, but along the river bank and on the brow of the heights to the eastward. This locality and ravine was near the site and possibly forms a portion of the present Trinity Cemetery. I was

also told that the main part of the battle was fought below, to the south, and I went over the ground about the locality of the present Convent of the Sacred Heart, which neighborhood was too hilly to be termed "a rolling country." From my earliest knowledge in connection with this battle until recent years, no doubt seems to have existed as to where the battle was fought and the accepted belief was the fight took place on the ground I have described. The fact that the attack was made at distant points and covered quite an area would explain, I should think, the difficulty and the vague manner in which the battle is described or located by those who possessed a contemporaneous knowledge of the locality of the Harlem Heights.

Along the south side of Harlem Commons or Flats, there extended a precipitous ridge of rock and debris, from the Hudson river at Grant's tomb to the East river at Hell gate. At the time of the Revolution the chief exit from the city of New York to the north, was by way of McGowan's Pass, and in addition there were several footpaths to reach the plain below. I have always heard that the Bloomingdale road was not extended along the hill by Grant's tomb and Claremount to the valley below until many years after the Revolution, and there was only a private road in addition to the one by McGowan's Pass, which crossed this line about the course of the present Third Avenue. When I was a boy there were two or three footpaths to the west of McGowan's Pass, and at no other place was the descent possible save to a goat, or an active boy. Across the Bloomingdale road in front of my uncle's gate and along the top of the hill, there was at that time the remains of the British line of earthworks, which originally extended along the crest of this ridge across the island to the East river. The trench was about two feet deep at that time and I have frequently followed without difficulty the line well on to McGowan's Pass. In the war of 1812 this line was fortified for the protection of the city by a series of blockhouses, one of which still stands. I believe the remains of the British line of earthworks was undisturbed until the opening of the streets. McGowan's Pass was formerly considered as forming part of the Yorkville Heights, and no part of this line, to the south of the Harlem Commons, was ever termed Harlem Heights until within recent years. If the portion of these heights nearest Harlem was always called the Yorkville Heights, it is inexplicable why the most distant portion of the line should be in any way associated by name with Harlem. On the other hand I have often heard the heights on the south side of the Harlem river termed Harlem

Heights, and these extend westward to the Hudson river bank. The settlement at Harlem with its Commons, or land in common, and the one at Yorkville represented two distinct interests, and for one familiar with the circumstances it is difficult to understand how any confusion, from accident, should exist between Harlem and Yorkville Heights.

That section of the island to the north of the Harlem Commons, between the Hudson river and the Boston road, which passed from McGowan's Pass to King's Bridge, and from the northern end of the island to the Point of Rocks to the south, then situated below the present site of the convent, included the fortress of Fort Washington and its outworks.

I had at one time in my possession the draft of a letter written by Mr. George Pollock, a linen merchant of New York, and the father of the child whose grave is near the Grant tomb. In this letter Pollock states he purchased after the Revolution a tract of land and cleared off the primitive forest which still covered this portion of Manhattan Island, and it is not likely therefore that the buckwheat field existed in this neighborhood in which it is claimed a part of the battle of Harlem was fought. Mr. Pollock built here a house, where he lived for a number of years, until the death of his wife and the loss of his child from drowning. He then sold the place to Gulian Verplanck, of Verplanck's Point. My uncle leased for many years this place from his cousin, Gulian C. Verplanck, the Shakesperian scholar, and the son of him who purchased it from Pollock. All this portion of the island, west of McGowan's Pass along the river bank to about 65th or 70th street, was heavily timbered until after the Revolution. To the existence of this timbered section the portion of the American army left in New York after the battle and evacuation of Long Island, owed its escape, for the retreat was made in disorder and the troops were in a demoralized condition. The sudden flight of the army from the city was rendered necessary by the English landing in force at Kipp's Bay, just above the present Bellevue Hospital, where they met with little resistance from the portion of the Connecticut troops, and some other colony, I do not recollect, which were placed there to oppose the landing.

This occasion is adduced as one of the few instances where Washington lost his temper and swore as an expert in his effort to avert the flight of his troops, who were demoralized from fatigue, loss of sleep, with probably insufficient food and discouraged after the defeat at Long Island. The day was an excessively hot one, and Mrs. Robert Murray,

of Murray Hill, whose husband was a Tory, but she in sympathy with the American cause, invited the British officers to rest during the heat of the day in her house. She exerted herself to such an extent to make them comfortable, that just time enough, and no more, was gained for the retreat of the American army past this point, along the wooded banks of the Hudson river. The English were so close in pursuit that Washington, in the rear with a portion of his staff, passed in the neighborhood of 70th street, through the hall of the old Apthorp House to the woods in the rear, under the guidance of Col. Aaron Burr, as those in pursuit entered the front gate. From a military standpoint it is clear that these troops must necessarily have made their way in the most expeditious manner to McGowan's Pass and across the Harlem flats to gain protection within their own lines below Fort Washington, and that no halt was likely made unless to hold McGowan's Pass for a short time to protect the rear end stragglers. And yet a memorial tablet, I am informed, has been placed on one of the buildings of Columbia University to commemorate the halt of these troops along the brow of a continuous declivity, from fifty to one hundred feet in height, as it was at that time; there to await the attack of a victorious and superior force, after all possibility of retreat as a body was cut off, and with a certainty that these troops were without a commissariat! If it were possible to assign any rational reason or purpose, under the circumstances why the American troops should hold any portion of this untenable line, it is certain that no body of troops, under the most perfect state of discipline, would have risked the fortune of a battle in this place, without artillery and with a precipice in their rear. There is no evidence that additional troops were landed on Harlem flats from either the Hudson or the East river, and it would be absurd to suppose that the English deserted an advantageous position in front of the American forces, in order to go by McGowan's Pass to the plain below with the purpose of making an attack by attempting to scale an almost inaccessible height! An attack by the ravine near this point as claimed, I know from my own knowledge of the locality would have been impossible, unless the troops to make the attack were landed at the ravine from boats. They could not have passed, before the railroad was built, along this shore for any distance on either side of the ravine. When I was a boy this point was a noted place for fishing, as the water was deep, with a steep bank, so that it was difficult for anyone to pass except at low tide and the passage was then further obstructed by a number of boulders or rocks.

I have never seen the diary of Lieut. Sam. Richards, of a Connecticut

regiment, from which you quote, but the Point of Rocks in front of the convent was then held by a Connecticut brigade, under Gen. Parsons, if my memory serves me, and a portion of this brigade we have stated was at Kipp's Bay, where the English landed. It would then seem that this portion of the army from New York had followed the course which, I claim, the whole army must have followed by retreating within their own lines, to the north of Harlem Commons.

The following portion of Lieut. Richards's diary, as quoted by you, will I think show that the attack on the American line of entrenchments was to the north of the Harlem flats, and by the ravine near Trinity Cemetery, as stated:—"We then marched [from what point?] and took possession of the Heights of Harlem and immediately flung up lines for our defence. . . . We were employed the succeeding night in throwing up a slight entrenchment on the brow of the hill at Harlem Heights in full expectation of being attacked by the enemy in the morning. When the sun arose I saw the enemy in the plain below us, at the distance of about a mile, forming in a line. By account afterwards, their number was said to exceed twenty thousand, and they indeed made a brilliant display by the reflection of the sun's rays on their arms. The sharp action which took place that day under Col. Knowlton is so well detailed by the historian I need not repeat it. The enemy sent a detachment of about five thousand along the bank of the North river, which our people attacked with spirit and about in equal numbers and drove them back to their main body. . . . The next day I had a mournful duty assigned to me—the command of a covering party over the fatigue men who buried the dead which had fallen in the action the previous day. I placed myself and party on a small eminence so as to see the men at their work, and to discover the enemy should they approach to interrupt them." If the battle was fought above on the "University Heights," it might be asked on what *small eminence* did Lieut. Richards take his position, and by what route did his men reach the plain below to bury the dead?

To the south and southeast of the high land on which Fort Washington was situated, there were a number of step-like hills, with more or less of a level or plateau space between them, and these extended around towards the Harlem river. I recollect distinctly seeing the remains of old earthworks at different points, and the line was to the north and somewhat above the Point of Rocks. In connection with the defense of the Point of Rocks, the Connecticut troops were entrenched on one of these

eminences, and if Lieut. Richards was with his command he must first have seen the advance of the enemy in line directly across the plain at the distance he states and at the foot of McGowan's Pass. From the same side as McGowan's Pass, the view would have been a limited one with all the timber removed about the foot of the Pass and there is no portion along the heights, in the neighborhood of the University, from which the front of the line of the British troops could have been seen while forming, moreover the distance would have been much less than that stated by Lieut. Richards.

The main attack was an extended one along the line of entrenchments, including the Point of Rocks, on what I believe was termed the Harlem Heights at the time the battle was fought. In consequence of the extended line and the varied fortune of the day, it has never been known at what spot Col. Knowlton lost his life. The British troops were very severely handled and failed to gain a foothold on any of these eminences, from which they could not have been dislodged and everything south of the ravine would then have been captured. There exists no authority for supposing that any portion of the battle was fought on the plain below, but from Lieut. Richards's diary, as quoted by you, it would seem the dead were buried there under his supervision, but the spot is unknown.

To the north of Manhattanville and for some distance beyond the ravine at Trinity Cemetery, the water was shallow with a shelving beach, along which the British troops could have passed at any state of the tide. It is however doubtful that five thousand men ascended the ravine, because, before a foothold could have been gained, it is said that a bugle call was sounded as though for a fox hunt, which at once brought upon the enemy an overpowering number of Americans. While it lasted this fight at the top of the ravine was doubtless the best contested hand-to-hand struggle of the Revolution. It is probable that before the whole number of the English reached the top they were divided so that those ascending were driven back to the west, and the portion already on top who were not killed, were driven down on the east side. As I have understood the plan of the battle, the object of those attacking by the ravine was a flank movement to finally get in the rear of the earthworks towards the southeast where the Americans were being assaulted from the plain below, and but for the arrogance of the enemy in giving timely notice of their presence in this quarter, which would have been unexpected, the result would have been a brilliant one for the English.

When I first heard of the battle of Harlem and talked to the old people I met, relics of the battle were to be found in almost every small farmer's house in the neighborhood. From my recollection more particularly of some sword hilts and portions of sword blades which were found on this spot I am led to believe that the clubbed musket of the American soldier at close quarters, played an important part in the struggle.

In conclusion let me state that nowhere on Manhattan Island, to my knowledge, beyond the limit of the city, have there been found the remains of so many English and Hessian soldiers, as shown by buttons, cross-belt buckles, bayonets and portions of other arms, as have been excavated from time to time in the neighborhood of the Trinity Cemetery. There could have been no fight at this point unless it was at the battle of Harlem, while the neighborhood about Columbia University, where it is claimed the battle was fought, has been particularly free from all such evidence.

THOS. ADDIS EMMET, M. D.

NEW YORK CITY.

POSTSCRIPT, 4

In looking through the *Journals of Congress*, edited by Mr. Worthington C. Ford, I found by accident the following (Vol. 6, p. 851):

"Monday, Oct. 7, 1776—

"Resolved, That Gen'l Lee be directed to repair to the camp on the heights of Harlem, with leave, if he thinks it proper, to visit the posts in New Jersey."

This proves that I am correct in saying that all north of Harlem Flats was called Harlem Heights at the time and after the Revolution. When the change was made I do not know, but at some time it became desirable to locate the "Buckwheat Field" for the battle of Harlem Heights somewhere in the neighborhood of Columbia University; which region, at the time of the encounter was, I believe, heavily timbered, notwithstanding the alleged existence of the buckwheat field. It was not until after the battle of White Plains, and early in November, that any portion of the outworks of Fort Washington was abandoned by the Americans. These works were near King's Bridge, and were at once

taken possession of by Knyphausen with his German battalions, which crossed the Flats from McGowan's Pass, and for the first time the English got a foothold on Harlem Heights. We are all thankful to the Sons of the Revolution for their well-meaning efforts through the erection of these various tablets to establish for the people a knowledge of the truth. But in this instance at least, I think the tablet will have to be moved, and replaced somewhere between the "Point of Rocks" and Trinity Cemetery. And while this is doing, the propriety may be considered of moving the statue of Nathan Hale to the neighborhood of 56th or 57th Street, between Second and Third Avenues; if its present position is meant to mark the place of his execution. Hale was taken across Long Island Sound to the headquarters of Howe, then at the Beekman House, near 61st street and the East river. He was likely confined over night at old Cato's house, which was on the Boston Post Road, (where Howe's bodyguard was stationed), and hung early next morning from one of the apple trees of the orchard just across the road, where I, as a boy, often looked upon the one nearest the road and decided as to the very limb from which he was most likely hung.

There was no necessity for taking him to the "Old Provost" for the night, nor have I found any evidence that he was ever within five or six miles of where his statue now stands, in City Hall Park.

T. A. E.



A CAROLINA GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL

A CHARACTER SKETCH

WITH what a stately mien he steps forth from the shadows of the past at the summons of memory, to take his place once more upon the stage of life.

How strong the contrast he presents with his courtly dignity and Old World standards, to the hurrying, skurrying figures of the present day! Nor is the difference a superficial one. No doubt circumstances are in part responsible for this change, for, with all due respect to the theory of heredity, I yet maintain that breeding (which is the sum total, as it were, of home influences) is quite as important a factor as birth itself, in producing a given result; and the home atmosphere of the Old South is gone beyond recognition. Nevertheless, while making allowance for changed environment, I believe that the difference is a still more radical one, beginning at the very center of character and working outwards to the circumference of manners. In other words, it is a difference in the moral and intellectual standpoint of the "then" and the "now." For all its materialism the world is governed by ideas, and it is as impossible for water to rise above its source as for a nation to rise superior to its ideals. In those days the prizes for which men strove in the race of life were subjective things, the intangible rewards of honor, influence, reputation, and the like—mere unsubstantial bubbles in the estimation of this utilitarian generation, perhaps, but exercising a very real and a very elevating influence upon the aspirants who contended for them. An influence, surely, far more salutary than that frantic struggle to get on in the world—that mad worship of the Golden Calf, with its fierce, merciless sacrifice of soul and body upon the altar of Mammon, which now prevails.

Men realized then that a man's own personality was his most precious possession; and the rule by which they measured success or failure in life was conditioned upon endeavor rather than upon attainment. The man himself counted for more in those days; "to be" took precedence of "to do." In these, the process is reversed, and the man is gauged solely by his power of accomplishment.

Closely akin to Slavery as a power in character-moulding must be reckoned the much-derided "code of chivalry" which prevailed at the South. In the eyes of the Southern man, woman was a thing apart, a creature quite unfit to cope with the rude vicissitudes of fortune. Gently reared, an object of tender reverence, she was to be guarded from every blast of adverse fate, delicately cherished, and amply provided for. That she could make her own way in the world was regarded as an impossibility—that she should be forced to make the attempt, as an enormity, a "deadly sin" against the social code. No Southern man might allow his female relatives to earn their bread on pain of losing caste forever among his fellows.

There can be no question that judged by the hard, prosaic standards of to-day, this creed was in some degree Quixotic. Experience has abundantly proved that woman is not the helpless, dependent being it deemed her. Yet it is an open question whether on the whole, the womanhood of the present time is of a higher type than that of fifty years ago. Be this as it may, however, one thing is clear, had the old order been allowed to run its course, the spirit of the age would inevitably have brought about many changes in Southern modes of thought and habits of life, and thus have worked out gradually and naturally the answers to problems whose sudden and forced solution gave a wrench to the Southland from which it is doubtful whether she ever entirely recovers.

No presentment of the Old South would be complete without some mention of "the code of honor." In point of fact, while in the abstract duelling was strenuously upheld by the great unwritten law of public opinion, practically, it was seldom resorted to. To give or accept a challenge was always a possible contingency to Southern men, but an exceedingly improbable one, so far as the vast majority were concerned. I offer no defense for a practice opposed to laws both human and Divine, yet justice requires that the case should be fairly stated. That duelling should be tolerated in a community indicates an imperfect state of civilization beyond a doubt. But a positive evil may sometimes be regarded as a relative good, as, for example, when it is evidently a crude and tentative attempt on the part of society to protect itself against other evils still more grievous, with which it knows not how else to cope. In its day, the "law of the duello" was certainly a powerful conservator of the moral tone of the community, exerting a most salutary restraining influence over a high-strung, hot-tempered people; nay, even putting a curb upon that most

irrepressible of members, the female tongue, by the knowledge that a woman's nearest male relatives would be held accountable for her thoughtless utterances. And as family bonds were peculiarly strong in the Old South, it may readily be seen what an effective agency this was for promoting the public peace.

So much for the serious side of Southern character, its ambitions and its aspirations, its controlling principles of action, its motive-springs of thought. Now to present the lighter side.

"Quaint" is, perhaps, the word which to modern ears will best convey a correct impression of the manners and general "make-up" of the old time Carolina gentleman. Look at him as he stands, with head uncovered, conversing with some lady of his acquaintance whom he has casually met in the street. What deference of manner; what delicately implied appreciation of the favor she is conferring upon him by her recognition. And this, utterly irrespective of the lady's age or charms. The infirm old grandmother, the unattractive maiden of uncertain age, the shy, immature little school-girl were alike sure of courteous treatment from him. The fact that she was a woman was sufficient to entitle her to respectful attention always. Not that these ancient gentlemen were insensible to female charms—very much the reverse—but simply that they possessed the soul of the true knight to whom helplessness and weakness everywhere and always successfully appealed. "Noblesse oblige" was the motto in small things as in great.

The outward garb of this man of by-gone days was ruled by an elegant simplicity, and the most fastidious taste down to the minutest details. Jaunty garments and brilliant colors were not to his mind. Habited from October to June in a sober suit of fine black broadcloth, from June till October in some fabric of equally good quality, but of texture better suited to the temperature of a Southern summer—with immaculate linen and simple white or black neckwear, he looked what he was, a gentleman, every inch of him.

With scrupulous punctiliousness he discharged all his obligations to society. And if there was just a shade of antiquated formality in his methods, a bare suspicion of unnecessary precision in his speech, the absolute naturalness and unaffectedness of it all completely disarmed criticism.

No race and no time holds a monopoly of the virtues. There were faults and failings in those days even as these—for the most part, indolence and hot-headedness, with perhaps, a touch of imperiousness, and occasional manifestation of arrogance or insolence. But there was soundness at the core, and the good so largely predominated that one looks back upon that time regretfully as to the "Golden Age" of Southern history!

H. E. BELIN.

CHARLESTON *News and Courier*.



RAMAPO MEMORIES

THE Ramapo River, from its source in Orange County, N. Y., to its mouth near Pompton, N. J., is a stream of beauty and interest. It abounds in nooks which delight the artist's heart—quiet reaches of river and level meadows overhung by steep, tree-covered mountains—and the whole valley challenges attention, whether seen in the springtime, clothed in living green, or amid the changing hues of autumn. With every rock and pass and old house are associated legends, and mountain-side and gravel-pit are worth the while of the geologist. Too much of this there is for one letter, so I write now of this gorge, sixteen miles long, which extends from Turner's Station to Suffern and is known locally as "The Ramapo Clove," "The Suffern Clove," and "The Clove."

Out over the Erie Railroad you have travelled thirty-two miles to reach this village. You have noticed since leaving Paterson the high hills off to the left, and you have approached them until you are at their feet. They are known here as the Ramapo Mountains and are a continuation of the Highlands of the Hudson. The river has made a gorge through them, and in a moment more your train will be rushing into it. You stop at the point of the rocks; above you hangs "Potash Hill" and across the meadow-valley, scarce half a mile distant, is "Heuverskopf"—two grim sentinels. At no place is the valley wider. The meadow is flat and the river winds slowly through it, bounded on either side by a mountain which is so steep as to require an expert to climb. Above Hilburn village, one mile away, rises "Niederkopf," 900 feet high. A climb to the summit of any of these hills is well worth the trouble, for at one's feet lie the villages and cities of New Jersey, and beyond the waters of New York Bay and even old ocean. These hills may not be exactly of the time when the morning stars sang together, but they belong pretty close to it—they are of primeval days. Compared with them the Rocky Mountains are of the present, and when they emerged from the waters the American continent was but a strip of land extending from Labrador to Lake Superior, with here and there an island. In later days volcanic fires cracked and transformed them, and still later glaciers scraped and scaped them and carried their high heads down into the valley. Just below the

town are the remains of the old glacial dam which made this lower part of "The Clove" a mountain-girdled lake. Minerals abound—many of them in quantities not sufficient to pay for working—but less than four miles away are some of the oldest and longest-worked iron mines in this country—Ringwood, the Stirling Mine, and Long Mine.

Within this Clove are thriving towns—Hilburn, Ramapo, Sloatsburg, and Tuxedo Park. Ramapo village is but a shadow of its former self. The clanging car-wheel shop alone breaks the silence which broods over the empty buildings. It seems hard to believe that here was written a chapter of the world's industrial history. The village was founded in 1793 by Josiah G. Pierson and Jeremiah and Isaac his brothers who were engaged in the manufacture of cut nails by machinery of their own invention. Their machines were the first invented in this country, and among the first in the world, and were patented in 1795. They used Russia iron, but rolled and cut it at Wilmington, Delaware. They soon found, however, that American iron could be used, and so they came up here and started their works, which were ready in 1798. There was a good demand for their products, and especially for their nails, by the planters of Cuba. In 1807 they began to manufacture hoops for whaleoil casks. In 1814 a cotton mill was begun, and finished in 1816. Mr. Pierson invented a loom which wove striped sheeting and shirtings and checks, and is the basis of those now in use. The object of this venture was to pay Russia for the iron which they bought of her. It was very successful.

At this time the village had a population of over 700 people, and farmers from Orange and Bergen counties found there a ready sale for all their produce and plenty of teaming to do by contract. In 1810 the manufacture of steel was added, and all these various enterprises were kept up for years. In 1835 began the manufacture of common wood screws—the first attempt in this country. Previously these were imported—mainly from France—and were not like the present screw, pointed on the end, but flat. The business was up-hill work for a long time, but it was of sufficient importance to be worthy of some thought. Finally one Krum produced a machine which worked well; but the screw business was attracting the attention of other firms, and a man appeared who claimed to represent a Rhode Island syndicate who wanted to buy the machines. He looked them over, ascertained the price, and left, promising to decide on the matter in a few days. In a short time he wrote that his firm had changed its mind and the bargain was "off."

A few years passed away and one day a screw-maker on the tramp asked for a job. He was set at work and his dexterity immediately attracted attention. When questioned he answered that he had worked on such machines in Providence, R. I. A suit was accordingly begun in the United States Court before Judge Story, which resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff in \$3,000 damages and a stopping of the Providence works. In the trial the defense pleaded Reed's patent, and then it was shown that a man had broken into the Ramapo works and taken wax impressions of the machines from which he had constructed his machines. Then the Providence people wanted to purchase the patent and its rights. Twenty thousand dollars was asked, to which they demurred. At their suggestion arbitrators were chosen who sustained the price, and the \$20,000 was counted out immediately, and the machines passed to their control. Somewhere about 1845 Krum in working allowed a screw to slip and produced thereby a gimlet point. He immediately seized upon the idea and finally produced a machine which made the modern screw. This gave a great impetus to the work, but soon an agent of the Taunton, Mass., works appeared and bought the patent and its rights, and thus the screw business passed from Ramapo. In 1850 it was decided to give up the business and since then the village has dwindled away.

This whole region teems with memories of Revolutionary days. The road through the pass was an old Indian trail and the settler found it the nearest and best road between the northern colonies and the southern when the Hudson River was blockaded—hence during the war it was early watched and fortified.

Two and a half miles south is the Havemeyer property. The present house stands on the site of the old Hopper House, which was several times Washington's headquarters and was called by him in his letters "Headquarters, Bergen County." Nothing now remains of the olden time but a few trees and Hopper's grave, a short distance off. The owner, Andrew Hopper, was a friend of Washington's and gave him much valuable information. He is generally considered to have been in the secret service yet he was allowed to visit friends in New York, at any time passing the British line easily. The house stood until 1897.

In this town was another "headquarters," though never very long at a time. It was the residence of old Judge Suffern—John Suffern, first judge of Rockland County. When the building was torn down several years ago a great many papers of Revolutionary date were found—

among them some of the army rolls. One of these books is said to have fallen into the hands of an attorney and by its aid many pensions were obtained. The house was built about the beginning of the war. The judge was an avowed Whig, an Irishman, and a member of the committee of safety; his neighbors, most of them, Tories and Jersey Dutchmen: so it was often necessary that he keep out of sight. Once during the war he wanted some nails to repair the house, and as he did not dare to go to Morristown to get them, his daughter volunteered for the service. She was a bright, quick-witted girl, and though stopped several times, her ready replies gained her friends and she was allowed to pass on. Her Tory questioners little thought that she carried a letter which would be of great value to them if they could get it. This house stood near the present residence of Mr. George Suffern. It was a low, story-and-a-half wooden structure, built after the fashion of the day. The old trees in front of it are still standing; and the old well is still in use. A picture of it is to be found in Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution," where it is marked as Col. Burr's headquarters. This may be correct, for it was in this region that Aaron Burr won his military fame—what there was of it. The old door of this house is now in the Washington headquarters at Newburgh, marked by some one's blunder as belonging to the blockhouse at Fort Lee. There are Washington letters also written from this house; and some of those in Sparks's collection, dated from "The Clove," must have come from here. One of particular value was the circular letter sent to the brigadier generals of Western Connecticut and Massachusetts, saying that they must rally the country to meet Burgoyne's invasion and that he would send to them Gen. Arnold as assistant.

The centre of military operations was about a mile within the gorge. Just where the road crosses the Ramapo bridge beyond Hilburn the hills converge so that the pass becomes very narrow. Across the valley here were thrown up earthworks, and a well chosen situation it was, for with the rocky hills at their back as a place of refuge a small band could hold a large army in check and pour a deadly fire into any advancing column. The remains on the east side of the river are well preserved—a trench and a mound of earth two feet high, straight as an arrow. On the west side, they are more strongly marked, and the breastworks are higher but overgrown with woods. On the terrace in front of the eastern part was probably at one time an invalid camp, because it is now known as "The Quarantined Ground." On the west side are many remains of old camp-fire places, probably just as they were left. They were built by piling up

flat stones against a wall of rock, so as to form jambs and a short chimney. In years gone by a broken sword and several bayonets and some coins have been found here, and Holland brick are plentiful even now. Mr. Stevens thinks these bricks show an older camp than a Revolutionary. At a little distance a place is still pointed out where a whole regiment lies buried—camp fever swept it off.

These works were probably built in 1776, though we get a view of them first in the spring of 1777. Men were stationed here all through the war, probably varying in numbers as occasion required—still always enough to guard the pass and to stop intruders. Col. Malcom's regiment was here in 1777, and Burr, after leaving Gen. Putnam's staff, was assigned to it for duty, with the rank of lieutenant colonel. Col. Malcom soon turned the command over to Burr, who henceforth was always with it. While he was here he made the night sally that gave him quite a reputation. The British were marauding through the Jerseys, going as far inland for forage as they dared. He heard of them one night near Hackensack, fifteen miles distant, so he started out. When he came near the enemy, he left his men and went forward to reconnoitre. All were asleep; he avoided the sentinels and came back; sent a messenger to Paramus to order forward troops lying there; to rouse the country; then, with his own men, he dashed upon the picket, captured a commissioned officer, a sergeant, a corporal, and twenty-seven privates. At dawn, long before the Paramus help arrived, the enemy had fled, leaving all their booty.

On the hills, east of Suffern, back of the residence of Col. Shaughnessy, the French army encamped on its way to Yorktown—the first division on Saturday, April 25, 1781, the second on Sunday. There used to be old camp-fire places there, like those in the "Clove," built it was said, by them, but this is wrong—they did not stay long enough.

The whole American army in the field was here several times, once for several days in 1777, when Howe was expected to attack the forts in the Highlands. Instead he went to Philadelphia, and Washington is said to have watched his fleet in New York Bay from the protecting rock of Torn Mountain, now called Washington's Rock. The army was here just before the attack on Stony Point, when it consisted of five brigades and two Carolina regiments.

Beyond Ramapo village just past the millpond after the train has

rounded the curve, is a yellow house close beside an old cemetery. This is one of the oldest houses in the valley, formerly a tavern and called by Washington in his letters (Sparks Coll.) "Smith's in the Clove."

Just beyond the gate at Tuxedo Park, on the opposite side of the road, is the ivy-covered end of a small stone building, surrounded by ruins. This was the famous Augusta forge, built early in, if not before, the Revolution. Here was made the second chain stretched across the Hudson, a part of which is now at West Point. It was part of the Stirling works, owned by Noble, Townsend & Co. Howe's remaining in New York while Washington was marching to Yorktown was due to the latter's ruse in sending Montanye with a letter announcing an attack on New York. Captured, as Washington intended, the letter was printed by Rivington in his Gazette. Howe was deceived, and Yorktown reached by the allies before the British commander "caught on" to the fact that he had been hoodwinked. The details can be found in Lossing (*Field Book* i. 781).



THE LINCOLN-SHIELDS DUEL.

[There have been so many versions of the historic duel that it is no less than a duty to history to print a simple, truthful account of it, given by an eye-witness. There are several persons still living in Alton, who were present on the occasion, and from one of them the writer of this, though four years too late to personally witness the exciting and humorous ending of what had promised to be a bloody affair, obtained the facts herein set forth. This was the late Mr. W. H. Souther, who at the time referred to was a reporter on the *Alton Telegraph*. He was one of the crowd who crossed on the horse-ferry-boat which carried over the excited party to the bank of the Mississippi, opposite Alton, on September 22d, 1843. The facts as Mr. Souther told them were also corroborated by the late Judge John Bailhache, the editor of the *Telegraph*; while the Springfield part of the story was told me there. The Miss Mary Todd referred to became later Mrs. Abraham Lincoln; while Miss Julia Jayne married Judge Lyman Trumbull.]

MR. SOUTHER'S STATEMENT:

JAMES SHIELDS was then Auditor of State, elected on the Democratic ticket: and from his swagger in dress, his dudish manners and his satisfaction with himself as a ladies' man, quickly drew on himself the ridicule of the Whigs. Lincoln wrote a series of letters to the *Sangamon Journal*, after the style of the 'Biglow Papers,' keenly satirizing young Shields, who fumed under these assaults, and thus encouraged their continuance. Finally a poem was sent to the *Journal* by Mary Todd and Julia Jayne, in which Shields was described as receiving a proposal of marriage from 'Aunt Rebecca,' and later another rhyme followed, celebrating the wedding. In the phrase of the bounding West, these mischievous girls made life exceedingly wearisome for the dudish State Auditor. On the appearance of the last poem Shields went to the Editor of the *Journal*, in a towering rage, and demanded the name of his tormentor. The editor, in a quandary, went to Lincoln, who unwilling that the two young women should figure in the affair, ordered that his own name be given as the author. Soon after, he received a letter from Shields, demanding an apology. To this Lincoln replied that he could give the note no attention, because Shields had not first inquired whether he really was the author of the poem. Shields wrote again, but Lincoln replied that he would receive nothing but a withdrawal of the first note, or a challenge. The challenge came, was accepted, and Lincoln named broadswords as the weapons to be used; the place selected being the

Mississippi river bank opposite Alton. On the morning of September 22, 1843, Shields and Lincoln arrived in Alton. I had received an intimation of the coming event, and resolved to see it if possible. The duelling party took breakfast at the Franklin House, and at about half-past ten A. M. went to the ferryboat, which was run by a man named Chapman, with whom I made arrangements to drive the two horses which worked around the windlass at one end of the boat. Lincoln and his party sat at one end of the boat, Shields and his at the other. The only thing which looked warlike was six long cavalry sabres, which were on the deck, in possession of Lincoln's seconds. There was no talking between the opposite sides, and everything went on as decorously as at a funeral. Arriving on at the opposite shore, which was a wilderness of timber, a partly cleared spot was selected as the battleground. Shields took a seat on a fallen log at one side of the little clearing, and Lincoln ensconced himself on another, opposite. The seconds proceeded to cut a pole about twelve feet long, and two stakes with crotches in the ends. The stakes were driven into the ground and the pole laid across the crotches, so that it rested about three feet above the ground. The contestants were to stand one on either side of the pole, and fight across it. A line was drawn on the ground, on both sides, about three feet from the pole, with the understanding that if either combatant stepped back across his own line, it was to be considered a giving-up of the fight. This, you see, would keep the fighters within range of each other all the time, as neither could get more than three feet away from the pole, and the swords seemed to me to be at least five feet long. After all these arrangements had been completed, the seconds rejoined their principals at the different sides of the clearing, and began to talk in low tones. With Shields was Dr. T. M. Hope, of Alton, a very large, brusque man. He was very much opposed to the duel, and reasoned with Shields for a long time. As a result of the talk, several notes were passed between the seconds. It was intensely interesting to me to see those men handing notes to each other instead of talking out whatever they had to say. Lincoln remained firm, and said that Shields must withdraw his first note, and ask him whether or no he was the author of the *Journal* poem. He said that when that should be done, he was ready to treat with the other side. Shields was inflexible, and finally Dr. Hope got mad at him. He said Shields was bringing the Democratic party of Illinois into ridicule and contempt by his folly. Finally he sprang to his feet, faced the stubborn little Irishman, and blurted out: 'Jimmy, you —— little whippersnapper, if you

don't settle this I will take you across my knee and spank you.' This was too much for Shields, and he yielded; I believe Dr. Hope would have carried his threat into execution if he hadn't. A note was solemnly prepared and sent across to Lincoln, which asked if he was the author of the poem in question; he wrote a formal reply in which he said that he was not; and then mutual explanations and apologies followed. I watched Lincoln while he sat on his log, awaiting the signal to fight. His face was grave and serious. I could discern nothing of 'Old Abe' as we knew him. I never knew him to go so long before without making some sort of a joke, and I began to think he was getting frightened. But presently he reached over and picked up one of the swords, which he drew from its scabbard. Then he felt along its edge with his thumb, as a barber feels of his razor, stretched himself to his full height, stretched out his long arm, and clipped off a twig from a tree above his head with the sword. There wasn't a man of us who could have reached anywhere near the twig, and the absurdity of that long-reaching fellow fighting with a cavalry sabre with little Shields, who could walk under his arm, came pretty near making me howl with laughter. After Lincoln had cut off the twig, he returned the sword to its scabbard with a sigh, and sat down; but I detected the gleam in his eye which was always the forerunner of one of his inimitable yarns, and I fully expected him to tell a side-splitter right there in the shadow of the grave. After things had been adjusted at the duelling ground, we returned to the ferryboat, everybody chatting in the most friendly manner possible. But it must have been an awful trial to Lincoln to 'hold in' and not 'josh' the life out of Shields. As we returned, one of the party—a young man named Broughton, who was the other horse-driver—got a log and put it at one end of the boat, covered with a red shirt so as to look like the recumbent figure of a man covered with blood. When we reached Alton, the landing was covered with people who were there to learn the result of the duel. When they saw the dummy at the end of the boat, they almost crowded into the water to see who it was that had been slain. I enjoyed this scene, though it was clearly offensive to Shields."

H. G. MCPIKE.

ALTON, ILL.

SUNSET IN SEPTEMBER.

THE sun now rests upon the mountain tops—
Begins to sink behind—is half conceal'd—
And now is gone: the last faint, twinkling beam
Is cut in twain by the sharp rising ridge.
Sweet to the pensive is departing day,
When only one small cloud, so still and thin,
So thoroughly imbued with amber light,
And so transparent, that it seems a spot
Of brighter sky, beyond the farthest mount,
Hangs o'er the hidden orb; or where a few
Long, narrow stripes of denser, darker grain,
At each end sharpen'd to a needle's point,
With golden borders, sometimes straight and smooth,
And sometimes crinkling like the lightning stream,
A half-hour's space above the mountain lie;
Or when the whole consolidated mass,
That only threaten'd rain, is broken up
Into a thousand parts, and yet is one,
One as the ocean broken into waves;
And all its spongy parts, imbibing deep
The moist effulgence, seem like fleeces dyed
Deep scarlet, saffron light, or crimson dark,
As they are thick or thin, or near or more remote,
All fading soon as lower sinks the sun,
Till twilight end. But now another scene,
To me most beautiful of all, appears:
The sky, without the shadow of a cloud,
Throughout the west, is kindled to a glow
So bright and broad, it glares upon the eye,
Not dazzling, but dilating with calm force
Its power of vision to admit the whole.
Below, 'tis all of richest orange dye,
Midway, the blushing of the mellow peach
Paints not, but tinges the ethereal deep;
And here, in this most lovely region, shines,

With added loveliness, the evening-star.
 Above, the fainter purple slowly fades,
 Till changed into the azure of mid-heaven.

Along the level ridge, o'er which the sun
 Descended, in a single row arranged,
 As if thus planted by the hand of art,
 Majestic pines shoot up into the sky,
 And in its fluid gold seem half-dissolved.
 Upon a nearer peak, a cluster stands
 With shafts erect, and tops converged to one,
 A stately colonnade, with verdant roof;
 Upon a nearer still, a single tree,
 With shapely form, looks beautiful alone;
 While, farther northward, through a narrow pass
 Scoop'd in the hither range, a single mount
 Beyond the rest, of finer smoothness seems,
 And of a softer, more ethereal blue,
 A pyramid of polish'd sapphire built.

But now the twilight mingles into one
 The various mountains; levels to a plain
 This nearer, lower landscape, dark with shade,
 Where every object to my sight presents
 Its shaded side; while here upon these walls,
 And in that eastern wood, upon the trunks
 Under thick foliage, reflective shows
 Its yellow lustre. How distinct the line
 Of the horizon, parting heaven and earth!

CARLOS WILCOX.

Every person, who has witnessed the splendour of the sunset scenery in Andover, will recognise with delight the *local* as well as general truth and beauty of this description. There is not, perhaps, in New England, a spot where the sun goes down, of a clear summer's evening amidst so much grandeur reflected over earth and sky. In the winter season, too, it is a most magnificent and impressive scene. The great extent of the landscape; the situation of the hill, on the broad, level summit of which stand the buildings of the Theological Institution; the vast amphitheatre of luxuriant forest and field, which rises from its base, and swells away into the heavens; the perfect outline of the horizon; the noble range of blue mountains in the background, that seem to retire one beyond another almost to infinite distance; together with the magnificent expanse of sky visible at once from the elevated spot,—these features constitute at all times a scene on which the lover of nature can never be weary with gazing. When the sun goes down, it is all in a blaze with his descending glory. The sunset is the most perfectly beautiful when an afternoon shower has just preceded it. The gorgeous clouds roll away like masses of amber. The sky, close to the horizon, is a sea of

the richest purple. The setting sun shines through the mist, which rises from the wet forest and meadow, and makes the clustered foliage appear invested with a brilliant golden transparency. Nearer to the eye, the trees and shrubs are sparkling with fresh rain-drops, and over the whole scene, the parting rays of sunlight linger with a yellow gleam, as if reluctant to pass entirely away. Then come the varying tints of twilight, "fading, still fading," till the stars are out in their beauty, and a cloudless night reigns, with its silence, shadows, and repose. In the summer, Andover combines almost every thing to charm and elevate the feelings of the student.

—REV. G. B. CHEEVER.

[The author of this beautiful poem, which received the praise of so good a judge as Dr. Cheever, was a Congregational clergyman. He was born in Vermont, 1794, and died in Danbury, Conn., 1827: too soon to have written much, but what little he did bears the true poetic stamp. Rufus Wilmot Griswold said of him: "He was a lover of nature, and described rural sights with singular clearness and fidelity."

We print his poem in pursuance of our plan of from time to time giving space for extracts from those American writers of the first half of the eighteenth century whose names are hardly known to the present generation, but whose productions merit something better than being merely names in a dry catalogue. As there were great men before Agamemnon, so were there poets before Longfellow, and prose writers before Parkman; and while they may not have equalled either, yet they have their place, and an honorable one, in American literature, and we gladly give them a present-day audience.—Ed.]



OUR FOREFATHERS' LITERARY HEROISM.

II.

IN the July number of this MAGAZINE, the writer confined his observations on the above topic to New England; remarking at the close, that an earlier hospitality towards English classics and pleasanter reading obtained to the southward. This was symbolized by the flight of Benjamin Franklin from Boston to Philadelphia. In his father's library of polemic divinity, he had found nothing more entertaining than the "Pilgrim's Progress," to which he added other works of Bunyan, exchanging them in time for "Churton's Historical Collection." But the departure he had begun was followed in the purchase of Plutarch, Defoe, Locke on the Understanding, the Port Royalists, and an odd volume of the *Spectator*. By this time he knew that a larger world of literature lay beyond; and in 1729 he formed, in Philadelphia, the first circulating library association, the germ of the American Philosophical Society. Much inquiry has not completed the list of books for which £45 were sent to London, but they were probably of a scientific and philosophical character, with a possible literary element. Four years later "Frazier's Voyage to the South Seas," and six volumes of "Mr. Edmund Spenser, including the famous old English poem called 'Faery Queen,'" were presented. A break away from the monotony of divinity reading had been made, with a larger outlook towards general literature. From this point, then, about 1733, will be traced a broadening stream of literary influence and production.

In Philadelphia, growing to be a commercial and political metropolis, a similar growth in educational facilities took place through the founding of three libraries that were eventually merged in the Library Company, which had been incorporated in 1742. To this was added, a year later, the collection which James Logan had been making for fifty years, of "classical and foreign works," three thousand in number, together with a lot and building for a public library, and funds for its maintenance and increase; the library to be open for the use of citizens, and books to be loaned under certain restrictions. The effect which this accumulation of

books had upon the community, may be inferred from what was written by the Rev. Jacob Duché, subsequently chaplain of Congress: "Such is the prevailing taste for books of every kind, that almost every one is a reader; and by pronouncing sentence right or wrong upon the various publications that come in his way, puts himself upon a level with their several authors in point of knowledge." If this statement be accepted, even with reservation as to the last part of it, American literary criticism appears to have had its beginnings in Philadelphia. From what can be learned of the character of these books, there was very little of theological and controversial literature. Instead, travels, science, philosophy, and the mechanic arts were well represented. One feature is brought into prominence by a letter which the library committee wrote to their purchasing agents in London, in which it is significantly remarked, that while confiding in their judgment to procure "such books as will be proper for a public library, we wish to mix the useful with the agreeable, but do not think it expedient to add to our present stock anything in the *novel* way." Evidently fiction was still under a ban twelve years after "Humphrey Clincker" had closed three decades of story writing by four notable authors in England.

There were other public libraries in Pennsylvania towns, notably at Hatborough, Chester, and Lancaster, but founded after 1750. Also in New York, where the Society Library was established in 1754, absorbing collections made by two English clergymen, primarily for the use of ministers in the neighborhood, and, therefore, chiefly theological. The remnant of an earlier library still exists in St. John's College, Maryland, distinguished as the first for which public funds were appropriated. A Public Library in Boston also is mentioned in John Oxenbridge's will in 1673, bequeathing Augustine's works and a catalogue of Oxford library. Newport, too, had a creditable library which interested the heroic readers of the time, while their ships were taking rum to the Gold Coast and returning with negroes. But these books were largely on Political Economy and Divinity, the latter to counterbalance prevailing theories of the former and their practical operation.

If a Newport citizen had gone to Virginia with the planters who summered on the Island even at that early day, he would have found books and libraries in unsuspected numbers in small towns, and on isolated plantations. From the first the Southern colonist had kept in direct communication with England in his remoteness from commercial and literary

centers here. He received books from London by his returning tobacco ships, landing at his own wharf; books that were in vogue at Court and in the vicinity of St. Paul's. As a consequence a freer if not a more generous hospitality towards current literature prevailed in the lower colonies. The first manifestation of it was the permission to put the "Merchant of Venice" on the stage at Williamsburg, Va., in 1752, and the "Beaux' Stratagem," at Annapolis, forty years before a similar license was granted in Boston, although planters introduced the drama to Newport earlier. But Rhode Island was always as Edom and Philistia to Massachusetts, and Providence Plantations always had Southern ways.

A Richmond correspondent writes, that "records of courts prove that many planters in the Colony in the seventeenth century possessed from a score to a hundred or more books, some as many as five hundred, chiefly of law, the classics, and poetry—not many of theology." This moderate statement is verified by lists in successive numbers of the "William and Mary College Quarterly," although some of the collections belong to the latter half of the eighteenth century. For example: in Colonel William Flemming's library of 324 volumes, the sixth title is Shakespeare; the eighth Pope. Dryden, Milton, Addison, Prior, Goldsmith, and Smollett are also represented. Other good-sized collections for their day were Ralph Wormley's 400 volumes; Richard Lee's 300; Dr. Charles Brown's 617. William Dunlap advertised a school in his house "where is a library of several thousand volumes in arts and sciences." Five sales of estates in Virginia between 1724 and 1771 include books denominated "good, valuable, choice, or well chosen." Other lists are available, as that of Colonel John Walker's and of the books of other colonels,—who appear to have been as numerous in colonial days as after the last war. In Col. Walker's collection are listed Swift, Quarles, Defoe, Mandeville, Butler, Addison, Dryden, Shakespeare, Johnson, Farquhar, Congreve, and a "Book of Comedies." In Squire Wormley's four hundred were "Hudibras" and "Don Quixote" and Montaigne's Essays, with French comedies and tragedies.

The Byrd library was the pride of colonial Virginia. Gathered by one proprietor of "Westover" after another, it outnumbered every other private library in the land, except Cotton Mather's divinity collection of 5,000 titles, 400 of which were of his own composition. Of the 3,625 volumes in the Byrd library, 700 were historical, 650 ancient classics, 500 French, 350 law, 300 divinity, 225

science, 200 medicine, and 650 designated "entertaining." Under this last heading were reckoned an unusual number of poets, dramatists, and essayists: Shakespeare, Milton, Jonson, Dryden, Spencer, Bacon, Defoe, Swift, Prior, Vanbrugh, Otway, Cibber, Butler, Rabelais, Boccaccio, with writers in the Romance languages of southern Europe. Its cosmopolitan character is discerned in the catalogue recently published with the "Byrd Manuscript," a sprightly record of running the North Carolina line in 1728, in which it is remarked that the first Jamestown Company was chiefly composed of "Riprobates of good Familys, who chose rather to depend upon the musty provisions that were sent from England than to till the ground." If existing documents are to be the final appeal, the statement seems to have some truth which asserts that "more bookish people came to Virginia from London and vicinity than to any other section." But the love of letters was not confined to this colony, as has been shown of the North. And in the South, with the growth of cities, literary cultivation, like trade, became centralized. Thus in Charleston, South Carolina, a public library was started by young men in 1748, which prospered wonderfully during the next twenty-five years. It is noteworthy that "great attention was paid to classical literature" in the selection of this library.

In this review of earlier colonial reading there is more than a suggestion of the intellectual courage of our forefathers, and also of their literary austerity. Old catalogues and inventories indicate heroic minds working in narrow grooves, out of the current of contemporary letters abroad, or about a century behind foreign production.

For instance, while Richardson was writing "Sir Charles Grandison," John Barnard was publishing "A Metrical Version of the Psalms." While "Clarissa Harlowe" was going through the press, William Livingston, of New York, was composing a poem on "Philosophic Solitude." Fielding was at work on "Tom Jones" in the year that Jared Eliot brightened the landscape a little with a book on "Field Husbandry." "Jonathan Wild" was coming out while Charles Chauncey was composing his "Thoughts on the State of Religion." Smollett was turning off "Count Fathom" in the year that Solomon Williams' "Treatise on Justification" appeared. Rev. Samuel Hopkins issued his "No Promises to the Unregenerate" in the year that Rev. Laurence Sterne put out the last volume of the "Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy." Of course the question here is not which of these classes of books was intended to do

the most good; but which was literature destined to live, and which to be consigned to oblivion or be supplanted by immortal works of its own class already published, like Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," which the Cambridge press was censured for printing as "a book by a Papist." While, therefore, our forefathers read painfully sterner stuff than the popular books of the present day—excepting always broadsides, fly sheets, and chap books, of which there was a fair supply—it must be admitted that there was for a century and a half at least an almost wilful blindness to what in the mother country was recognized as the literature of imagination, suggestion, and fertilization, as contrasted with that of information, dogmatism, and controversy. Explanations can be offered for the new nation's slowness in adopting cosmopolitan graces in reading, thinking, and writing; but after all is said, a provincial prejudice remained—which was not so apparent in other importations than books—an obstinacy which had its origin in religious, political, and literary movements long before the settlement of America. But what is best in letters, as in life, is sure to prevail in time; and this is now accepted as heartily by the nation as it was rejected by the colonies.

LORENZO SEARS.

BROWN UNIVERSITY.



EXTRACTS FROM BRITISH ARCHIVES

ON THE FAMILIES OF HALEY, HALLEY, PIKE, ETC.

WILL of Richard Pyke of Barnard's Inn, London, dated June 18, 1724, proved Sept. 21, 1724, by Margaret Pyke. Mother, Margaret Pyke, sole executrix. Mentions sister Mary Dunbar; brother-in-law, Thomas Dunbar; lands in Little Saling, Essex, (P. C. C., London, Register Bolton 211.)

Will of Richard Pyke, citizen and cordwainer; dated Jan. 23, 1730, proved March 26, 1731. Executors William Turner of Westminster, hackney coachman; and Richard Williams of Leadenhall Street, Goldsmith, mentions sons Waddis Pyke, Henry Pike. (P. C. C., Register Isham 78.)

There is also a will (1722) of one Richard Pike of Wiltshire. (P. C. C., Somerset House, London.)

The "Merchant Taylors' (London) school" printed list has:

John Pyke, born 18 Aug., 1731, and Richard Pyke, born 23 Apr., 1732, entered at school, in 1740. (Their father probably was born about 1700.)

James Pike, born 19 December, 1839, son of John H. R. Pike, a shipbroker, Water Lane.

Ronald Halley, born 13 Jan., 1856, son of Alexander Halley, M. D., of Harley Street.

1601; Richard Pike, entered (aged 7-12), son of Philip Pike, Gent., deceased, of London.

1679; Isaac Pike, entered (aged 7-12).

1698; Joseph Pyke, entered (aged 7-12).

Richard Pike, a Merchant Taylor, died 1682; buried St. Mary, Aldermary.

Benjamin Pyke appears (1698) in a subscribed loan of two million pounds to the Government. His contribution to it is £500.

- 1571; Baptised; Edmond Pike at Bedwyn Magna Parish Church, Wiltshire. (Register.) (He was of Marten Manor, Wiltshire.)
1632; Baptised; Edmond Pyke, son of John Pyke, Gentleman.
1652; Married; Edmond Pyke, Gentleman, and Dorothy Pyper (Piper).
1593; Buried; Alice, wife of Edmund Pike, Gent.
1649-50; Feb. 14, Buried, Mr. Edmund Pike.
1658-59; Jan. 26, Buried, Mr. Edmund Pike, of Marton (Marten).
1675; May 10, Buried, Edmund Pyke, Esq.

Register of St. Dunstan's (West) Fleet Street, London, shows:

- 1569; Nov. 26, Baptised, Vallentine, son of Master Jerome Halley.
1571; Baptised; "Beninghorowe," daughter of Master Jerome Halley, Gentleman.
1600; Married; Christopher Halley and Elizabeth Edwards. (Christopher resided in Hackney district.)
1605; Baptised; John, son of said Christopher Halley and Elizabeth, his wife (spelt at the baptism, "Hallely").

History of Islington, page 412, says "Mr. Pike bequeathed legacy £100 to Lower Street Independent Church, to aid its erection in 1744." (Lower Street, Islington, is now (1906) called Essex Road). The same book (page 454) mentions marriage of Edm^d Halley, astronomer, Islington, St. Mary's in 1682, to Miss Tooke, daughter of the Auditor of the Exchequer.

The registers of the Parish of All-Hallows, London Wall (including Winchester Street?) are printed and indexed for the period 1559-1675, and show:

- 1665; Oct. 24, John Haley and Mary Castle, married.
1632; June 3, Thomas Halley and Johan Challewood, married.

1671; Jan. 14, John Bowden and Ann Pike, married.

1651; Jan. 12, Wm. Goodridge and Catherine Hawley, married.

Among the items in Index to Administrations in York Registry are:
Michael Halley, Allerton, in Bradford, Yorks.

George Halley, Kingston-on-Hull.

Richard Hawley, Brighton, York.

Holden's Directory of London (1799) mentions:

James Pike, button-manufacturer, 51 Castle Street, The Borough.

James Pike, cheese-monger, Number 311 of The Borough.

Halley of London: arms were "Azure, a chevron between 3 annulets Or; over all on a fesse of the last as many martlets gules."

Pike (No. 1) Devonshire; Chevron Azure between 3 Trefoils; Crest, a Pike, naiant Or.

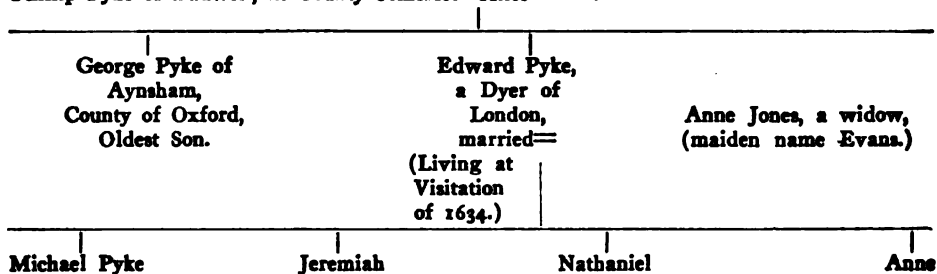
Pyke (No. 2) *Ditto*; Crest, a horse saddled and bridled, on a ducal coronet.

Pike of London. Gules, 3 pikes naiant, wavy, argent, within a Bordure, engrailed of the second.

Pyke of Somerset County. Sable, 3 pitchforks in pale, argent.

There is record, also, of arms of Pyke of Queenhithe Ward, London.

Phillip Pyke of Banwell, in County Somerset=Alice——.



These four children were living in 1634. One of the sons, Michael, Jeremiah or Nathaniel was (in the opinion of a London correspondent, 1906) the father of the Richard Pyke of Fenchurch Street, who became a party to the deed dated 21st April, 1694, hereinbefore quoted.

The broadside in Guildhall Library, London, concerning death of Edmond Halley (1684) says that he was a merchant of Winchester Street, London. His body was found in the river near Temple Farm, Stroud, Kent (Rochester). The discovery was reported by a boy, whereupon a gentleman, having read the description published in the *London Gazette*, conveyed notice to the family. The affair was reported by the *Post-Boy* (a newspaper). His wife had offered a reward of £100, in the *News-Book*, for him, dead or alive. Only a brief extract of this curious broadside has reached the compiler, without mention of any proper names except that of the deceased. Winchester Street (his residence) was probably the same as what is now called Great Winchester Street, which is in the parishes of St. Peter-le-Poer, and All-Hallows, London Wall. There is a Winchester Avenue, but it seems a modern cutting, in Cripplegate, Parish St. Giles.

The registers of the parishes of St. Catherine Cree, and St. Peter le Poer (including Winchester Street?) have not been printed.

A private letter from Mr. H. Pike-Pease, M. P., London, dated 20 March, 1906, says the Pikes "are an old Irish family many of whom have long lived in Cork. Some generations ago, one or two were put in gaol, as Quakers, for conscience' sake, because they would not fight. The present head of the family is Mr. Joseph Pike, well known in the south of Ireland."

Edmund William Pike, I. S. O., London, states, in response to inquiries, that he is descended from a Somersetshire family who only took the name of Pike about three generations ago.

EUGENE FAIRFIELD McPIKE.

CHICAGO.

(To be continued.)



OLD ROOF-TREES OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I: THOSE STANDING AND INHABITED.

THERE is always more or less interest in seeing and studying the memorials of the past. Pilgrims visit the Pyramids, the Roman catacombs, and the sacred fanes of Greece and Rome, and volumes of description have been written regarding these and other monuments of decayed glory. America is not old, but we have our ruins too, and nearly every State has its ancient houses and forts and churches which have become historic. New Hampshire is younger than several of her sister States but within her borders are several sites well worthy of a visit, both on account of age and historic interest, and which will reward the visitor with noble and suggestive pictures of the past.

I have been asked by the Editor of the *MAGAZINE OF HISTORY* to prepare a series of articles relative to the historic buildings of the Granite State, embracing those standing and inhabited; those standing, but not habitable; those in ruins, and those of which only the site remains. In this first paper I shall confine myself to the buildings of historic interest that are standing and in good repair—the ancient mansions and churches that have passed their one hundredth and fiftieth milestone, and whose story has become part of the history of the State.

Probably the best known of the old historic mansions of New Hampshire is the Governor Benning Wentworth house at Little Harbor, about two miles out from Portsmouth. It is the grand manor house sung of by Longfellow in his poem of "Lady Wentworth":

"Baronial and colonial in its style;
Gables and dormer windows everywhere,
And stacks of chimneys rising high in air."

Built by Governor Wentworth in 1749, it is one of the oldest structures in the State, and one of its most interesting show places. The house is an architectural freak—an extension of wing upon wing—and the chambers are curiously connected by unlooked for steps and capricious little passages, where the visitor would be liable to get lost without a guide.

There were originally fifty-two rooms, but only about half that number have been kept intact. Four or five rooms remain practically the same as in the governor's day. The old parlor in which Wentworth was married to his handsome young housekeeper, Martha Hilton, has still the same carpet on the floor that was placed there by Lady Wentworth more than a hundred years ago. This marriage was one of the great events of Colonial days, and the lively young bride continued to be mistress of the mansion for many years, marrying after the governor's death, another Wentworth, and living to entertain President Washington in 1789. The Council Room contains portraits of the vice-regal Wentworths and their relatives. In the billiard room are to be seen an ancient spinet once used by Lady Wentworth, and the old buffet that held the governor's punch bowl and his bottles of Madeira and Antigua.

One of the most prominent names connected with the early history of New Hampshire is that of Cutt, in later years spelled Cutts. John Cutt was the first President of the Province, his commission being issued by King Charles II., January 21, 1680. He was a great land owner, and his estate embraced a large part of the present city of Portsmouth. At Newington he owned a large tract known as the Pulpit Farm. At the death of President Cutt, in 1682, his widow went to this farm to reside, and here for twelve years the lady of the first president of New Hampshire lived happily situated and in a degree of elegance. The mansion built by Madame Cutts sometime prior to 1685, is still standing in good repair, its timbers as sound as when the structure was erected. The chimney is over twelve feet square at its base, and is constructed of stone to the top of the cellar. It is four feet square in the attic, and a trifle smaller above the roof. In what was probably used as a sitting room in olden time, is a huge fireplace nine feet broad.

Mrs. Cutt undoubtedly had the house clapboarded, for when some of them were removed in 1879 from a part of the building, the original boards underneath, were found painted red. The age of the small wooden cherubim over the front door is not known, but the Hon. Ichabod Bartlett, a Representative to Congress in 1823 and 1829, who owned the property after the Cutts family, stated that they were there long before his day, and it is reasonable to believe that Madame Ursula herself had them placed there, as the design evidently represents the artistic taste of a woman. The interior of the house remains practically the same as when first built.

The Warner House at the corner of Daniel and Chapel Streets in Portsmouth, is the oldest brick building in New Hampshire. It is of three stories, and has the air of the old régime more than any other house in Portsmouth, a city of many noble homes. At the time of its erection, it was not surpassed by any private residence in New England. The massive walls are eighteen inches thick. The brick and some of the other material were brought from Holland. According to Mr. Brewster's "Rambles About Portsmouth," the work of building the house was begun in 1718 and finished in 1723. The owner and builder was Captain Archibald Macphedris, a successful merchant and a member of the King's council under Lieutenant-Governor John Wentworth. Captain Macphedris was a leading projector of the first iron works established in America, being at the head of a small company which commenced the manufacture of iron from the ore at the Lamprey River in 1719. He married Mrs. Sarah Wentworth, daughter of the first Governor Wentworth. They had one daughter, Mary, who was married to Hon. Jonathan Warner, a member of the royal council under Governor Benning and Sir John Wentworth, and who gave his name to the township of Warner in Merrimack County. On the Chapel Street end of the house, is a lightning rod which was placed there in 1762, under the personal supervision of Benjamin Franklin. It is believed to be the first lightning rod put up in New Hampshire.

The oldest church building in New Hampshire, is the Congregational church at Newington, five miles from Portsmouth. The date of its erection was 1712, although it was begun by the people of "Bloody Point," as the locality was then called, nearly two years earlier. It was left to be finished by the town when the parish of Newington was organized and set off. It is still the property of the town, and the town keeps it in repair and pays the expense of heating and the sexton. It is picturesquely situated, and in an excellent state of preservation. Rev. Joseph Adams was the first pastor and held the office for over sixty years. The inside measurement of the house is thirty by thirty-eight feet, and its walls are fourteen inches thick. A singular and unique feature of the building may be seen by consulting the floor plan of the original arrangement. There was a public entrance opposite the pulpit as usual. In addition to this there was a special entrance leading into the pew of Colonel John Downing, which occupied nearly the whole of the east end. The interior of the building was remodelled about 1890, and Colonel Downing's entrance is now the main entrance for all the worshippers.

The church at Greenland, erected in 1756, is the second in age of the churches that are standing in the State. One the pastors of this church was Dr. Samuel McClintock, who was present at Bunker Hill, and is one of the figures in Trumbull's painting of the battle. While the walls of this building are the same to-day, it has been so completely remodelled as to bear slight resemblance either as to its interior or exterior, to the original building, which was a typical structure, with two stories of windows, galleries on three sides, and with a pulpit high enough to allow room for a big box pew underneath it. The building was remodeled in 1834.

The oldest house standing in Portsmouth is probably the ancient building known as the first Wentworth House. It was built by Samuel Wentworth, father of Governor John, prior to 1690, and it was occupied by John Wentworth at his marriage in 1693. Governor Benning Wentworth was born in this house in 1695. The house is solidly built, and is in excellent preservation. The chambers and stairways are wainscoted, some of the panels being over three feet in width. The size of the base of the chimney is ten by thirteen feet, and the bricks are set in clay. Lieutenant-Governor John Wentworth's commission, given in 1717, was signed by Joseph Addison, the writer of the "Spectator," as Secretary of State. He held his commission until his death in 1730, at the age of fifty-nine.

At Exeter, we find two ancient and historic structures that number more than a century and a half in years. The oldest is the Colonel Peter Gilman house on Water Street. A portion of it was erected as a block house in 1660. The timbers are of oak, and the windows originally were nothing more than loopholes. It was built by John Gilman, progenitor of a family that has been distinguished through all later New Hampshire history. His grandson, Colonel Peter Gilman, owned the house as early as 1740, and made great additions to the original structure, making it one of the finest residences in Exeter in his day. Two of the rooms which have been kept intact, cannot be surpassed for their ancient style and magnificence, the wainscot and carving being of wonderful richness. Colonel or Councilor Gilman, was one of the magnates of New Hampshire before the Revolution. He was a member of the Governor's council and Brigadier-General of the militia under Governor John Wentworth. His state and manner of living was that of the patricians of his time. Silver plate graced his table, he drove a coach and span, and owned several negro slaves.

Not far from this mansion is the great house occupied by Hon. Nicholas Gilman, Treasurer of New Hampshire through the Revolution and later the home of his more distinguished son, Governor John Taylor Gilman, who was chief magistrate for a longer period than any other man in the history of the State. The house was built in 1740, and is a good specimen of the style which prevailed in the Colonies before the separation from the mother country. Built of brick covered with wood, three stories in height, with dormer windows in its upper story, gambrel-roofed, and its walls yellow dun color, its air of antiquity is unmistakable.

In the near-by town of Hampton Falls, fronting the village square where the patriots of '76 mustered after the battle of Lexington, is an old roof-tree that has sheltered more famous men, perhaps, than any other in New Hampshire—the home of Governor Meshech Weare. The house was built in 1737, and is a square, two storied, low-roofed structure, with a large chimney in the center. Weare was Governor of the State all through the Revolutionary contest, and all the leading men of the Province assembled at his home more than once to devise methods of raising men and funds to carry on the prolonged struggle with Great Britain. Washington was there once to consult with the Governor, and the chamber is shown with the same bed—a canopy top—in which the *pater patrie* is said to have slept.

Famous among the roof-trees of the State is the house of the first minister at Concord, built in 1734, and described as "the oldest two-story house between Haverhill, Mass., and Canada." It originally consisted of a two-story front, forty feet long and twenty feet wide; and of a one-story ell, about twenty feet square. Each was covered with a gambrel roof, battened with birch bark and shingled. It had three chimneys, two of brick and one of stone, laid in clay mortar, and plastered within and without with clay and chopped straw. In these were six fireplaces of ample dimensions; that in the kitchen having before it a hearth of granite ten feet long, still in use, and polished by the feet of the family generations of the last one hundred and seventy years. The Rev. Timothy Walker, the first minister, occupied the house nearly fifty years, and since then it has sheltered five generations of the family, in whose hands it still remains a possession. The house has been somewhat modernized within a few years and compares favorably with any of the costly residences of the capital city.

Across the river at East Concord, is Elm Croft, an old farm house built by Philip Eastman, an early settler, in 1755. It is well preserved, and has been modernized by later owners. The home of Captain Jeremiah Pecker from 1779 to his death in 1833, and of his widow, Mary Eastman Pecker, from her second marriage, until her death, October 17, 1882, aged ninety-one years, Elm Croft is now the property of Colonel J. E. Pecker, a great-great-grandson of Philip Eastman, and a grandson of Jeremiah Pecker. Very few estates in New Hampshire have been in the hands of one family for as long a time as this.

FRED MYRON COLBY.

WARNER, N. H.

(To be continued.)



SOCIAL LIFE IN OLD NARRAGANSETT.

IT is a well-recognized fact that there existed in southern continental Rhode Island, a hundred and fifty years ago, a unique form of society.

It was a landed aristocracy, about as un-Rhode-Island-like, taking the social atmosphere of the northern part of the colony as the standard, and, indeed, as un-New-England-like, as it is easy to conceive. A certain glamour of romance seems spread over the scene. One beholds there a more stately mode of existence than elsewhere. Entertaining, in the most generous measure, appears the principal avocation of the masters of estates. The men and women, who constitute the personnel of the picture, are not so much beings of ordinary clay as figures, who seem to have stepped down out of the frames on the walls of some old baronial hall. There still linger, in tradition, tales of the many-colored life, lived in the spacious mansions and on the vast plantations of the region. What, then, may be regarded as the chief sources of this distinctive social life of ancient Narragansett ?

The term, "The Narragansett Country," is here used in its later restricted sense, as conterminous with the present Washington County, although the possessions of the Narragansett tribe of Indians, from whom the name is derived, originally extended also over the southern portion of the County of Kent.

What may be styled the corner-stone of Narragansett institutions, in the olden time, was the exceptional extent of the lands in the hands of families or individual owners. Without now stopping to consider the origin of this fact, it may be remarked that when, as, on June 8, 1659, was the case, an Indian sachem, Coginaquand, could be found ready to lease a parcel of rich land, containing, perhaps, a thousand acres, "for the term of one thousand years too-morrow," at a rental of, "on every mid-summer day, a red honney Suckell grass, if it be lawfully demanded," human nature, especially white human nature, being what it is, vast estates for white men formed a natural result. The territory conveyed in the Pettaquamscutt Purchase and the two Atherton Purchases, was enough to form a principality and the sharers in it were few.

Perhaps the most modest division of this land was that of Namcock Neck (now Boston Neck), on August 16, 1661, containing, together with the remainder of the present Narragansett Country along the coast and the islands adjoining, the most fertile soil in New England. Here General Humphrey Atherton and his seven companions received seven hundred acres apiece, with the condition that "whatever any man's land wants in quality . . . be made up in quantity." Colonel Champlin, in Charlestown (then Westerly), owned one tract, alone, of over a thousand acres. Colonel Stanton, in the same town, was master of a district "said to be" four and a half miles long and two miles wide. The original territory, held by Richard Smith, was estimated to be nine miles long and three miles wide, of which, after various distributions, his great-grandson, Colonel Daniel Updike, in his much later day, retained three thousand acres. Robert Hazard, who died in 1710, owned more than a thousand acres. His son, "Old Thomas Hazard," acquired, mainly by purchase, four thousand. Governor William Robinson is said to have possessed thousands of acres in Point Judith and Little Neck, his domain extending, on the westward, to Sugar Loaf Hill. Even if it be doubted whether or not the whole territory under review would hold out for such lordly allotments as these, there can be no question as to the actually immense extent of the estates.

As during colonial days, except for a brief interval, the land of an intestate went, by English law, to the eldest son, there was a tendency to preserve estates intact, although most great proprietors, as a fact, made wills, having in that case, unrestricted power of disposition. Yet, even then, the home estate, as a rule, fell to the eldest son, daughters infrequently receiving any portion whatever of the family land. When the question of the extent of a plantation was raised, the answer was apt to be "all the land that you can see."

Inasmuch as these broad tracts,—plantations in name but, in reality, very little planted,—were stocked with innumerable cattle, horses and sheep, and maintained colossal cheese-producing dairies, the ample proceeds invited a luxurious style of living.

Great plantations led to the building of great houses. The whole or, generally, portions, of some of them are still extant,—the Phillips house and the Beriah Brown house, in North Kingstown, the Rowland Robinson house, in Boston Neck, now a part of the estate of the late Rowland Hazard, of Peacedale, the Gardiner house at the Bonnet, several be-

low it in Boston Neck, and, of course the Smith-Updike house, at Wickford, easily the oldest of them all.

The oldest house now standing in the southern part of the former "Kingstown," was believed, by the late Mrs. Caroline E. Robinson, the accomplished author of *The Hazard family of Rhode Island*, to be the Eldred house, on the estate of Colonel Arthur Watson, near Wakefield.

It was customary, in the earliest times, to leave one end of the house flush with the outside of the great stone chimney, as may still be seen in the Northup house, on the Post Road, in North Kingstown, and the Douglass house, at the northern end of Hammond Hill, both of them, however, exceptionally small, for the date of their erection. But often, as the income of families and their size enlarged, an addition was made beyond the chimney.

Notably is this the case with the Phillips house (fancifully styled "Mobra Castle"), near Belleville station. For some years the building ended with the chimney on the south. Then the very large wing, running east and west, more extensive and higher studded than the original structure, was added, the point of junction in the front hall, where the ceiling is of different heights, being still plainly visible. The vast ell-shaped attic of this very old house possesses, traditionally, the enhanced attraction of a ghostly equestrian lady tenant, who is said to career up and down its length, upon her spectre horse on windy nights.

The Governor Greene house, near East Greenwich, now owned by William G. Roelker, esq., a son of the family,—to venture a little outside the more contracted limits of Narragansett,—is a remarkable instance of enlargement beyond the chimney wall. Originally built, as it is claimed, in 1680, it was added to in 1758, on the occasion of the approaching marriage of the second Governor William Greene, to Catharine Ray, immediately after the death, in office, of his father, the first Governor William Greene. The enlargement was intended to supply a parlor, on the first floor, and a large western chamber above, for the use of the coming bride. But when the airy new bed-room was completed, the sprightly old Mrs. Greene, who was a Greene by birth as well as by marriage, remarking that she liked new rooms herself, and that the old ones would answer perfectly well for the young people, straightway proceeded to remove her private belongings across the passage. The incident was narrated, with marked enjoyment of the briskness of his great

grandmother, by the late Lieutenant Governor William Greene, the third of the family to bear the title of Governor, as he sat in this same western chamber, an aged man of eighty-five, a quarter of a century ago. It affords a vivid impression of the ancient character of the Governor Greene house, to be told that one of the western windows, in the *new* part, is called "Franklin's window," because the philosopher, often a visitor upon the second Governor, delighted to sit by it and watch the sunset above the West Greenwich and Coventry hills.

But, probably, the old "Block-house" of the Updikes, already alluded to, called, also, "Smith's Castle," after its original founder in about 1637, is the most notable of all the ancient habitations of Narragansett.

The spot is one resounding with echoes,—echoes of the pioneer's axe and the red man's cry, when, at the date just named, Richard Smith, an English gentleman, made there a clearing in the wilderness and raised his rude house by the bayside, half stronghold and half dwelling,—echoes of the utterances of that sturdy king of men, who frequently sat by the hearthstone at Cocomscussuc, Roger Williams,—echoes of the shouts of the brave little army marching thence to the famous "Swamp-fight" of 1675 and bringing back hither the bodies of two-score young heroes to be buried, hard by, in a common grave,—echoes of less tragic sounds, when, in the following century the beauty and the culture of the whole country-side were wont to gather in the spacious rooms of the mansion, risen from the embers left by the savages, and make them ring with laughter and good cheer, and gracious Dean Berkeley and gentle John Smibert, the painter, and genial Dr. and Mrs. MacSparran, and Benjamin Franklin and the future Bishop Seabury, graced the generous table of Colonel Daniel Updike, Attorney General of the Colony, or that of Lodowick, his son.

It was the almost invariable custom of eighteenth century Narragansett, in making an inventory of furniture, for the settlement of an estate, to specify the room in which each article was to be found, thus affording a clue to the number and uses of the apartments in those old South County houses.

The great dwellings, not many years since removed, of Governor William Robinson, who died in 1751, situated between the present Wakefield and Narragansett Pier, on Silver Lake, is thus shown to have contained a cheese-room, milk-room, kitchen, store-bedroom (every comfort-

able old house had a "store-bedroom"), great-room, great-room bedroom, store-closet, dining-room, northeast-bedroom, great chamber, dining-room bedroom, dining-room chamber, and dining-room chamber bedroom. The mere enumeration of these apartments, with their contents, suggests a generous style of living.

But what added, almost immeasurably, to the pomp and circumstance of Narragansett life, if not always entirely to its orderliness and comfort, was the presence of considerable retinues of *slaves*. No compunction for cherishing the institution of slavery seems to have ruffled the placidity of the South County planters' minds, until "College Tom" Hazard, about 1742, good Quaker as he was, awoke to its evils, albeit his father, Robert Hazard, is said to have been one of the largest slaveholders in New England. But, of course, the custom did not then come to an end, nor did it, even, meet a perceptible check before the Revolution. Out of a population in King's (now Washington) county in 1730, of about six thousand, more than one thousand were slaves. In the middle of the century, South Kingstown had more slaves than any other town in Rhode Island, except Newport. The foundations of an eastern extension (long since removed), of the Rowland Robinson house, in Boston Neck,—the home of the "unfortunate Hannah Robinson,"—said to have been the negro quarters, are still traceable. The small white-washed bedrooms occupied by the slaves, in the George Rome house, also in Boston Neck, remained until the demolition of the structure, during the present generation.

The great families are said ("are said," covers, it must be remembered, a multitude of historical sins) to have held from five to forty slaves each.

DANIEL GOODWIN.

EAST GREENWICH, R. I.

(*To be continued.*)

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

LETTER OF BRIG.-GEN. WILLIAM THOMPSON, OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RIFLEMEN.

(This is addressed to Col. James Wilson, of Carlisle, Pa., of the Continental Congress, and refers to the preparations making in the State for raising the corps of riflemen for Arnold's intended expedition against Quebec.)

CARLISLE, June 27, 1775.

SIR:

I arrived here on Sunday after taking every method on my way up to forward the march of the Rifle Men—at Reading the company will soon be compleat. In York I am told that the whole of that Company is engaged & will be ready to March in a few days. The Comys of this county I expect will be in a few days likewise compleat. Bedford & Northumberland I have not yet heard from, tho' I have sent express to each place, as also to Northampton—Lancaster I beleive will raise two companys in a very short time, so that in place of six companys (the complement at first ordered by the Congress) I belive the spirit of the people is such, that nine will be ready to March by the end of next week—I have appointed Reading to be the place of Rendezvous, as it is judged best to March the back Road, and the 8th of July the time of meeting there—I have appointed Mr. John Biddle, Reading, to furnish provisions and Carriages from that place to Boston. He is well acquainted with the business & Country. John Davis, junr. will find provisions from Carlisle to Reading.

Money being the principle Spring to Action, and as it can't be got at this place, to raise the Men & furnish the necessarys for their March I have sent the Bearer, John Holmes Esqr. bound to Phila. for Such a sum as may be Judged sufficient for that purpose, which in my opinion will not be less than £1200 or £1500 & must request that some method be taken to raise that Sum till the Continental Money is struck.

My instructions from Generals Washington & Lee, were that I should find Provisions and Carriages for all Volenteers that should joyn the force on my March to Boston; and also take every method to for-

ward the troops by employing Waggon, Horses & ca—but as this will be attended with considerable expence, (when the utmost Oeconomy is us'd) I don't like to go to any great lengths in laying out the publick Money—without the Approbation of Congress.

If the companys ordered from Virginia & Maryland are raised in the Frontier Counties, I am certain that their best way for Marching will be through Carlisle, Reading & the rout that I intend to take the Troops of this Provience—and as it is likely I shall be on my March before they will reach this place, if I am certain their rout will be altered the same way, I shall endeavour to have everything provided for them to make their March as easy and expeditious as possible. I hope you will mention every [one] of these things to the Congress, that I may by the return of the Bearer receive full Instructions relative to every matter that concerns my March to Boston, I am

Your most Obedt,
Hble Servt,

WILLIAM THOMPSON.

LETTER OF LIEUT.-COL. ROBERT BENSON, AID-DE-CAMP TO GENERAL
GEORGE CLINTON, TO COLONEL RICHARD VARICK, AID TO ARNOLD

(This letter has heretofore escaped the notice of any historian. It is of the utmost importance, as showing, first, the unlimited confidence reposed in Arnold by everyone, and second, the distrust which was felt of Joshua Hett Smith, his confidant, and the "Mr. Smith" to whom Benson refers. On the very day the letter was written André had his farewell dinner with Clinton's staff, and that night set out for Dobbs Ferry, to meet Arnold. The General Howe referred to is Robert Howe, who preceded Arnold in the command of West Point.)

POKEEPSIE, *Sepr.* 19th, 1780.

DEAR SIR:

I did not receive your Letter of the 24th ulto. until yesterday (by the Post from Albany) or I should have answered it sooner. Soon after his Excellency the Governor entered upon his Office, General Gates who then commanded in the Northern Department granted Permission to several of the Inhabitants of Albany (who adhered to the Enemy) to pass to New York—On their Passage they were stopped at New Windsor, by the Governor, who refused to let them proceed until they had given him their Paroles as Prisoners of the State to return when demanded or to send out some of our Subjects who were then in close

confinement in N. York in exchange. Since that Time, you may be assured Sir, the constant Rule has been, & the several commandg Contl. Officers in this State have constantly understood it to be in the manner mentioned in his Excellency's letter to General Arnold on that subject—I do not recollect an instance to the contrary—It may be possible—that upon some particular Occasion General Howe may have been desired, by the Governor, to use his Discretion with respect to particular Persons: but I am sure it was not general. Therefore Mr. Smith's Information cannot be well founded & I have reason to believe that the Governor's confidence in Genl. Arnold is such, that he would not upon any Occasion hesitate to confer on him any discretionary power which his Predecessors have enjoyed.

I know very little of Mr. Smith's political Character—he has always, as far as I have heard, declared himself a Whig: but from the Conduct of his Connections and his own loose Character I cannot persuade myself to think him entitled to the fullest Confidence, & if I can judge from appearances the Governor has little or none in any of the family.—With respect to Mr. Dyckman; he appeared to have the good Opinion of Genl. Howe's family & has for some time past been intimate in Colo. Udny Hay's family; but what his real political Character is I cannot take upon myself to determine; neither do I know any of my acquaintance in this neighborhood who know more of him than I do.

Agreeable to your Request, I have given you every Information in my power on the subjects of your Letter & I trust you will make the proper & prudent use of it.

I am with sincere friendship & Respect,

Dear Sir, Your obdt. Sevt.

ROBT. BENSON

Colo. RICHARD VARICK.

LETTER OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES TO JOHN G. WHITTIER

[On the subject of Whittier's poem "In School Days." This is probably the finest letter of "The Autocrat's" extant. (When Whittier had finished the poem itself, he sent it to Lucy Larcom, who was then (1870) editor of "Our Young Folks," with the note which is still appended to the original MS.):]

"Dear ^{fd} Lucy: I could not make verses for the pictures, but I send thee herewith a bit, which I am sure is childish, if not child-like. Be

honest with it, and if it seems too spoony for a grave Quaker like myself, don't compromise me by printing it. When I get a proof, I may see something to mend, or mar. Thine truly. J. G. W."

MY DEAR FRIEND WHITTIER: It always gives me exquisite pleasure to write any words that please you and I cannot thank you too warmly for taking the pains to tell me in more than one instance that you have found something that made my lines worth reading. I am happy to think you liked "EVENSONG" it was written for my class-meeting and we graduated in 1829, so that you will understand how I felt on addressing them, having been Class-poet and having now for many years written verses for every annual meeting, until I naturally begin to feel—well, this cannot go on so a great many years longer unless I am to be an infant prodigy of second childhood. So there was no affectation about my lines and if I feel cheerful at any future moment, with my pen in my hand, I do hold myself pledged to be melancholy in my verse. But I am especially pleased with your kind note because it gives me the opportunity to speak of your own lines which for grace and infinite tenderness you have never surpassed. I mean the lines "IN SCHOOL DAYS" which I found in the *Transcript* taken from "Our Young Folks" for January. It melted my soul within me to read these lovely verses. You may think I praise them more than I should if I had not been made partial by your liking some things of mine. It is not so—I had no sooner read them than I fell into such an ecstasy about them that I could hardly find words too high colored to speak of them to my little household. I hardly think I dared read them aloud, my eyes fill with tears just looking at them in my scrap book now while I am writing. You did not expect this but you must submit to it—many noble, many lovely verses you have written, none that goes to the heart more surely and sweetly than these.

Always faithfully yours,

O. W. HOLMES.

THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE

CHAPTER XII—*Concluded*

THE day was far spent when they arrived at the door of the stranger and found everything prepared for them as he had directed. His Indian wife received him with a smile of gladness, and the children flocked round to welcome him, and admire his game. There was little appearance of sentiment, but much good-humored frankness in the meeting.

"Will you have a book to occupy the evening," said the stranger, when the night had set in. "I have books, but in truth I seldom read them now. They make one lazy and unfit for action. But I have no objection to your reading."

"I had rather hear you talk," said Sybrandt. Looking round and perceiving the Indian wife was absent on her domestic duties, he added, "May I inquire if you don't find your time hang heavy on your hands sometimes, for want of the society you have been accustomed to?"

"Why, no," replied the other; "I cannot say I do. I am never idle in body or mind. Both as a matter of necessity as well as amusement, I hunt almost every day, which gives me appetite, occupation, and rest when I lie down at night. Besides this," added he, smiling, "I exercise dominion over men; I influence at least, if not direct, the affairs of an invisible people, as it were, hid in these woods; and this gives sufficient occupation to my mind. There is no study more interesting than man, and of all mankind the savage affords to me a subject of the greatest novelty and interest. It is curious to see how different, yet how much alike are the civilized and savage races of men. One is a bear-skin in its rough natural state, the other the same skin decked on the edges with red cloth and porcupine quills. The animal it covers is still nothing but a bear."

"You are no admirer of the animal, it seems, in either of its forms," replied Sybrandt.

"You are mistaken; I think him a decent sort of animal enough, and have no quarrel with my fellow-creatures, though I came hither to live in the woods that I might enjoy perpetual exercise without actual hard work, and perpetual excitement without ruining myself at the gaming-table, or ruining others for the purpose of keeping myself awake all day."

"Yet I should suppose you would sometimes feel lost for want of the ordinary intercourse of social life—the interchange of thought—nay, the conflict of opinions and interests, which keeps the world going on its axis round and round forever and ever."

"I am not always alone; the Indians sometimes visit me; but to be sure they are no great talkers, except when they make a set speech, when, I assure you, they cut a most respectable figure as orators. But there is never any want of conflicting opinions and interests when the Indian and the white man come in contact. I fear they will never agree. I sometimes almost despair of being able to consummate the plan which has gradually opened itself to my mind during my residence here, and is now become the leading object of my life."

"May I ask what it is?" said Sybrandt.

"To bring the Indians into the circle of civilized life. I cannot but see that if they remain as they are, a distinct, discordant ingredient in that great frame of social life which is now spreading itself in every direction, and will one day, I believe, comprehend the whole of this vast continent, they must perish. Nothing can save them but conforming to the laws, and customs, and occupations of the whites. I have endeavored to prepare them gradually for this, and for that purpose have endeavored to gain their confidence, and establish an influence over them. I have succeeded to admiration, and beyond all other white men, with the exception, perhaps, of some of the Catholic missionaries. Yet the truth forces itself on me every moment of my life, and I cannot shut my eyes to it—this influence is founded not on my superiority in the qualifications of a civilized man, but on my capacity to excel even the Indians in war, in hunting, in fatigue, privations, and endurance of every kind. This is the secret of my power. In proportion as I become a savage the savages respect me—no more."

The stranger then proceeded to relate a variety of anecdotes illus-

trative of Indian habits and modes of thinking, all calculated to establish this opinion, and indicating that instinctive insurmountable wildness of character which rendered and yet renders the labor of winning this race into the fold of civilization, so dear to humanity, an almost hopeless task, which even the ardor of faith and the zeal of philanthropy is sometimes tempted to abandon.

CHAPTER XIII

THE KINGS OF THE WOODS

THE preceding conversation was interrupted by a slight tap at the door, which was straightway opened, and, to the no small dismay of Sybrandt, the party of Indians whose chief had fallen on his dagger and died at the fishing-house, headed by a new chief, silently entered the room in which they were sitting. The stranger received them with courtesy, and motioned them to sit down. They obeyed, and remained without speaking, while they eyed Sybrandt with glances of keen malignant meaning.

"My children come as friends?" said the stranger.

"The red children still love their father," relied the chief; "but they come to tell him he has a snake in his wigwam which they must kill, and take out his teeth."

The stranger started, and turning aside to Sybrandt, said, "How unthinking I have been! I should not have detained you a moment here, after you were able to travel: but fear not; I am your security that not a hair of your head shall be touched while I carry mine on my shoulders." Then turning to the chief, he replied to him as follows:

"I understand thy meaning."

"'Tis well," said the other.

"To-morrow I shall inquire into this affair."

"The serpent must go with us to-night. I have promised the wife and mother of Paskingoe they shall sing the song of joy to-morrow, at the rising of the sun. The Indian does not lie."

"He is my friend; he is under my protection."

"He cannot be the friend of our white father and the enemy of his red children."

"He killed Paskingoe in his own defense. Paskingoe and his people were mad!"

"Who made them so? The young serpent and his fire-water. He must go with us—we want him."

"He shall not go. I cannot give him up."

"Then you are no longer our father," replied the chief. "You have told us you were our friend, but it is only the white man's talk. He is never the red man's friend when the white man is a party."

"Stay till the morning," said the stranger, apparently greatly perplexed, "stay till the morning, and I promise you shall go away satisfied."

"It is good," said the chief, "we will stay. But will the young serpent stay too?"

"He shall; he will not run away like a deer."

"It is good," said the Indian, and they lighted their pipes and continued to smoke for some time in silence.

This colloquy was carried on in the Mohawk tongue, but Sybrandt easily comprehended its object, and it may be supposed his feelings were by no means enviable. He remained perfectly passive, however, justly conceiving his interference would only produce additional irritation in the minds of the Indians.

At length they finished their pipes, and the chief said to the stranger, "Can we remain in our father's wigwam to-night?"

"Will the young white man be safe till to-morrow?"

"He will, unless he tries to run away."

The stranger made no reply, but led the way to an upper room, where the Indians laid themselves down on the floor, and soon slumbered in that profound quiet characteristic of their race.

An interesting discussion ensued between Sybrandt and the stranger in which the latter proposed to aid his escape that night, by furnishing

him with a guide and a canoe, and detaining the Indians in the room where they were sleeping till he was far enough not to be overtaken.

"And what will be the consequence?" said Sybrandt; "the savages will never forgive you. They will become your enemies, and if they do not murder you, your wife, and children, you will lose your influence over them from this time. No, sir, the great plan you hope to accomplish shall not be ruined for my sake. I am determined to remain and meet what may come."

"Faith, you are a fine fellow—something more than a scholar, I see. Be it so. But I here pledge you my honor, no harm shall come to you but what I will share. Let us to bed, you are safe for to-night. The Indians never violate hospitality."

It may be supposed Sybrandt did not sleep very sweetly that night, though he apprehended no danger to his slumbers—it was the morrow that he feared; and when the morrow came he rose early, and descended into the room they had occupied the night before. The stranger and the Indians were already there, the former dressed in a superb suit of British uniform, with glittering epaulettes on either shoulder. Round the room were displayed various articles most irresistible to the Indian fancy, and which they eyed with looks of eager longing, interrupted only for a moment by a glance of malignant meaning at Sybrandt as he entered. After a pause of some minutes, the chief addressed the stranger as follows:

"My father, your son had a dream last night."

"Ay?" said the stranger, smiling, "what was it my son?"

"Your son," replied the chief, with great gravity, "your son dreamed that the Great Spirit appeared to him, and told him his good father had made him a present of his fine suit, and given each of his people six new blankets. Did the Great Spirit speak the truth? or will my father make him a liar?"

The stranger paused a moment. "The Great Spirit said true; the suit and the blankets shall be given. But, my son, I also had a dream last night. The Great White Spirit came to my bedside, and said in a whisper, 'Thy son, the chief of the Beaver tribe, has forgiven the young trader by whose hand Paskingoe fell. He has given him to you, to do with him what thou wilt. Did the Great White Spirit speak true?'"

The chief looked at his companions, and they at him, in doubt and perplexity.

"I had forgotten," resumed the stranger; "the Great White Spirit said also, the mother of Paskingoe has dried up her tears, and his wife ceased her groans, ever since you gave them the beautiful beads and the necklaces of pinchbeck. Did he say true, or did the Great White Spirit lie?"

Again the Indians exchanged significant glances, and then uttered that guttural sound by which they are accustomed to signify their approbation.

"My father," at length said the chief, "you dream too hard for your son. But you have not made our Great Spirit lie, neither will I make yours. The young serpent is free; but let him take care how he comes among us again. Even my father shall not dream him out of the fire."

The bargain was consummated; the Indians departed with their finery, and Sybrandt was free. As they disappeared in the forest, old Tjerck, who had watched the result of the embassy with deep solicitude, quavered the war-whoop of the Adirondacks in triumph. An arrow from some unseen bow at the instant whizzed past his ear, and put a stop to his exultation. He, however, preserved the arrow all his life afterward, making it the text of a most excellent tale, which was as little like that we have just related as the description of most landscapes is to the original.

The stranger explained to Sybrandt the preceding colloquy, which had passed in the Mohawk language; and our hero insisted upon repaying him the price of his liberty. But this he would by no means consent to, saying the loss was not his, as the government supplied the means of conciliating the Indians by such presents as might be necessary.

CHAPTER XIV

THE STRANGER UNDERTAKES THE REFORMATION OF OUR HERO

SYBRANDT remained with the stranger, whose character and mode of life he admired more and more every day. Of the thousand little peevish trammels of civilized life, which, like the invisible ropes and pegs of the Lilliputians, keep the mighty Gulliver, man, bound to the earth, or, albeit, chained within a certain routine of prescriptive restraints, none were found in the establishment of the stranger but those of the simplest form. There was everything necessary to the gratification of a wholesome appetite, sound sleep, and rural exercise. There were none of those fretting and factitious wants which, under the disguise of domestic comforts or embellishments, make human beings, that call themselves enlightened, the slaves of that wealth they acquire by the sacrifice of health, pleasure, and liberty. An air of happy freedom from restraint reigned everywhere around; and though everything seemed to arrange itself into an easy regularity, it was without effort, without noise, and without the slightest appearance of coercion or authority. The Indian wife had always a smile on her face; the children, freed from the soul-harrowing, soul-subduing surveillance of eternal nursing and restraint, gambolled about, the happiest of all God's creatures, and spent those days which Nature has allotted as the period when her offspring shall be free from chains, in all the luxury of playful hilarity. In short, Sybrandt could not help observing, that while there appeared to be no restraint, there was, at the same time, a perfect decorum, an unstudied decency, which answered all the ends of the most fashionable fastidiousness.

Every day when the weather permitted, and indeed often when a dandy sportsman would have shrunk from the war of the elements, they pursued the manly, exciting sport of hunting. The image of war, most especially in this empire of savages and beasts of prey—this course of life gradually awakened the sleeping energies of Sybrandt's nature, that had been so long dozing under the scholastic rubbish of the good Dominie Stettinius, of whose hapless fate he as yet remained ignorant. He acquired an active vigor of body, together with a quickness of perception and keen attention to what was passing before him, that by degrees encroached deeply on his habit of indolent abstraction. He caught from the stranger something of his fearless, independent carriage, lofty bear-

ing, and impatience of idleness or inaction. In short, he acquired a confidence in himself, a self-possession, and self-respect, such as he had never felt before, and which freed him from the leaden fetters of that awkward restraint which had hitherto been the bane of his life. Still, however, the cure was not complete; the disease had been deep-seated, and occasional relapses indicated pretty clearly that a return to old scenes and modes of life would assuredly produce a return of the old infirmity.

One stormy day, when the wind blew such a gale as made it dangerous to pursue their daily sport, the stranger found Sybrandt buried in the confused rubbish of what is known among the simple ones as a brown study, but which among the better sort, is dignified with the more lofty epithet of abstraction.

"Westbrook," said he, with his usual brief frankness, "the time we have spent together, and the circumstances under which we met, ought to have made us friends by this time. It seems to me that you are getting homesick. If so, say so. You can leave me here as factor for your merchandise, and I pledge myself to render you a true account of the proceeds, the first good opportunity that occurs. How say you, am I right?"

Sybrandt was actually thinking of home, but not with that strange, inexplicable feeling which sickens us of a paradise, and makes us turn with tears of bitter longing to the barren sands or arid mountains consecrated to memory under the name of home. He had but few, very few pleasurable recollections stored there, and these were buried under a thousand self-inflicted pangs of self-love and mortification. He replied to the stranger in a tone of bitter depression:

"I was, indeed, thinking of home; but I have no wish to go there just now."

"Were you not happy there?"

"Not very."

"Whose fault was that?"

Sybrandt paused, and a few moments of rapid retrospection convinced him how difficult it was to answer this simple question.

"I don't know," at length he said; "sometimes I think my own, sometimes the fault of others."

"Westbrook," said the stranger, kindly, "did you ever hear the story of the king who was playing at tennis in the midst of his courtiers?"

"I don't recollect," replied he, somewhat surprised.

"Well, I will tell it you. A dispute arose about some point of the game the king was playing, on which a large bet depended. The king appealed to his courtiers. They were silent. At length one of his grey-headed ministers came into the tennis-court, and on hearing these doubts, 'Sire,' said he, 'you are wrong.' 'What,' said the king, 'do you pronounce me in the wrong without knowing anything of the matter?' 'Pardon me, sire,' said the other, 'if you had been right, these gentlemen (turning to the courtiers) would not have doubted.' This story will apply to all the actions of man. His self-love and his passions are his courtiers, and whenever they are doubtful or silent as to the question of who is to blame, you may depend upon it he is decidedly wrong. If there was any room for doubt, his courtiers would not hesitate a moment to decide in his favor."

Strange as it may appear, Sybrandt had never viewed the matter in this light before, nor asked himself the question of who was to blame for the anguish of mind which, in truth, he had wilfully inflicted on himself. Dominie Stettinius was a good and a learned man, but no philosopher. He had never yet arrived at the conclusion, that learning and wisdom, although actually man and wife, were an arrant fashionable couple, and not always seen together.

"Come," said the stranger, after permitting him to cogitate a reasonable time on his story—"Come, I have a curiosity, no idle one, to know something more of a young man who I cannot but see is capable of acting, yet seems to be prone to think to no purpose. I have long since told you my story, now tell me yours. I see your mind is diseased—sickly—out of tune. Let me know the nature of the disease, and my life on it, I cure you."

"I believe I have nothing to tell. My story has no action; and without action even an epic poem is dull," replied the youth, forcing a melancholy smile to his aid.

"Never mind; I entreat you to tell it. I think I comprehend the case from the very acknowledgment you have just made. Your history, as I suspect, wants action."

Thus solicited, Sybrandt at length overcame his shyness, and gave the detail of his causeless miseries. As he went on, the stranger sometimes smiled, and at others shook his head. "Strange," said he, at length, when the young man had concluded his singular confession, "strange that a man should pass his whole life in coining false miseries, which have no being except in his wayward imagination! Young man, I feel an interest in you. There is that about you which I love and respect, let me find it where I will. I have seen you twice placed in circumstances to try the nerves of the stoutest, facing death without winking an eye, and suffering pain without changing a muscle. Such men I acknowledge for my fellow-creatures—my equals. And yet," added he, smiling, after a momentary pause, "and yet you who stood before a band of drunken savages, with their tomahawks and scalping-knives raised to take your life—you, who did not even so much as change countenance during a discussion which was to decide whether you were to be given up to be tortured at the stake; why, you cannot face a woman with whom you have associated, with little intermission, from childhood! You tremble at the idea of entering the parlor of an honest country gentleman, and that gentleman your uncle! You can face death in all its forms of horror, but you cannot face a laugh, or even endure the mere abstract idea of a laugh conjured up by your own diseased fancy!"

The face and forehead of Sybrandt gradually kindled with alternate flushes of pride and shame, as the stranger proceeded. There was certainly more honey than gall in his speech, but our youth had long been in the habit of turning from the sweet to banquet on the bitter; and the old idea of being laughed at recurring in full force, caused his heart to swell and his forehead to moisten with the dew of strong agonized feeling. He remained dumbfounded, and if his life had depended upon it, could not have uttered one word.

"Did you ever," continued the stranger, in a tone of banter—"did you ever, in all your classic lore, come across a hero, or even a person of tolerable reputation, ashamed or afraid to face his equals, setting aside his superiors? The modesty we read of there, as an object of imitation to youth and age, is nothing more than that dignified self-consciousness which never asserts its claims to honors or rewards, but leaves the world to mete them out according to its own sense of obligation. They never thought of praising, or of holding up for imitation, that boyish and unmanly infirmity miscalled modesty, which bespeaks an internal conscious-

ness of weakness or degradation, which makes men forever ridiculous in their own eyes, even when not so in the eyes of others, and is the eternal, insurmountable obstacle to great actions. There is a glorious effrontery about conscious genius, which causes it to undertake and accomplish objects which, to timid, bashful cowards appear beyond the reach of human power."

The word coward grated harshly on Sybrandt's ear, and was appropriated at once to himself by that mental process through which he was accustomed to distill everything into gall and wormwood. The stranger saw the workings of his mind, and went on:

"Nor is the folly of such timid shrinking girlishness in man less contemptible than its cowardice. It is right, therefore, that he should be laughed at for the one, and despised for the other."

Sybrandt could stand it no longer. He started from his seat, without feeling one spark of awkwardness or timidity in his whole composition.

"Is this language intended for me, sir? because, if so, it cancels all obligation on my part. If I am not a man with women, you will find me so with men. No man shall say, or insinuate, that I am a fool or a coward. Did you or did you not apply these epithets to me?"

"As much as falls to your share in your own honest consciousness, no more," replied the other, with a most provoking indifference. Sybrandt surveyed him leisurely from top to toe, with an eye of unflinching defiance.

"Farewell, sir, for the present. I am your guest, and you are my benefactor. I would have been grateful to the end of my life for the kindness of your hospitality, and the favor of your example; but you have left me nothing now but regrets that I ever accepted the one, or benefited by the other. Farewell, sir. Judge of the extent of my gratitude by my forgiveness of the insult you have just passed upon me. So far the debt is cancelled. Take care, I entreat you, how you run up a new score."

He was proceeding to quit the house immediately, when he was arrested by a hearty laugh from the stranger.

"Bravo! good! I honor you, Mr. Westbrook. You have spoken like a high-spirited, honorable gentleman. From my soul I reverence a

man of courage. It is not without reason that courage is held the basis of all the virtues, since without it we may be driven from our best resolves by apprehension of the consequences. Without the courage to despise threats, dangers, death, no man can depend on his other virtues for a single moment. And yet it seems to me that all education tends to pave the way for making cowards of us. The nurse begins by frightening children with stories of ghosts and hobgoblins, and making them afraid to stir in the dark; and the priest ends by frightening the man with horrible pictures of the agonies of death and the torments of futurity. By heaven! it is a matter of surprise to me that all civilized men are not arant poltroons! But why," added he, after a pause, "why not act and speak at all times, and everywhere, with the same manly, free spirit you have just displayed? With such a face, such a figure, such a heart and mind, who is it that breathes or ever breathed the breath of life, be it man or woman, you need be afraid or ashamed to look full in the eye? Forgive me for thus trying you, or rather for affording you an opportunity of proving to yourself what you really are. No one that has seen you as I have done, in situations to try the nerves of any man, would ever dream of your being less than consummately brave; and no one that has conversed with you as I have done, and heard you, day after day, uttering the language of learning and good sense, would suspect you of folly, except he were himself a fool! On my soul, what I said was but to aid you to 'know thyself'—the most useful of all lessons to man. Hereafter, when you feel yourself shrinking from the encounter of a lady's eye, or a puppy's glance of ridicule, recollect that you have bearded the lion, called Sir William Johnson, in his den, and never fear the face of man or woman from henceforward. Are we friends again?"

Sybrandt grasped the hand of Sir William in silence, and the incident of that day exercised an influence over his future fortunes greater, perhaps, than all the precepts of the worthy Dominie Stettinius or the illustrious examples of classic lore. The force of habit being once mastered, the leaden fetters by which his genius had so long been held in bondage seemed to have lost their power, and from this time his deportment became every day more free and manly, his conversation more frank and racy. In short, he seemed about to verify the great truth, that, as by yielding to one temptation we prepare the way for submission to another, so an obstacle once surmounted is ever afterward more easily overcome.

(To be continued.)

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THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

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FOUNDERS OF THE FUR TRADE IN NORTHERN MINNESOTA

UNDER the noonday shadow of the great Church of Notre Dame, in Montreal, a tablet is set, at the northeast corner of Notre Dame and St. Sulpice streets, which reads as follows: "In 1675, here lived Daniel de Grésolon, Sieur Dulhut, one of the Explorers of the Upper Mississippi, after whom the City of Duluth was named."

Daniel Greyselon Du Luth, whose name appears with several different ways of spelling in the annals of his times, was the chief leader and hero of the early fur trade, councils, and treaties with the Indians in Northern Minnesota. But he was preceded nearly twenty years by Groseilliers and Radisson, who in their second far western expedition, having come in canoes by the way of Lake Superior to Chequamegon bay, advanced afoot in the winter of 1659-60 to the region of Knife river and lake in Minnesota, about fifteen miles southeast of Mille Lacs, and there held councils with bands of the Sioux and Crees. Later, in the spring of 1660, these two earliest white explorers of Minnesota, after visiting the Prairie Sioux at their villages, probably in the vicinity of New Ulm, returned to Chequamegon bay and crossed the west end of Lake Superior with canoes from the Bayfield peninsula to the north shore, while blocks of the yet unmelted ice endangered their frail crafts. Landing probably near the site of the present town of Two Harbors, Groseilliers and Radisson were hilariously welcomed in a camp of the Crees, because of the expected benefits through the establishment of trade with the French.

Radisson wrote a narrative in crude English several years afterward, to promote his plans for entering the service of English merchants and aiding them in the founding of the Hudson Bay Company and the beginning of its vast fur trade. He says in the narrative that this northward journey of Groseilliers and himself was continued across the watershed of Lake Superior to Hudson Bay; but this appears very evidently to be a fictitious claim, made to gain greater confidence and better terms of the English in their service for the Hudson Bay voyages.

Groseilliers and Radisson traveled near and perhaps even upon the site of the city of Duluth in the spring and early summer of 1660; for very likely their return from the Cree village on the north shore was by coastwise canoeing around all the west end of the lake, thus passing by the sites of Duluth and Superior, with occasional landings for camping at night.

After these earliest explorers, who came in 1660, and after Du Luth, who was here in 1679 and the next several years, an interval of about fifty years followed, in which we have no records of explorations nor fur trading in Northern Minnesota; but we cannot doubt that numerous unrecorded adventurers occasionally reached this region beyond Lake Superior, and traded here during the half century between Du Luth and his next successors known in history, Verendrye and his sons. In the years 1731 to 1743 the Verendryes traveled by the canoe route along the north boundary of Minnesota to the Lake of the Woods, and onward to Lake Winnipeg and the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan rivers. From their trading posts on the Saskatchewan the sons visited the Mandans on the Missouri river, and were the first white men to advance across the Plains and to reach in January, 1743, a part of the great Rocky Mountain belt, probably the Big Horn mountains.

Thus the great names of pioneers in explorations of Northern Minnesota are Groseilliers and Radisson, Du Luth and Verendrye. These were the founders of the fur trade, which flourished in this region during nearly two hundred years, preparing the way finally for the coming of white agricultural settlements, transcontinental railways, and all the varied industries and commerce of to-day.

Among all the very interesting records of negotiations and treaties of "peace and union," made with the Indians of the Northwest by fore-runners and agents of the French fur trade, none is more picturesque and dramatic than that given by Radisson, elaborately portraying the feasts, games, parleys, bestowal of gifts, and all the ceremonious stages of a great Indian council, in which Groseilliers and Radisson sought to cement an alliance for trade between "eighteen several nations" or tribes of the Sioux, a large invited deputation of the Crees, and these two Frenchmen, who, in the dazzled imaginations of the simple Indians, augustly represented the power and wealth of France. The council was held near Knife Lake, in the present Kanabec county of eastern central Minnesota; and this lake appears to have received its name, as suggested by the late Hon.

J. V. Brower, because there and on this occasion the Sioux first received steel or iron knives from the French traders.

After a few days of preliminary ceremonies, speech-making, feasting and giving presents, between the Frenchmen and the Sioux at this appointed rendezvous, it was decided to invite also the Crees, of whom a large party were known to be encamped at the distance of two days' journey northward. Radisson and about fifty of the Sioux, Hurons, and other Indians with him, went therefore to this temporary Cree village, to extend the invitation; and meanwhile many Indians from all the region flocked to the place of the grand celebration to see "those two redoubted nations" meet for friendly rivalry in feats of strength, agility and skill, and in dancing and music.

Probably about three weeks were occupied in the various ceremonies and festivities, from the time when the representatives of eighteen tribes of the Sioux first arrived, until the close of the feast, when "every one returns to his country well satisfied." The whole celebration thus extended, as the narrative indicates, approximately from the middle of March to the first week of April. It was a very great event for the Sioux, who then, in their many tribes and bands, inhabited the greater part of the present State of Minnesota. Nearly a hundred years later the Sioux were driven out from the wooded northern country west of Lake Superior, by disastrous battles with the Ojibways, who ever since have occupied that north part of this State until the comparatively recent cessions of their lands mostly to the white immigrants.

After the council, Groseilliers and Radisson, who were brothers-in-law, spent six weeks in going to the homes of the Prairie Sioux, and on their return they reached Chequamegon bay in the later part of May. There in the preceding autumn they had landed from their canoes, had built a little stockade fort (the earliest habitation of white men in Wisconsin), and had concealed a part of their merchandise, brought from Quebec and Three Rivers to be bartered for furs, reserving that part for trade during the ensuing summer. Their first care was to get the merchandise that they had so hidden in the ground on the farther side of a stream near their stockade. Next they plan for a promised visit to the Crees, in their country on the north shore of the lake. But in drawing their sleds, heavily loaded with merchandise and furs, on the nearly dissolved ice of the bay, Radisson was chilled and wholly disabled by sinking more than knee-deep in the cold water, which caused him a dangerous illness for eight days.

As soon as he had somewhat recovered, he was induced to set out on a journey through the forest with Groseilliers and a large party of "new wildmen." They appear to have traveled northwestward across the Bayfield peninsula, to the lake shore, some twenty-five or thirty miles west of Ashland and the head of Chequamegon bay. But on the third day, Radisson's lameness compelled him to lag behind the company, and for the next three days he wandered on alone, until he was found by one of the Indians who were searching for him. Soon afterward he came to an Indian camp on the lakeshore, where he found Groseilliers and a company of the Crees. The lake ice had mostly melted, but many drifting masses remained, which endangered the canoe passage made at night across this narrow western end of the lake by Groseilliers and Radisson, following the Crees who crossed the day before. Apparently the passage was chosen to be at night in order to leave the Hurons and other Indians of their company unawares. We may be quite sure that it was explainable in some way for the interest of the traders in buying furs. Radisson asserts that the distance "thwarted" across the lake was fifteen leagues; but it really was only half so far, if my idea of the place of crossing is correct, as about midway between Ashland and the cities of Superior and Duluth.

The date of this crossing, when the ice had melted, excepting broken and drifting ice fragments, may have been as late as a week or ten days after the beginning of June, which accords well with our computations of the dates of events recorded during the entire winter and spring. The late Hon. John R. Carey, in his paper on the history of Duluth, written in 1898, states that he "knew of two men getting off a steamboat that had been stuck in the ice for several days, on the 9th of June, almost forty years ago, and walking to shore on the broken ice a distance of six or eight miles." So late continuance of the ice in the lake adjacent to Duluth is infrequent; but it may perhaps have remained even later in the year 1660, when Groseilliers and Radisson were there. The crossing apparently was not earlier than the first of June, nor later than the 15th. It is narrated by Radisson, in his uncouth English, as follows:

I find my brother with a company of Christinos [Crees] that weare arrived in my absence. We resolved to cover our buissnesse better, and close our designe as if we weare going a hunting, and send them before; that we would follow them the next night, which we did, & succeeded, but not without much labor and danger; for not knowing the right way to thwart the other side of the lake, we weare in danger to perish a thousand times because of the crums of Ice. We thwarted a

place of 15 leagues. We arrived on the other side att night. When we came there, we knewed not where to goe, on the right or left hand, ffor we saw no body. Att last, as we with full sayle came from a deepe Bay, we perceived smoake and tents. Then many boats from thence came to meete us. We are received with much Joy by those poore Christinos. They suffered not that we trod on ground; they leade us into the midle of their cottages in our own boats, like a couple of cocks in a Basquett.

The narrative of Radisson tells us nothing further that can be closely connected with the site of Duluth or the west end of Lake Superior.

Accompanied by several hundred Indians, Groseilliers and Radisson returned in August, 1660, to Montreal and Three Rivers by the usual canoe route of Superior and Huron, Lake Nipissing, and the Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers. They brought sixty canoes loaded with rich furs, chiefly of the beaver.

We have no information of any later expedition by Groseilliers and his brother-in-law to the far west. Instead, on account of unjust exactions of the governor of Canada in demanding for himself a very large part of their profit as fur traders, Groseilliers went to France for redress, but in vain; and the next expeditions which they made were sea voyages, putting forth their utmost efforts to aid the English in supplanting the French for the Hudson Bay fur trade.

Esteeming the peltries of the north to be far more promising for acquisition of wealth than any traffic, colonization, and development of the fertile western and southern country beyond the great lakes, Groseilliers and Radisson in their long-persevering ambition looked earnestly to the vast inland sea or bay of Hudson, to be acquired for its fur trade, as they at first hoped, by France; but as they later plotted, when smarting under the injustice of the governor of Canada and the court of France, it was the motive of Radisson's writings to attain lucrative and commanding positions in the service of English patrons, establishing them in the commerce of that northern region. It was largely through the efforts of these two French adventurers, alternating in their allegiance between the great rival powers of France and England, that the Hudson Bay Company was founded, in 1670, and grew in the next two decades to be an important ally of the English colonies and power on this continent.

Du Luth was the next explorer who won historic renown in aiding to found the dominion and traffic of the French with the Indians beyond Lake Superior. In 1679, on the second day of July, he ceremoniously

planted the arms of France in the great village of the Isanti tribe at Mille Lacs, and during the same summer he did this also in other Sioux villages of northeastern Minnesota, none of which, as he says, had been before visited by any Frenchman; and on the 15th of September in that year, at the west end of Lake Superior, he negotiated a great treaty with the assembled tribes of the north, inducing them to make peace with the Sioux, "their common enemy." This was done for the interests of fur trading, which must languish for lack of furs, besides being attended with great dangers, if the Indian tribes were hostile and ready at every opportunity and on the slightest provocation to make war against each other.

Writing to the Marquis de Seignelay, the Minister of the Marine of France, Du Luth gave a report of his formal claims of the French sovereignty and his peace treaties with the Indians to secure this north-western country for the French fur trade. In the same report he told also of his aid extended in the next year to Hennepin and his companions, rescuing them from the Sioux who had taken them as captives to the vicinity of Mille Lacs, whence Du Luth conducted them by the long canoe voyage down the Mississippi and by way of the Wisconsin and Fox rivers to Green Bay and Mackinaw. As translated by Shea and published in 1880 in the appendix of his edition of Hennepin's "Description of Louisiana," Du Luth wrote of these grand and patriotic services for France as follows:

I set out from Montreal with seven Frenchmen on the first of September in the year 1678 to endeavor to make the discovery of the Nadouecioux and Assenipoualaks [the Sioux and Assiniboinés], who were unknown to us, and to make them make peace with all the nations around Lake Superior, who live under the sway of our invincible monarch.

I do not think that such a departure could give occasion to any one whatever to charge me with having contravened the orders of the King in the year 1676, since he merely forbid all his subjects to go into the remote forests, there to trade with the Indians. This I have never done, nor have I ever wished to take any presents from them, although they have repeatedly thrown them to me, which I have always refused and left, in order that no one might tax me with having carried on any indirect trade.

On the 2d of July, 1679, I had the honor to plant his majesty's arms in the great village of the Nadouecioux, called Izatys, where never had a Frenchman been, no more than at the Songaskitons and Houetbatons, distant six score leagues from the former, where I also planted his majesty's arms, in the same year 1679.

On the 15th of September, having given the Agrenipoulaks [Assiniboines] as well as all the other northern nations a rendezvous at the extremity of Lake Superior to induce them to make peace with the Nadouecioux, their common enemy, they were all there, and I was happy enough to gain their esteem and friendship, to unite them together, and, in order that the peace might be lasting among them, I thought that I could not cement it better than by inducing the nations to make reciprocal marriages with each other. This I could not effect without great expense. The following winter I made them hold meetings in the woods, which I attended, in order that they might hunt together, give banquets, and by this means contract a closer friendship.

The presents which it cost me to induce the Indians to go down to Montreal, who had been diverted by the Openagaux and Abenakis at the instigation of the English and Dutch, who made them believe that the plague raged in the French settlements, and that it had spread as far as Nipissingue, where most of the Nipissiriniens had died of it, have also entailed a greater expense.

In June, 1680, not being satisfied with having made my discovery by land, I took two canoes with an Indian who was my interpreter and four Frenchmen, to seek means to make it by water. With this view I entered a river [the Brulé] which empties eight leagues from the extremity of Lake Superior on the south side, where after having cut some trees and broken about a hundred beaver dams, I reached the upper waters of the said river, and then I made a portage of half a league to reach a lake, the outlet of which fell into a very fine river [the St. Croix], which took me down into the Mississippi. Being there I learned from eight cabins of Nadouecioux whom I met, that the Reverend Father Louis Hennepin, Recollet, now at the convent of St. Germain, with two other Frenchmen, had been robbed and carried off as slaves for more than 300 leagues by the Nadouecioux themselves.

This intelligence surprised me so much that, without hesitating, I left two Frenchmen with these eight cabins of Indians, as well as the goods which I had to make presents, and took one of the said Indians, to whom I made a present to guide me with my interpreter and two Frenchmen to where the said Reverend Father Louis was, and as it was a good 80 leagues I proceeded in canoe two days and two nights, and the next day at ten o'clock in the morning I found him with 1000 or 1100 souls. The want of respect which they showed to the said Reverend Father provoked me, and this I showed them, telling them that he was my brother, and I had him placed in my canoe to come with me into the villages of the said Nadouecioux, whither I took him, and in which, a week after our arrival there, I caused a council to be convened, exposing the ill treatment which they had been guilty of both to the said Reverend Father and to the other two Frenchmen who were with him, having robbed them and carried them off as slaves, and even taken the priestly vestments of the said Reverend Father. I had two calumets which they had danced to them, returned to them, on account of the insult which they had

offered them, being what they hold most in esteem among them to appease matters, telling them that I did not take calumets from people who, after they had seen me and received my peace presents, and been for a year always with Frenchmen, robbed them when they went to visit them.

Each one in the council endeavored to throw the blame from himself, but their excuses did not prevent my telling the Reverend Father Louis that he would have to come with me towards the Outagamys [the Fox Indians], as he did, showing him that it would be to strike a blow at the French nation in a new discovery, to suffer an insult of this nature without manifesting resentment, although my design was to push on to the sea in a west-northwestwardly direction, which is that which is believed to be the Red Sea [Gulf of California], whence the Indians who had gone warring on that side gave salt to three Frenchmen whom I had sent exploring, and who brought me said salt, having reported to me that the Indians had told them that it was only twenty days' journey from where they were to find the great lake of which the waters were worthless to drink. This has made me believe that it would not be absolutely difficult to find it, if permission would be given to go there. However, I preferred to retrace my steps, manifesting to them the just indignation which I felt against them, rather than to remain after the violence which they had done to the Reverend Father and the other two Frenchmen who were with him, whom I put in my canoes and brought them back to Michelimakinak [Mackinaw], a mission of the Reverend Jesuit Fathers, where, while wintering together, I learned that, far from being approved for what I was doing, consuming my property and risking my life daily, I was regarded as the chief of a band, although I never had more than eight men with me. It was not necessary to tell me more to induce me to set out over the ice on the 29th of March in the year 1681 with the said Reverend Father and two other Frenchmen, having our canoe and provisions dragged along, in order to reach our settlements as soon as possible, and to make manifest the uprightness of my conduct, having never been in a humor to wish myself withdrawn from the obedience which is due to the King's orders.

Like Perrot and Le Sueur in Southern Minnesota, Du Luth in the Lake Superior region had great influence among the Indians, which he exerted to promote peace and to prevent them from alliances in trade with the English of Hudson Bay. In the winter of 1683-84 he was at a trading post on or near the site of Fort William and Port Arthur; and the next June he was at Lake Nipigon, as also again in 1686.

From his experience with the Indians, Du Luth advised the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors to them, as is shown by the following certificate, which is still preserved in the early French Archives of Canada:

I certify that at different periods I have lived almost ten years among the Ottawa nation, from the time that I made an exploration to the Nadouecioux people, until Fort Saint Joseph was established by order of the Monsieur Marquis Denonville, Governor General, at the head of the Detroit of Lake Erie, which is in the Iroquois country, and which I had the honor to command.

During this period I have seen that the trade in eau de vie [brandy] produced great disorders, the father killing the son, and the son throwing his mother into the fire; and I maintain that, morally speaking, it is impossible to export brandy to the woods and distant missions, without danger of its producing misery.

Judge Carey, in the paper before quoted, summed up his estimation of Du Luth as follows: "Suffice it to say that he was a leader of men, a man of unblemished moral character and undaunted courage, a hater of the whisky traffic among the Indians, a resolute and true soldier, and a fearless supporter and vindicator of law and order."

Vaudreuil, the governor of Canada, in a colonial report to France, dated at Quebec the first of May, 1710, mentioned the death of Du Luth laconically, but with high appreciation of his character: "Captain Du Lud died this winter; he was a very honest man."

In the year 1728, when Pierre Gautier Varennes, more commonly known by his title as the Sieur de la Verendrye, was stationed as an agent of the fur trade at Lake Nipigon, north of Lake Superior, a rudely sketched map was drawn for him by an intelligent Assiniboine Indian, named Ochagach, with aid by other Indians, tracing the canoe route of streams, lakes and portages, from Lake Superior along the north boundary of the present state of Minnesota to the Lake of the Woods, and thence northwestward to Lake Winnipeg and the Saskatchewan river. This aboriginal delineation of geographic features northwest of Lake Superior, with some names inserted by the French as derived from the Indians, was shown by Verendrye to Beauharnois, the then governor of Canada, and about the year 1730 it was sent to France. The noted French geographer, Bellin, writing at Paris twenty-five years later, mentioned this sketch drawn by Ochagach for Verendrye as the earliest map of the country beyond Lake Superior in the archives of the French Department of the Colonies. It remained unpublished, however, more than a hundred and fifty years, until a tracing of it was printed by Dr. Edward D. Neill, in 1882, in the fourth edition of his History of Minnesota. Two years afterward it was reprinted by Prof. N. H. Winchell in the first volume of his final report on the Geological and Natural History Survey of the State.

The series of many small lakes on our northern boundary is conspicuous on this map, and the thirteenth lake outlined, larger than any of the twelve others preceding it on the route going westward, is named Lac Sesakinaga, evidently the same as our present Lake Saganaga. Rainy Lake is called Lac Tecamamisuen; but the Lake of the Woods and Lake Winnipeg, though clearly identifiable by their delineation, the former having many islands, and the latter being narrowed at the middle, are unnamed. The Saskatchewan river, of which only the lower part is shown, not extending to the junction of its south and north branches, is called Fleuve de l'Ouest (River of the West).

In 1731, Verendrye, commissioned and equipped by the Canadian government, with his sons and his nephew, Jemeraye, began their explorations far west of Lake Superior, which they left by the route of Pigeon river and the series of lakes and streams continuing west along the present northern boundary of Minnesota. Fort St. Pierre, a trading post, was built at the mouth of Rainy lake; Fort St. Charles on the west side of the Lake of the Woods near its "Northwest Angle;" and other forts or trading posts on Lake Winnipeg and the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan rivers.

Verendrye had more zeal for crossing the continent and reaching the Pacific than for the wealth to be gained by the fur trade. His expeditions did not financially meet expenses, and rivals sought to displace him from the patronage of the governor and the king; but shortly before his death, in 1749 when he had expected soon to set out again on new expeditions, the king honored him with the cross of St. Louis. The name of the St. Louis river, the largest tributary of Lake Superior, probably came from this honor conferred on Verendrye. He was the pioneer of the fur trade on the north boundary of Minnesota, in Manitoba, and the Saskatchewan region; and two of his sons, in 1743, were the first white men to see the Rocky mountains, or at least some eastern range of our great Cordilleran mountain belt.

It may well be hoped that some county yet to be formed on the northern border of Minnesota will receive the name Verendrye, in his historic commemoration of the explorations, hardships, and sacrifices of the patriotic and truly noble *Sieur de la Verendrye* and his sons.

Fourteen years after the death of Verendrye, the vast domain of New France, for which he had given his life of toil, was ceded (in 1763) to

England. Thenceforward the proprietors of the fur trade in Minnesota were mostly Scotchmen, but the French continued as their *voyageurs* and some of their agents.

Captain Jonathan Carver, in his published Travels, gave a very impressive description of the magnitude of this trade as seen by him during his visit in the summer of 1767 at Grand Portage, where the *voyageurs* unladed and reladed their canoes in coming from the east and in returning, that place being the south end of a portage of nine miles between Lake Superior and the Pigeon river at a point above its great falls and rapids. Through all the later history of the fur trade, this oldest village of white men in Minnesota was an important emporium and outfitting place for the *voyageurs* on their long journeys to and from the Canadian Northwest.

The fur traffic, of which we have thus traced the beginnings, was the chief part of the history of the area of Minnesota until Fort Snelling was built, and until white farmers and lumbermen began their work upon our prairies and forests.

WARREN UPHAM.

ST. PAUL, MINN.



THE PRINCIPLES OF THE CONSTITUTION AND THEIR INFLUENCE ON LATER WORLD-HISTORY

I DID not understand from the invitation of the President that I should be expected to make a formal address this morning, and you must, therefore, take what I say rather as a series of suggestions which may set you thinking than as a finished essay. I hope, however, that I may interest you by some historical reminiscences.

This Association was formed to build and maintain a monument, a monument to commemorate a battle, not memorable by reason of the numbers engaged, nor for its effect upon a campaign. The shots fired at Concord Bridge and at Bunker Hill were heard round the world because they were the first fired in defence of a new political faith, the faith expressed afterward in the Declaration of Independence. The substance of this Declaration lies in the two statements that "all men are created equal" and that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." That is, that those inequalities of ability, of health, and of strength which are created by nature should not be enhanced by artificial inequalities created by man; that all men should stand before the law with equal rights and with an equal voice in framing and carrying on the government under which they live. In a word the doctrine then new in the history of the world was that the government should rest upon justice and not upon force.

The framers of the Declaration declared that these principles were "self-evident truths," and I invite you to inquire whether, during the four generations that have elapsed since the battle which we are met to celebrate was fought, experience has justified the faith of the fathers, and their doctrines have proved themselves in fact to be ultimate political truths, or whether they have been found, as many deem them to be, merely rhetorical phrases, glittering generalities which embody no substantial principle. I think that an examination will show that freedom has advanced like the tide, now rising and now falling, but that unlike the tide it has never yet known a high water mark, and in my judgment it never will until the principles of the Declaration of Independence are embodied practically in every government on the face of the earth.

The latter half of the eighteenth century was a period of political ferment. George the Third in England was undertaking to establish a more absolute rule than Englishmen had known for generations. The *ancien régime* of France was at its last and worst. Germany was suffering under the tyranny of numerous small potentates, while Spain and Italy languished under the rule of the Bourbons. The Russian autocracy and the Turkish sultan were all-powerful in their respective domains, while we in America found our liberties curtailed by the arbitrary action of the British government.

Under these circumstances men naturally began to think, and the doctrines which were finally embodied in the Declaration began to be held by many men on both sides of the ocean. If one is interested in such matters he will find himself repaid by reading Frothingham's "Rise of the Republic," in which the declarations of successive conventions are quoted. This will teach him that the ideas of the Declaration had been expressed in various forms and by various bodies of men before 1776, and that Jefferson merely gave them a final and lasting shape. Upon the surface it seemed as if absolute government was triumphant, but underneath there was very prevalent unrest. The flame first broke forth in America and the effort to extinguish it was maintained by England for seven years, during which time Europe waited. When the struggle ended the Declaration had triumphed, and the Continental Congress in commemorating the victory spread upon its records the wish that men might ever remember that the rights for which America fought were "the rights of human nature."

Triumphant here, the conflagration rapidly spread to France, where the teachings of Rousseau and others who thought as he thought had prepared men to follow the example of America and to shake off the tyranny of their kings. With the sympathy of English statesmen like Burke and of many enlightened men in various parts of Europe the French people rose and threw off their yoke, and the flame of revolution spread until Germany was involved and the armies of the republic were received with sympathy in various of the German states. The tide of freedom was rising and monarchy all over the world was weakened. It is not surprising, however, that the French, without experience in self-government and without any traditions of freedom, were excited by the coalition of monarchs against them and committed excesses which alienated their friends in England and conservatives all over the world. These

excesses paved the way for Napoleon and his absolute government, erected upon the ruins of the revolution.

The tide of liberty began to fall until all Europe became a military camp. Napoleon's victories shook existing dynasties, but what he gave the French was not liberty, and it was inevitable that he should be overthrown as he was in 1814. I remember in one of the books written by Erckmann-Chatrain the passage which describes how the old watchmaker who lives in Phalsburg is awakened at night by the sound of an army marching through, and going to the window sees for a moment the face of Napoleon looking out of the carriage to inquire why the march is stopped, and then sees the troops march on. Turning to his apprentice, who is by his side, the old man says, "How many men have we seen march through this town on their way to Germany since these wars began?" The boy is unable to say, and his master continues, "And how many men have we ever seen march back?" These questions were in the mind of every Frenchman and France was tired of Napoleon's tyranny. He fell, and the Bourbons returned, supported by all the absolute rulers of Europe, but only to show how little they had learned by the bitter lesson of the revolution. Again, after seeing the people despoiled for the purpose of swelling the endowments of the Church and the good things which Napoleon had done rapidly undone in order to restore ancient abuses, the old watchmaker remarks to his apprentice, "The love of country and the love of God are the highest sentiments of human nature, and it is a terrible thing when either is invoked to promote the ambition of a man." Napoleon had appealed to love of country, the Bourbons to the love of God, but the object of each was the same,—their own glorification and profit. Waterloo marked the end of the revolution and the second restoration of the Bourbons. The wave of liberty had spent its force and absolutism was triumphant in Europe.

How was it in America? Notwithstanding the Declaration of Independence, our fathers had not courage enough to apply the truths which they called self-evident in our own system of government. They denied all human rights to a very large number of men whose color was different from their own. They permitted them to be held as slaves, chattels, over whom the master had almost absolute power, and who certainly had no voice whatever in the government under which they lived. While liberty was spending its force in Europe and its excesses were bringing about the return of absolute government in France and Germany and the reign of

the Holy Alliance, we in America were planting the seed of trouble by denying the truths of the Declaration and by maintaining slavery, and while Louis the Eighteenth reigned in France the Missouri Compromise, which secured slavery against interference south of a certain line, was passed in America. The self-evident truths were not recognized on either side of the ocean.

From 1800 to 1830 absolute government prevailed in Europe, but again in 1830 revolution broke forth in France, and the more liberal government of Louis Philippe was established, while the doctrines of liberty began to germinate again in every European country. In America the anti-slavery movement had begun, and was even stronger south of Mason and Dixon's line than it was in the northern states. The insurrection of Nat Turner in Virginia indicated the terrible dangers of the institution, and the debates in the Virginia Assembly at that time show that the feeling against slavery was as strong among southerners as among northerners.

The tide of liberty rose steadily in Europe until the revolutionary year of 1848 shook Austria and Prussia and all the German states, and for a moment it seemed as if liberal government might be established in the European states. The movement failed, the revolutionists were either executed, imprisoned, or driven into exile, like our friend Mr. Schurz, and in 1850 absolute government all through Europe seemed firmly established. Napoleon the Third in France was preparing for the *coup d'état* of 1851, Kossuth had failed, and the young German movement had failed also.

On our side of the water Texas had been annexed with a slave constitution, the Mexican war had been fought, and the Compromise of 1851 was believed to have established slavery on a permanent and impregnable basis in this country. In the conventions of 1852 the Democrats rejoiced that the slavery question was settled, while the Whigs, who had been the opponents of slavery, ignored the subject. The great interests of the state, the ministers, the merchants, the bankers, the lawyers, and the universities agreed that any further discussion of slavery was unpatriotic, and that it was right to hold millions of men as slaves. At the election of that year only 17,000 votes in this whole country were cast for freedom. It was then that the self-evident truths of the Declaration were sneered at as "glittering generalities." We could not reconcile our practice with our ideals, and we therefore lowered our ideals to meet our practice. Realizing that they could not harmonize, the ideals were

thrown over and the Declaration of Independence seemed to have lost its power. In 1851 the tide of freedom touched low water mark and tyranny seemed firmly established everywhere.

But the truths of the Declaration were still at work. In 1854 triumphant slavery undertook to repeal the Missouri Compromise and to throw open to slavery lands which had been consecrated to freedom. The Republican party sprang into life, and after a campaign which almost resulted in victory continued its career until in 1860 the divided Democratic party was defeated and the Republican party, pledged to prevent the extension of slavery, came into control of the government. The friends of slavery saw in the result the ultimate overthrow of their institutions, and preferring slavery to union they undertook to secede. Four years more saw the Union triumphant, slavery abolished, and a reconstruction of the Union carried through in which the principles of the Declaration were literally recognized and every American, white or black, was given under the law an equal voice in the government of his country, his state, and his city. For the first time in their history the people of the United States dared to realize their own ideals, and in 1870 liberty in this country reached a higher point than had ever before been known under the Constitution. The truths of the Declaration received the sanction of law.

But the tide did not rise solely on this side of the water. On the other side the absolutism of Russia received a check at the hands of its freer neighbors when Sevastopol was taken. The Indian Mutiny showed that even in Asia men believed in liberty and were not content with the absolute rule of a foreign government. The power of the Hapsburgs was rudely shaken by the defeat of Austria in the contest with France and the treaty of Villa Franca. Ten years more saw Italy free from foreign domination, the temporal power of the Pope gone, the serfs in Russia free, slavery abolished in Brazil, the attempt of France to establish an empire in Mexico utterly defeated, and finally the French empire itself overthrown and a new French Republic established by Sedan and Metz. During the twenty years from 1850 to 1870 slavery was abolished the world over and the most conspicuous tyrants in Europe outside of Russia were overthrown. The truths of the Declaration were triumphant on both sides of the water, and it was then that Mr. Seward, our Secretary of State, not dreaming that America was not a world power, used to say that in thirty years there would be no king left in Europe,—

that the example of free America would prove irresistible. Then men were fond of quoting the immortal words of Lincoln at Gettysburg, and resolved with him that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people should not perish from the earth."

This great advance of liberty was inevitably followed by a reaction. Men were tired of fighting. They had met with great losses and had made great sacrifices during the wars, and they readily adopted the prayer of General Grant and said, "Let us have peace." From 1870 to 1898 men were thinking and talking of business, of markets, of stocks and bonds. They were undertaking to spread the area of their commerce, and then they began to adopt the theory that civilized men in the interests of commerce had a right to seize the territories of nations less powerful than themselves, and to govern their people as subjects. Prior to 1880 the leading statesmen of England regarded her colonies as so many millstones around her neck. Gladstone and Disraeli, though they differed on everything else, agreed in this. They believed that the colonies of England were not a source of profit but a cause of constant expense and trouble; but since 1884 England has added to her dominions that which now makes one-third of all the territory over which her flag floats.

This was a movement of capitalists. Men grew to care less and less for liberty on both sides of the water. In America we gradually allowed the rights secured to the negro by our constitution and our laws to be taken from him by force and fraud, while in Europe the great powers decided that they must take possession of Asia. When Japan conquered China she was not allowed the fruits of her victory, but it was made to inure to the benefit of Russia and England and Germany and France. We Americans watched with jealousy this movement to dominate Asia and were disposed to assert our right to share in the spoil. For the fourth time within her history Europe began to think of conquering Asia.

It was then that this country, curiously mixing philanthropy and profit, asserting its political ideas in behalf of Cuba, but denying their application in Asia, went to war with Spain, asserting that Cuba was and of right ought to be free and independent, but at the same time insisting that some seven or eight million Asiatics of whom we knew nothing had no right to maintain a government of their own which they had established, but must surrender themselves to our absolute sway. At the close of the Spanish war dreams of enormous wealth to be gained from the Chinese, the East Indians, and other Asiatic nations affected the judgment of all our states-

men. We were dazzled by visions of riches to be won in the Orient, of world power, of extending our sway over the whole Pacific Ocean. From 1898 to 1903 leading New England statesmen like Mr. O. H. Platt of Connecticut, insisted that a government derived its just powers "from the consent of a part of the governed" or like Secretary Taft asserted that the Declaration of Independence did not apply to Filipinos, and that its self-evident truths were mere rhetorical phrases. In the struggle for the freedom of the negro, Douglas and the leaders of the Democrats attacked the Declaration and denied its application to colored men, while Lincoln insisted that its application was universal, and now when the contest for the freedom of the Filipinos is raging, men who boast that they are disciples of Lincoln attack his doctrines, driven by the necessities of their case, and Taft and Lodge and Platt adopt the arguments of Douglas. The moment men advocate tyranny they are sure to denounce the Declaration.

But what is the situation to-day? The tide of liberty has again begun to rise, and we are witnessing perhaps the most striking proof that has occurred during the whole four generations that the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence are ultimate truths which force their way against all human resistance.

There was never perhaps in human history a more powerful despot than the "Czar of all the Russias." In him and the class which he represents were all the power and substantially all the wealth of Russia. The authority of the Church was arrayed on his side. The subjects of the Czar, the largest population governed by a single monarch in the world, were ignorant, poor, superstitious, and devotedly loyal to him. His army was the largest army in Europe and the least open to popular influence. Some years ago I saw a good deal of Stepniak, the Russian agitator, who was then in this country, and he told me how difficult it was to preach any reforms in Russia. There was no free press, there was no platform, there was no pulpit. The only possible way was for the individual agitator to hang around the doors of the factories and mingling with the workmen when they left their work preach his doctrine at the risk of his life. I asked him, "What then is your hope of ever breaking down the power of the Czar?" He answered, "Our hope lies only in financial disaster or unsuccessful foreign war." We have lived to see Russia experiencing both.

It is interesting and instructive in this connection to consider who it

is that has brought this gigantic tyranny to its knees. About 1850 Commodore Perry carried his fleet to Japan and there found a people which a few years ago we should have called inferior. They did not understand our language, they had no knowledge of what was passing in the world outside of their empire. They had no armies fit to compete with our own, they were absolutely ignorant of many things which we deemed important. It would not have been difficult perhaps for us with trained troops and modern weapons to have conquered the Islands and dealt with them as we have dealt with the Philippines. We preferred a nobler course. We offered to lead them up, to place at their service our teachers. We offered them the benefits of our colleges and universities, and they gladly accepted the offer. Under these influences in fifty years the Japanese have proved themselves a people at least our equals in military science, in medical science, in business ability, in art and in everything that we have been wont to consider the exclusive property of the Anglo-Saxon race, except the color of their skin. But their progress had not been recognized until this apparent pigmy dared to challenge the Russian giant and to engage in warfare upon sea and land with the power which every nation in Europe dreaded. Russia has been beaten, and through the door of defeat liberty has found its way and the autocracy of Russia trembles to its fall. If the Russian autocracy, intrenched as it was in the possession of an empire's resources, and the ignorance, superstition, and loyalty of its subjects cannot deny the people their just political rights, what hope is there that any other nation can persevere in governing men without their consent? If Japan in fifty years has been able to rise from the state in which we found her until she has become more than a match for the strongest empire in Europe, what right has anyone to say that any people is inferior and incapable of advance? By following the principles of our government, by being true to our Declaration, we have helped to make Japan a mighty people. By denying those principles the autocracy of Russia has paved the way for its downfall. The most powerful despotism that the world has known is going down before the principles of the Declaration. It is those principles that inspire the Duma, and they will force the Czar to recognize the rights of the people or lose his throne.

The example of Japan is inspiring the masses of Asia everywhere. The races of India feel the thrill and men are beginning to realize that India is not prospering under English government. The English themselves, the rulers of the country, have for years boasted of their success in India, but now men are learning that success in the eye of the ruler is not

always success in the eye of the subject. If you will read "Asia and Europe," a book published in 1901 by Meredith Thompson, a man who is thoroughly familiar with India and its problems, you will find much that will interest you, much that throws light upon the success of English government in India. The truth is that India is being slowly starved to death, not because she does not raise grain and food enough to feed every human being within her borders, but because the money to pay for them is being gradually drained out of India to fill the coffers of England. As Mr. Townsend says, fifteen hundred men in black coats, sixty thousand in red coats represent the power of England which floats upon a sea of incurably hostile brown men who make up the Indian people. If we go to Benares we shall see there a great city full of men engaged in commerce, art, and every form of human employment; we may meet the men who are prominent in the life of the city, and we may remain there a year without ever seeing a white face unless we have occasion to visit some official in regard to some legal matter. England has made no impression upon the mind of India, and were she expelled to-day there would be left a few roads and a few public buildings, but a people in no way affected by any English thought.

Yet with these examples before us we are undertaking to do what Russia has failed to do. We are undertaking to establish absolute rule over millions of people thousands of miles from our shores in absolute defiance of the principles on which this government rests. As we were false to our ideals when we permitted human slavery to exist in this country and paid for our treason by civil war, so now we are again false to our ideals when we deny that the doctrines of the Declaration are true in the Philippine Islands. And we have failed. We have been in those islands now for something like eight years. We have killed the people in vast numbers, we have destroyed their cities and their towns, we have laid waste their fields, and we have tortured the inhabitants. We have applied to them the inhuman practice of reconcentration, which a few years ago we denounced as absolutely uncivilized, and what have we gained? We have killed more Filipinos and we have destroyed more Filipino property in the eight years of our sway than were destroyed under centuries of Spanish rule. The people to-day are poorer, more miserable in every way than they were when we went to the island. If you choose to test our success by any statistics you cannot resist the conclusion that our attempt to ignore the truths of the Declaration has resulted only in conspicuous failure. We are furnishing an absolute demonstration that our fathers were right

and that President Schurman, the chairman of the first Philippine commission, was also right when he said that "the best government of the Filipinos by Americans is worse than the worst government of the Filipinos by themselves." They can take care of themselves a great deal better than we can take care of them.

How is it at home? What have we done with the colored men whom forty years ago we made our equals before the law? They are to-day in half the country denied the political rights which the Civil War secured to them. In that forty years they have made progress which it seems to me is without parallel in human history. I do not recall an instance where a people starting from slavery without property, without education, with the habits and traditions of slaves, and surrounded by their former masters have won their way up so rapidly, so successfully as have the colored people in the South. Our troubles to-day are caused by their progress. The southern people do not object to having negroes among them. They are glad to have them there, as long as they remain hewers of wood and drawers of water. The feeling which exists there to-day is due to the fact that the negroes have risen and are continuing to rise, that they are showing ability to equal their white neighbors, and it is the resolution that they shall not become their equals which dictates the policy of the South. They do not object to inferior negroes, they object to educated and able negroes.

The same feeling I regret to say shows itself in the North, where negroes are not allowed to join labor unions, and yet are not allowed to work unless they do, and where on every side obstacles are thrown in their way solely on account of their color. We are denying to them all over the country the equal rights, the equal protection, the equal opportunity to which they are entitled. This is a problem which confronts us all. It is our business as citizens of the United States to deal with it. If we deny to ten millions of our fellow citizens, Americans just as much as we are and just as much entitled to the rights of Americans as we, we are planting in this country the seeds of future trouble as certainly as our fathers did when they refused to abide by the principles of the Declaration and recognized slavery in this country.

When we permit injustice to so large a portion or to any portion of our fellow citizens we may be perfectly certain that the consequences which follow will fall upon ourselves. It was our blood that was shed in the Civil War, our friends who laid down their lives in that contest; it is

we who are carrying the burden of taxation which that war imposed upon this country; it is we who are suffering now the effects of the prejudices and the lowered standards which resulted from that war, and it behooves us to see that we who are now charged with power do not bequeath to our children a legacy like that which we inherited from our fathers.

The tide of liberty is rising the world over. We cannot arrest it. We may resist for a while and kick against the pricks, but it will surely overwhelm all opposition. We may lay up for our children a terrible retribution for our crimes against liberty in the Philippines, in Porto Rico, and at home, but we cannot long deprive any people of their rights. There is no secure foundation for human government save justice. The doctrines of the Declaration *are* self-evident truths.

MOORFIELD STOREY.

Boston.

Delivered before the Bunker Hill Monument Association, Boston, June 18, 1906.



SOCIAL LIFE IN OLD NARRAGANSETT

(Second Paper)

SUCH documents as Governor Robinson's Inventory and Dr. MacSparran's *Diary*, abound in references to "Old Mingo," "Old Sue," "Jeffrey," "Old Pete," "Young Pete," "Roco," "Jack," "Jemmy," "Nanna," "Moroca," "Stepney," "Sampson," "Hannibal," and "Volico," while that delightful romance, "Shepherd Tom" Hazard's *Recollections of Olden Times*, supplies a list of still more bizarre, more or less *Christian*, names of the bond-men and bond-women, often chief favorites of his ancestors.

Although there is abundant evidence that the institution of slavery, in Southern Rhode Island, was of a patriarchal character and that the subjects of it were humanely treated, yet it cannot be questioned that the habit of command, the relief from all menial labor and the ever abiding sense of social superiority, thus engendered, bred a lordly and luxurious spirit.

But, perhaps, the prime factor of the distinctive social life of Narragansett was a certain largeness of heart which was ever manifesting itself in a most unbounded hospitality.

There was an unwritten law which obliged every gentleman to leave his great front gate open and keep his wide front door unlocked, for way-faring *angels* to come in. No traveller passed Cocumscussuc, for instance, on the "Pequot Path," or "Great Country Road," without turning in and feeling sure of a cordial handshake and something more substantial, as has been already intimated, from the Updikes. Colonel Francis Willett, the Coles, the Browns, the Gardiners, the Hazards, the Champlins, the Stantons, Governor Robinson, at Point Judith, Matthew Robinson at West Kingston, and Dr. Joshua Babcock at Westerly, kept open house. Nor was Dr. MacSparran, the rector, with his narrower ménage, much behind his opulent parishioners, in the number of his guests. One day, after naming, in his *Diary*, more than a dozen people, "all here together," he remarks quite naively, "so much company fatigues me at one

time." George Rome, although not exactly a Narragansetter "to the manner born," but still a resident, was a very prince of entertainers, drawing guests from Newport, Boston, and New York. A gentleman, with his big cocked-hat upon his head, could walk without danger of striking the lintel, into the cavernous fireplace, where Mr. Rome's famous dinners were roasted and boiled and, even baked, for there was a broad oven, of brick, opening from the rear wall, on one side. Richard Greene, of Potowomut (to go, once more, a little outside the bounds of restricted Narragansett), maintained such splendor of table equipage and so royal a style of hospitality, in his fine colonial house, built, almost certainly, before the middle of the eighteenth century, now the residence of Mr. Moses Brown Ives Goddard, as to gain the sobriquet of "King Richard."

When Henry Ward Beecher first caught sight of the great stone profile at Franconia, he made the well-known remark: "It is God's sign-manual that he makes *men* here." So old Narragansett was written all over with tokens that the Creator used there a grander mould for shaping humanity than in some other regions. The great lands of those days evoked great houses, and great houses bred great souls, and great souls found seats at their generous boards for all the world.

As a result of the mode of life, thus developed in Narragansett, there arose, in it, a marked type of *culture*, manifested by several external signs.

A bright lady used to declare that a *sovereign test of the culture* of an individual was his ability to repeat, offhand, the maiden names of his four great-grandmothers. That was before the patriotic societies and the *Mayflower Association* had turned such exceptional attention to New England pedigrees and before a generous premium, as is alleged, had been offered for the discovery of a Mayflower ancestor. Many of the old Narragansett families could trace their origin from some of the best of English stock, as well as Scottish, French and Dutch, being able, doubtless, to name all their great grandmothers and great grandfathers, as well.

Their sense of polite lineage was thus a distinct source of refinement, summoning them by the dictum, "Noblesse oblige," to live up to the standard of their well-bred progenitors. Most of the leading families were, naturally, of purely English origin. The William Browns, the

stock from which sprang Lieutenant Governor George Brown and his very respectable descendants, around Westerly and elsewhere, Mr. Updike, from whom we obtain many of these facts, testifies to have been of Scottish extraction, although not without some ground of question. Dr. MacSparran was, of course, without any doubt, of that origin. Gabriel Bernon and Colonel Peter Mawney were French Huguenots. The Updikes had mingled English, Dutch, and, later, Polish blood in their veins. As the Narragansettters were gentlemen and ladies, they naturally preferred gentlemen and ladies for their more intimate guests, and there was thus evolved a marked distinction of classes, unpleasant, perhaps, for those left out, but tending to enhance the elevation of character and manners of those admitted within the charmed circle.

But positive intellectual cultivation, also, was the aim of all those who could afford it. Narragansett based its claim to culture on *education*.

There were no common schools in the King's Province before the end of the Revolution, and it has been asserted, probably correctly, that the proportion of its inhabitants, who could write their names, was smaller than in the surrounding colonies. But, then, those who could do so, wrote them exceptionally well. In the great houses, private tutors were employed, like John Checkley, and Daniel Vernon, an Englishman versed in the languages, in the Updike family. The Inventory of Dr. Robert Hazard's estate mentions "the schoolroom chamber," indicating that his children were systematically educated at home. Then, at a later stage, the young gentlemen were sent away to academies or colleges, and the young ladies to finishing-schools. Abigail Gardiner, Mrs. MacSparran's niece, afterwards Mrs. Lodowick Updike, spent a considerable time at a Boston school, under the auspices of her uncle, Dr. Sylvester Gardiner.

The number of genuinely elegant and learned *libraries*, in old Narragansett, was another of its tokens of superior cultivation. A ruined chimney-stack, standing in a melancholy tangle of trees and shrubbery, a half mile or so to the westward of Kingstown station, still marks the site of "Hopewell," once the residence of Matthew Robinson, Esq., with its rich and well-selected library of English and classical literature, including a considerable number of works in French, nearly all now scattered to the winds. The Brentons, several of the Hazards, Colonel Willett and Judge Helme owned valuable collections of books. Some of the

stately folios of Dr. MacSparran's library still linger in the neighborhood. The books of "Cocumscussuc," gathered largely by Colonel Daniel Updike and his son, were marvels in their day, and would be treasures in *any* day. It required an education, only to read the titles of some of them,— "Sacro-sanctum Novum Testamentum Domini Servatoris Nostri Jesus Christi. Londini Excudebat Valentinus Simsus,"—"Theognides Megar-ensis, Lipsiae, etc."

Still another test of a highly developed state of society, in those pre-photographic days,—one, also, which the South County appears to have been peculiarly able to stand, is the prevalence of well-painted portraits. Every great house seems to have been hung with family likenesses, some of them, probably, by Robert Feke, the painter of the Reverend John Callender's portrait, in the picture gallery of the Rhode Island Historical Society, and of Lady Wanton's in the Redwood Library, at Newport, some, perhaps, by Gaines who produced Mr. Honyman's portrait in the sacristy of Trinity Church, Newport, some certainly, by John Smibert, the fellow voyager of Dean Berkeley, and the painter of the well-known picture of him and his family, deposited at Yale College, who spent some time in Narragansett, making pictures of Dr. and Mrs. MacSparran, and some, just as unquestionably, by Copley as that of the Honorable Thomas Cranston, now belonging to Mr. Hidden, of Providence, those of Mrs. Cranston and their daughter, now the property of Mr. D. B. Updike, of Boston, that of the Rev. Mr. Fayerweather the successor of Dr. MacSparran, in the possession of the Misses Eddy, in Providence, and a miniature of Judge Marchant, of South Kingstown.

Portraits of the third Mrs. Colonel Updike, previously Mrs. Governor William Wanton, and her mother, Mrs. Godfrey, are believed to have been, also, by Smibert, as well as one of Mrs. MacSparran's nephew, Benjamin Gardiner, now owned by the Misses Gardiner, of Elmwood, his great-granddaughters. The portraits of Dr. Babcock's family, of Westerly, including a fine one of his gallant son, Colonel Harry Babcock, passed to their kinsfolk, the Saltonstalls, of New London, and other Connecticut families, while the Matthew Robinson family portraits are in the possession of the Potters, of Kingston.

Nor will it answer to close the list of the tokens of polished manners, existing in old Narragansett, without an allusion to its rich and elegant costumes. "Fine feathers do not always make fine birds," but fine birds

like fine feathers, and generally manage, in some manner, to evolve them. In this age when color is banished from men's clothing, in civil life, and the current severity of taste decrees that a man shall be a mere "study in black and white," it would cause a decided sensation to be transported, at once, backwards into the middle of the eighteenth century, in Narragansett, and behold the gentlemen, at any considerable function, blossomed out into a flower-garden. But, in branches of the Updike family, there are still preserved some of the marvelous coats and embroidered waistcoats, worn by their ancestors of that period. The coats of the gentlemen were often of scarlet cloth, with lace ruffles over the hands. Their hair was turned back over the forehead, frizzled and curled, queued or clubbed, and powdered and pomatumed, *ad libitum*. They all wore small-clothes, with high silk stockings and silver (or even gold) buckled shoes, a sword often setting off their martial appearance. The ladies,—but how shall we venture upon the ladies?—it is enough to say that they appeared in cushioned headdresses, costumes of rich brocade, and high-heeled shoes.

It was at weddings—those grandest gala-days of the olden times,—that the exhibition of expensive apparel always reached its culmination.

Let us consider ourselves, ere we complete our review, invited to one of these occasions.

This bit of yellow paper, with its stiffly formed characters in faded ink, albeit there will be present three or four hundred guests in flesh and blood, will suffice to admit us all; for spirits, not to be born until a century or two later, occupy as little room as ghosts coming back from the land of shadows.

It is a soft, Indian-summer day, Tuesday November 7, 1752, with a golden haze hanging over the smiling, still green land and the placid sea, when we arrive at the home of Colonel Thomas Hazard, in Boston Neck, the father of the expectant bride. He is a man of ability and education, proud and gentle, and is nobly noted for never having violated a confidence reposed in him. See Mr. Hazard raise his three-cornered hat, and greet us cordially, but with a certain old-world dignity as we mount the broad step, before the central door. It is his beloved daughter, Sarah, eighteen years of age, the third of four little motherless girls committed to his care, when his young wife, Alice, left his side, fifteen years ago, who is to be married to-day. These daughters are all well-educated and

accomplished young lades, able to spin and weave and shape, in wax, figures and flowers, now much admired and pathetically destined to outlast the skillful fingers, which formed them, by scores of years.

Here, in one of the great parlors we come upon the bridegroom, twenty-two years of age, also a Hazard, a grandson of "Old Thomas Hazard," and a second cousin of his bride; for in a region where half of the people are named Hazard, and the other half Gardiner or Robinson, it is not easy, always to provide a novelty in names. To distinguish this swain (now a bit ill at ease), from other numerous George Hazards, he is called "Little Neck George," from owning and being about to occupy Little Point Judith Neck Farm.

Late autumn flowers light up the somewhat sombre rooms, and lingering autumnal foliage frames the portraits on the walls in crimson, while sprays of alderberries, red as blood, are intertwined among the carved maple balusters of the great stair-case.

But now the wedding guests are arriving, and we must note them as they enter.

Here, first, rides up to the door, on a spirited Narragansett pacer,—no gentle pony for her—Mrs. Robert Hazard, widow of the Deputy Governor. She started early from her home, down in Point Judith, and has fulfilled her purpose to be never late, by coming first of all. A most extraordinary personage is she, too, portly and masculine, and, withal, of such a proud bearing that she goes by the title of "Queen Esther," exacting and receiving a kind of homage. Although affable enough just now, as befits a bridal, you feel that you will do well not to offend her.

Behind her ride her daughter, Elizabeth, and her son-in-law, the admired and beloved young Dr. Robert Hazard, both dressed in the brave costumes of their own wedding, which occurred but about six months ago. Dr. Hazard is a nephew of Mrs. MacSparran, and has passed much time at the Glebe house, being a prime favorite with her. Here come, now, in their chaise, Dr. MacSparran, rubicund and sportive, in vast curling wig and broad, white bands depending over his black sagathee robe, and Mrs. MacSparran, most fair to see with her beautiful dark hair floating upon her neck, clad in a rich silken gown and her newest red durance petticoat, much as posterity will behold the two in their gilded frames.

Close behind the rector and his wife arrive, in their chaise of state, Colonel and Mrs. Updike, the grandest of all the guests, followed by their son Lodowick, mounted on his handsome horse.

The Colonel, with his distinguished bearing and melodious voice, is radiant, in his gaily wrought, deep-pocketed waistcoat and his elegant three-cornered hat.

His son, whom Dr. MacSparran has dubbed "ye young squire," now twenty-seven years of age, tall and handsome, is arrayed at the top of the mode for gallants of the period,—in wig and small-clothes, much as he will be twenty years hence, when all the world will be acknowledging his resemblance, in form and costume, to his gracious young sovereign, King George III. But what is this which is so forcibly arresting the chivalrous youth's attention? Sturdy John Gardiner, from the Bonnet Farm, and Mary Taylor, his gentle wife, are just drawing near with their daughter, Abigail,—the "little Nabby" of a few years since,—now grown into a pretty girl of twelve, whom "ye young squire" regards with the deepest interest, and has already selected as his partner, although he will have to wait, for seven years more, for the sweet child to grow into a woman, ere they start together on a pilgrimage of nearly a half century.

Here enter the venerable and worthy Christopher Phillips and Mary, his wife, from the big house at Phillips's Brook. Now, a rather magnificent youth, evidently very much at his ease, salutes the party around the door. He wears a cocked-hat and full-bottomed wig, with silver stock-buckle and plaited neck-cloth and scarlet coat and white-topped boots, polished like mirrors. It is Nicholas Gardiner, who will be arrayed much the same, when forty years shall have gone by, except that a more sedate snuff-colored coat will, then, replace this one of red.

But now the guests are coming too thick and fast for individual notice.

Soon the solemn tones of the Doctor's voice, now suitably subdued, are heard pronouncing "George and Sarah, man and wife," in the name of the Blessed Trinity.

The festivity begins, with mountains of rich viands and rivers of cheerful drink, while quip and joke and music and laughter go round, as if life were nothing but one joyous, fortunate, melodious song.

DANIEL GOODWIN.

THE HISTORICAL WORK OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

III. IN GEORGIA

THERE are twenty-six Chapters of the D. A. R. in Georgia, composed of nearly twelve hundred members, who have done a very extensive and varied work, not alone in the furtherance of National and State objects, but in the compiling and publication of much valuable historical matter.

The great national object to which their efforts are directed, is the building of Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, to which they make a goodly contribution every year.

The common object of the chapters in the State, is the erection of a great monument to Oglethorpe, the founder of the Colony of Georgia. This object they share with the other patriotic associations in the State. Yearly, almost every chapter makes a contribution to this fund. Brunswick Chapter, Brunswick, erected in 1905, a monument to the memory of General Oglethorpe, the first monument to be erected to his memory in the State which he founded from purely humanitarian motives.

Meadow Garden, the home of George Walton, the Signer, the Mount Vernon of Georgia, while the property of the National Society, is also the care and pride of the State members.

After its purchase by the National Society, in 1900, the Augusta Chapter, with assistance from the State Chapters, and some contributions from members of chapters of the National Society, undertook the complete restoration of the historic homestead. Under the direction of Mrs. Harriet Gould Jeffries, the chairman of the Meadow Garden committee, the champion from the first of the preservation of this Revolutionary landmark, the work of restoring and furnishing the home in colonial style, was accomplished in a thorough and tasteful manner.

In 1898, through the efforts of Mrs. Charles Stuart Maurice, of Athens, Pa. (a winter resident of Georgia), the walls of the old "tabby" house or fort on Jekyl Island, built in 1735 by Major Horton, Ogle-

thorpe's gallant "Master of the Rolls," were substantially restored and suitably marked.

The Lachlan McIntosh Chapter, Savannah, has erected a marble fountain at Jasper Spring, near Savannah, to commemorate the daring adventure of Sergeant William Jasper of Fort Moultrie fame, in rescuing prisoners from the British soldiers on this spot.¹

The Xavier Chapter, Rome, erected in 1901, a monument to General John Sevier, the daring pioneer and Indian fighter, on the battlefield of Etowah, at Rome.

The Elijah Clarke Chapter, Athens, has lately erected a monument to the memory of the hero of Kettle Creek, the terror of the Tories and British, General Elijah Clarke, for whom their Chapter is named.

War Hill, the site of the battle of Kettle Creek (Feb. 14, 1779), was purchased in 1900 by the Kettle Creek Chapter, and will eventually have a suitable monument erected upon it. Mrs. Green, the Regent, by indefatigable work, collected the names of more than 300 soldiers who fought in the famous battle, and also succeeded in collecting a number of relics which were found on the battlefield.

The Stephen Heard Chapter, Elberton, located and purchased, with the assistance of the Nancy Hart Chapter of Milledgeville, the home of Nancy Hart, the famous "War Woman," of Wilkes County.

Later, there was a general revival of interest in Nancy Hart throughout the State, owing to the fact that she had been pronounced a myth by some skeptical spirit, who aroused popular indignation and evoked a flood of proof in the way of documents and descendants, all testifying to the reality of the doughty, cross-eyed heroine of Broad River—intrepid Nancy Hart,² the loyal friend of the "Liberty Boys." The grave of the heroine was afterwards located in Henderson County, Kentucky.

¹ This was one of the many minor deeds of daring during the Revolution, which are largely lost sight of among the more prominent events; but it was well worthy of its commemoration. With one companion, Sergeant Newton (for whom one of the Georgia Chapters has been named), Jasper surprised eight British soldiers and took them prisoners to the American camp at Puryburg, S. C.

² The story of Nancy Hart can be found in Mrs. Ellet's *Women of the Revolution*, Vol. 2. The oak tree on which she is said to have herself hung two Tories, yet stands near the site of her house. Mrs. Ellet says: "The tree was shown in 1828 by one who lived in those bloody days, and who also pointed out the spot once occupied by her cabin." Nancy is almost if not actually the only woman for whom a county has been named—Hart County, Georgia.

One of the rarest of American historical prints is that drawn by F. O. C. Darley, and lithographed by Goupil of Paris, about 1850, representing Nancy capturing the squad of Tories in her house. The Editor has searched for years for a copy, and will be grateful for any aid in his quest.

The Oglethorpe Chapter of Columbus, placed a marker in 1900, at the spot where Oglethorpe crossed the Chattahoochee to make a treaty with the Indian tribes.

The Savannah Chapter, in 1902, placed a beautiful bronze tablet³ on the Nathanael Greene monument in Savannah, to commemorate the re-interment of General Greene's remains at the base of the monument. The location of the remains of the great soldier who freed Georgia from British and Tory rule, is due to the indefatigable efforts of the Society of the Cincinnati of Rhode Island, but the final sepulture in Georgia soil beneath the monument erected by a grateful people, is due to the Savannah Chapter and its patriotic regent. The historic occasion was graced by the presence of the Governor of Rhode Island, and the President of the Cincinnati, and made brilliant by an imposing military display and a great civic demonstration.

The compilation, correction and publication of the Revolutionary Roster of the State, has been accomplished through the efforts of the D. A. R. This important work was done by the Atlanta and Piedmont Continental Chapters at the instance and initiative of Mrs. Wm. Lawson Peel. The value of this roster in not only rescuing from oblivion the names of the heroes who fought in the war for Independence, but in enabling women to prove their right to membership in the "D. A. R." cannot be estimated.

But the greatest work the Society has yet accomplished for the State, was in securing the appointment of a Compiler of State Records. For four successive years the Committee on Revolutionary and Colonial Records introduced a bill in the Legislature praying for this appointment, and for an appropriation to complete and publish the Colonial Records of Georgia. It required patient effort and a correspondence, at intervals covering two years, before all necessary information was obtained from the Colonial and Public Records offices in London. Governor Candler testifies, in his report to the Legislature, to the value of the work accomplished, when he says that when he applied to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the then Colonial Secretary, for information regarding the Georgia documents in the British Archives, he was referred by the honorable secretary to the State Regent of the D. A. R. of his own State, for lists and full information. The Records Committee, through Mrs. T. M. Green, its

³ Through the kindness of Mrs. Park, we are enabled to reproduce the engraving of this tablet as our frontispiece.—(Ed.)

secretary, also issued a circular to all the county authorities in Georgia urging the necessity of careful preservation of county records, and making special inquiries of the old Colonial counties. This resulted in securing much valuable historical data.

The Society has not alone secured State action in preserving and publishing this invaluable historical matter, but the Savannah Chapter published in 1901 the *Proceedings of the Council of Safety*, a valuable document which was fast becoming obliterated, in the possession of the Georgia Historical Society at Savannah. Mrs. J. H. Redding, Regent of the Jonathan Bryan Chapter, published a life of Jonathan Bryan, a prison ship martyr, for whom the chapter was named. The Joseph Habersham Chapter published *Historical Collections* in two volumes, being a compilation of their genealogical work and of a number of important historical papers and records, many of them obtained through Miss Harvey of Pennsylvania.

The Thomas Jefferson, Nancy Hart, and other Chapters have located and marked the graves of a very large number of Revolutionary soldiers.

Not the least important work has been the interest aroused in genealogy, whereby the history of the individual services of many a Revolutionary soldier has been preserved, and family tradition, recorded in the old family Bible, has become history, and the roll-call of patriots greatly enlarged.

The Daughters of the American Revolution offer a prize to the State University annually for the best essay on some topic relating to Georgia history.

In addition to this State work in the interest of history, each chapter, almost without exception, offers a history medal to some private or public school, college or seminary.

The observance of patriotic anniversaries, such as Washington's Birthday, Flag Day and Fourth of July, may properly be termed patriotic education, and the chapters in Georgia are generally faithful in celebrating these golden days in our country's calendar.

EMILY HENDREE PARK,

Vice-President General and Ex-State Regent, D. A. R.

ATLANTA, GA.

A PRIVATE MINT IN NORTH CAROLINA

IN one of my grandfather's books¹ occurs the following interesting passage which I quote almost entire:

"I reached Rutherfordton at half past one P. M., where, to my great pleasure I got a room to myself at Mr. Twitty's, a very intelligent and obliging landlord. Here I made a clean and comfortable repast, during which Twitty crowned my satisfaction by producing a bottle of excellent London brown stout, of which he had received a hamper. Such a long period had elapsed since I had met with such a treat, that this noble bottle, of which I took every drop, made me forget all past annoyances; and after taking a very pleasant walk in the environs of this pleasing village, I retired to a nice clean bed.

September 20, 1837.—The morning was beautiful, but cool enough to make a nice wood fire agreeable in my bedroom, which was not too well protected against the wind. After breakfast I walked a few miles to visit a German of the name of Bechler, who issued a gold coinage of which I had seen several pieces. He received me very civilly, and I passed a great part of the day with him at his cottage in the woods. Bechler emigrated with a very clever young man, his son, from the Grand Duchy of Baden, where he had been a gunmaker and goldsmith of some reputation, and had acquired a considerable knowledge in the management of metals. He had resided seven years in this country, and had established for himself a character for integrity, as well as skill in his profession. I found him rather mystical and imaginative, as many Germans are; and certainly if he had lived when alchemy flourished, he would have been a conspicuous operator in that inviting art. It was probably this bias that induced him to settle in the gold region of North Carolina, where his career had been a rather singular one, but hitherto distinguished for much good sense.

The greater part of the small streams in this part of the gold region have more or less gold in them, so that all the settlers upon the streams were engaged, more or less, in washing for gold. Each of them possessing but a small quantity, and there being no general purchaser, it was an article not easily disposed of without taking the trouble to go great distances. Bechler had also obtained some in the usual manner, and having made a die, coined his gold into five dollar pieces, of the same intrinsic value as the half eagles of the United States, which are worth five dollars each. He

¹ A Canoe Voyage up the Minnay Sotor, G. W. Featherstonhaugh, F. R. S., F. G. S., London, 1847, Vol. II., p. 327.

also coined pieces of the value of two dollars and a half, and stamped the value, as well as his own name, upon every piece that he coined. These after a while found their way to the mint of the United States, were assayed, and found to be correct. This becoming known, all the gold finders in his vicinity, and indeed from greater distances, began to bring their gold to his mint to be coined. At the period of my visit, his gold coinage circulated more freely than that of the United States, which was very scarce. He told me that his books showed that he had coined about two millions of dollars from the gold found by the settlers, putting his name, with its weight and quality to every piece. On receiving the gold from the country people, which in this part of the gold region is alloyed with silver, he first reduced it to a common standard, then made the five dollar pieces equal to those of the United States in value, and when coined delivered it to the respective proprietors, deducting two per cent. for the seignorage. It would be in his power to take improper advantage of the confidence placed in him, but I heard no instance of his having attempted this. Some of the gold in this region is alloyed with platina, the specific gravity of which, compared with that of gold, is as 21 to 19. He might, therefore, have made the difference in weight up with platina, which would have put fourteen per cent. into his pocket. As a metallurgist, he had all the skill necessary to do this, but when I mentioned the possibility of this, he answered that it was what an honest man would not do, and that if any man were to do it, he would soon be found out, for the gold did not remain long in circulation, since it found its way very soon to the United States mint, where it was necessary for him to keep a good character.

Bechler's maxim was that honesty is the best policy; and that maxim appeared to govern his conduct. I never was so pleased with observing transactions of business as those I saw at his house during the time I was there. Several country people came with rough gold to be left for coinage. He weighed it before them and entered it in his book, where there was marginal room for noting the subsequent assay. To others he delivered the coin he had struck. The most perfect confidence prevailed betwixt them, and the transactions were conducted with quite as much simplicity as those at a country grist mill, where the miller deducts the toll for the grist he has manufactured. As gunsmiths, he and his son were preëminent for their ingenuity; they had invented various ingenious modes of firing rifles eight times in a minute. One with a chain for sixty caps, revolving by a catch of the trigger, was very neatly constructed, and was exceedingly curious. Young Bechler fired it off several times at a target placed at a distance of one hundred and sixty-five yards, and with great success. Having partaken of Mr. Bechler's frugal dinner, I walked over his farm with him, which consisted of four hundred acres, with several mineral veins running through it N. N. E. and S. S. W., some of which were auriferous, but, as I thought, not at all promising. This was not Mr. Bechler's opinion, who was a great enthusiast about gold mining, and entertained extraordinary mystical notions about mineral veins. Some of the specimens of auriferous rocks were associated with arsenic, and in a tunnel which he had driven upon a vein, I observed talcose slate

stately folios of Dr. MacSparran's library still linger in the neighborhood. The books of "Cocumscussuc," gathered largely by Colonel Daniel Updike and his son, were marvels in their day, and would be treasures in *any* day. It required an education, only to read the titles of some of them,— "Sacro-sanctum Novum Testamentum Domini Servatoris Nostri Jesus Christi. Londini Excudebat Valentinus Simsus,"—"Theognides Megarensis, Lipsiae, etc."

Still another test of a highly developed state of society, in those pre-photographic days,—one, also, which the South County appears to have been peculiarly able to stand, is the prevalence of well-painted portraits. Every great house seems to have been hung with family likenesses, some of them, probably, by Robert Feke, the painter of the Reverend John Callender's portrait, in the picture gallery of the Rhode Island Historical Society, and of Lady Wanton's in the Redwood Library, at Newport, some, perhaps, by Gaines who produced Mr. Honyman's portrait in the sacristy of Trinity Church, Newport, some certainly, by John Smibert, the fellow voyager of Dean Berkeley, and the painter of the well-known picture of him and his family, deposited at Yale College, who spent some time in Narragansett, making pictures of Dr. and Mrs. MacSparran, and some, just as unquestionably, by Copley as that of the Honorable Thomas Cranston, now belonging to Mr. Hidden, of Providence, those of Mrs. Cranston and their daughter, now the property of Mr. D. B. Updike, of Boston, that of the Rev. Mr. Fayerweather the successor of Dr. MacSparran, in the possession of the Misses Eddy, in Providence, and a miniature of Judge Marchant, of South Kingstown.

Portraits of the third Mrs. Colonel Updike, previously Mrs. Governor William Wanton, and her mother, Mrs. Godfrey, are believed to have been, also, by Smibert, as well as one of Mrs. MacSparran's nephew, Benjamin Gardiner, now owned by the Misses Gardiner, of Elmwood, his great-granddaughters. The portraits of Dr. Babcock's family, of Westerly, including a fine one of his gallant son, Colonel Harry Babcock, passed to their kinsfolk, the Saltonstalls, of New London, and other Connecticut families, while the Matthew Robinson family portraits are in the possession of the Potters, of Kingston.

Nor will it answer to close the list of the tokens of polished manners, existing in old Narragansett, without an allusion to its rich and elegant costumes. "Fine feathers do not always make fine birds," but fine birds

like fine feathers, and generally manage, in some manner, to evolve them. In this age when color is banished from men's clothing, in civil life, and the current severity of taste decrees that a man shall be a mere "study in black and white," it would cause a decided sensation to be transported, at once, backwards into the middle of the eighteenth century, in Narragansett, and behold the gentlemen, at any considerable function, blossomed out into a flower-garden. But, in branches of the Updike family, there are still preserved some of the marvelous coats and embroidered waistcoats, worn by their ancestors of that period. The coats of the gentlemen were often of scarlet cloth, with lace ruffles over the hands. Their hair was turned back over the forehead, frizzled and curled, queued or clubbed, and powdered and pomatumed, *ad libitum*. They all wore small-clothes, with high silk stockings and silver (or even gold) buckled shoes, a sword often setting off their martial appearance. The ladies,—but how shall we venture upon the ladies?—it is enough to say that they appeared in cushioned headdresses, costumes of rich brocade, and high-heeled shoes.

It was at weddings—those grandest gala-days of the olden times,—that the exhibition of expensive apparel always reached its culmination.

Let us consider ourselves, ere we complete our review, invited to one of these occasions.

This bit of yellow paper, with its stiffly formed characters in faded ink, albeit there will be present three or four hundred guests in flesh and blood, will suffice to admit us all; for spirits, not to be born until a century or two later, occupy as little room as ghosts coming back from the land of shadows.

It is a soft, Indian-summer day, Tuesday November 7, 1752, with a golden haze hanging over the smiling, still green land and the placid sea, when we arrive at the home of Colonel Thomas Hazard, in Boston Neck, the father of the expectant bride. He is a man of ability and education, proud and gentle, and is nobly noted for never having violated a confidence reposed in him. See Mr. Hazard raise his three-cornered hat, and greet us cordially, but with a certain old-world dignity as we mount the broad step, before the central door. It is his beloved daughter, Sarah, eighteen years of age, the third of four little motherless girls committed to his care, when his young wife, Alice, left his side, fifteen years ago, who is to be married to-day. These daughters are all well-educated and

To Gold Miners and Others:

The undersigned having coined a great quantity of N. Carolina gold into pieces of \$2.50 and \$5.00 value, of 20 carats fine, and being well prepared to increase the business to any extent, is established $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles on the road leading from Rutherfordton to Jeanstown, invites the attention of miners in S. Carolina and Georgia as well as N. Carolina to the advantage which would result from having the product of their mines coined or made into ingots bearing their just value rather than disposing of it in its fluxed state, without an assay and therefore liable to produce an improper value: gold in a fluxed state of 22 and 23 carats is generally sold for 84 cents per dwt. in the bank, whereas its intrinsic value, if coined, is 90 or 94 cents, consequently an actual saving of 6 cents per dwt will be made by having it coined after paying all the expenses of coining, etc. Should encouragement be given, new dies will be made especially for stamping S. Carolina and also Georgia gold.

He would also here make known the plan which he has adopted and will pursue: on receiving a bar of fluxed gold to be coined, the same will be divided, a portion assayed (by a fire ordeal) for the purpose of ascertaining its exact fineness, and he will be accountable for the amount of the value of the whole so ascertained—at the same time returning to the owner $\frac{1}{2}$ dwt of each assay, which he may keep for his own satisfaction or for the purpose of having it assayed elsewhere to find its value, that no deception or fraud may be practiced, and, in case there should be, that he might have the means of detecting the same—for all which he holds himself responsible. The following are his prices: for fluxing 400 dwts or less \$1.00: for assaying (by a fire ordeal) 1000 dwts or less, \$1.00; for coining $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. When the gold is to be coined no charge is made for the assay.

He has also on hand a handsome assortment of jewelry, watches, etc. Any particular kind of jewelry will be executed to order in the neatest and most skillful manner.

C. Bechtler.

I am not enough of a numismatist to attempt any technical description of the coins, the various dies and other apparatus used in their manufacture, but for the information of those interested, and in order that the memory of a curious and interesting incident in the history of North Carolina may be revived, I herewith submit extracts from the records of the Treasury Department, which were kindly furnished me through the courtesy of the Acting Director of the Mint:

Private Issues,
North Carolina.

Mr. C. Bechtler established a mint at Rutherfordton, North Carolina, and commenced the coinage of gold half and quarter eagles and one dollar pieces in 1831. These coins circulated freely at the South and West, but were not received by the Government.

To obtain a proper understanding of them will require some attention. There are two series, the first bearing no date, but issued earlier than 1834, of the three denominations of five, two and a half, and one dollar, professedly 20 carats fine, and 150 grains to the piece of five dollars. These are now scarce. The second series is that which bears the date of 1834. In that year there was an important reduction of standards in the national gold coins, to which Mr. Bechtler conformed, and, by way of distinction, afterwards used the uniform date of that year. The denominations are as before, but there are three grades of fineness and weight; thus, at 20 carats, the five-dollar piece is to weigh 140 grains: the same at 21 carats, to weigh 134 grains: and at 22 carats, to weigh 128 grains. The pieces of 20 carats are stamped "NORTH CAROLINA GOLD;" those of 21 "CAROLINA GOLD;" and those of 22, "GEORGIA GOLD." It is probable that all of the gold was raised in North Carolina, and that these stamps are only to assist in indicating the different qualities, as they are generally understood in that region, Georgia gold being usually the best and North Carolina the poorest.

This coinage has no emblematical device, but simply the name and residence of the manufacturer, the weight and fineness, and the designation just stated.

There is not much variation in weight, but the fineness is exceedingly irregular and inferior, causing an average loss of $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on the nominal value.

Some time subsequent to the year 1842, the mint passed from the hands of C. Bechtler into possession of A. Bechtler, whose name was substituted upon the coins for that of the former. The only marked effect which this change produced upon the coins was a considerable deficiency in value, as compared with the former emissions. Since the year 1849 this establishment has been abolished.

The three following extracts refer to the Bechtler coinage:

I.

[Extract from the Report of the Director of the Mint (Mr. R. M. Patterson), submitted to the President, January 20, 1841.]

. . . There are two circumstances which serve to diminish the amount of gold coinage at our mints, and which seem to me to call for legislative interference. One of these is the private coinage known to be carried on in the neighborhood of the mines to a considerable extent. Assays repeatedly made at this mint show that the coins thus fabricated are below the nominal value marked upon them; yet they circulate freely at this value, and therefore it must be more advantageous to the miner to carry his bullion to the private than the public mints. It seems strange that the privilege of coining copper should be carefully confined by law to the General Government; while that of coining gold and silver, though withheld from the States, is

freely permitted to individuals, with the single restriction that they must not imitate the coinage established by law.

2.

[Extract from the report of John H. Wheeler, Superintendent of the U. S. Mint, Charlotte, North Carolina, to the Secretary of the Treasury, dated February 10, 1840.]

. . . Another reason why I conclude that the records of the mint show no certain proof of the amount of bullion produced in this section is, that there is a private manufactory of coin in this region (Mr. Bechtler, of Rutherford) which has coined a large portion of the gold produced in the counties of Burke and Rutherford. He states that from January, 1831, to February, 1840, he coined \$2,241,840.50, and fluxed (or melted in bars) 1,729,998 pennyweights. (See Note A in appendix.) Much of this bullion may have been coined at Philadelphia; but as it answered the purpose of trade, and community having confidence in the purity of the metal, much of it is carried by travelers, traders, emigrants and others, into Kentucky, Tennessee and elsewhere, that probably never found its way to the mint. From our experience, but little has been coined; at least we have not received \$500 of it here. Much of it, it is supposed, is still extant among the farmers of the country, laid up with prudent foresight for future use, as well in this section of country as in Tennessee and Kentucky, as at the time it was certainly a safe currency. This, too, is a powerful argument in favor of the propriety of the establishment, by the Government, at an earlier period, in this region, of a mint; when necessity, the proper parent of invention, forced more than \$3,000,000 of coin among the people, not bearing any official guaranty of its purity, or any device emblematic of a national character.

3.

[Appendix of the report referred to, of John H. Wheeler, Superintendent, United States Mint, Charlotte, N. C.]

NOTE A.—*As to Bechtler's Coinage.* In a letter dated 20th February, 1840, Mr. B. gives the following as the work of his establishment, extracted from his books:

	<i>Coined.</i>	<i>Fluxed.</i> (<i>dwt.</i> s.)
From January, 1831, to December, 1834.....	\$109,732 50	395,804
From December, 1834, to December, 1835.....	695,896 00	711,583
From December, 1835, to August, 1836.....	471,322 50	397,410
From August, 1836, to May, 1838.....	770,329 50	201,141
From May, 1838, to February, 1840.....	194,560 00	24,060
	<hr/> \$2,241,840 50	<hr/> 1,729,998

This, including a period of nine years, would give an average of \$250,000 a

year coined. If to the coinage is added the amount of bullion fluxed, or melted by him (1,730,000 pennyweights, at eighty cents per pennyweight, which is its average assay here, equal to \$1,384,000), it would show that there passed through his hands alone, within this period, \$3,625,840 of gold bullion, the product of the mines of that region, which would show an average of more than \$400,000 annually.

NOTE B.—Data upon which the opinion is founded “that the total amount of gold bullion found in this section, from the discovery of the mines, amounts to \$10,000,000”:

Coined at the United States Mints, to December 31, 1839.....	\$3,000,000
Amount of bullion passed through Mr. Bechtler's hands.....	3,625,000
Bullion sold to manufacturers, sent to Europe, carried in bars to the West,	
etc., etc	3,375,000
	<hr/>
	\$10,000,000

NOTE C.—Data upon which the opinion is founded “that the annual product of the mines at this time is \$400,000”:

Coined in 1839 at Charlotte branch mint.....	\$ 162,767 50
Coined in 1839 at Philadelphia (estimated).....	50,000 00
Coined in 1839 at Bechtler's (estimated from his books).....	150,000 00
Bullion sold to manufacturers, sent to Europe, carried West, etc., etc..	37,232 50
	<hr/>
	* \$400,000 00

The Bechtler coins, instead of being the principal medium of exchange for the western portion of North Carolina, as they appear to have been in 1837, are now very scarce, having found their way to the mints long ago. I was, however, fortunate enough to see coins of each denomination which are kept as curios by the people of Rutherfordton. They look brassy, owing to the great preponderance of gold which they contain, and are crudely made as compared with the issues of the government mints. The two Bechtlers used, of course, a number of different dies, but appear to have coined pieces of the three denominations already mentioned alone. The roller with which Mr. Bechtler pressed out his ingots into shape for cutting the coins, still exists. It is a home-made

* The quotations given appear to comprehend all the literature extant in regard to the Minter of North Carolina. I have searched the various histories of the State in vain, and a note from Mr. David Hutcheson of the Library of Congress informs me that he has found no mention of Bechtler or his coinage in the books of the library.

affair and consists of two independent steel rollers opposing each other, with setting screws to regulate their propinquity. Each roller, which is about four inches wide and two in diameter, is worked by a long hand crank. A bronze cent passed through these rollers became an oblong strip of metal in a few moments. There are none of these coins in the National Museum at Washington, where there should be some specimens at least.

I made every effort to find a Bechtler rifle that I might, if possible, secure it for the Museum. I was, however, unable to even see one, though they are well remembered by the older citizens and had a great reputation in their day. Probably very few of them were made and these have been carried away from the town, or destroyed as useless in the present day of breech loading rapid fire guns.

North Carolina does not stand alone in the matter of having had a private mint for gold coins. Such mints have existed at least in Georgia, South Carolina, Colorado, California, Utah and Oregon. All gold coins, however, issued by private individuals, were simply bullion stamped with weight, fineness of metal and the name of the coiner as a guarantee of the weight and assay, and were in no sense coins of the United States.

North Carolina does, however, apparently stand alone in having produced the largest nugget of gold found in the United States, for I find in the "Geological Survey of Georgia," 1896, the following passage: "The largest lump of gold found in the United States was discovered on the Reed Plantation in Cabarrus County, N. C., in 1799. It was about eight and a half inches long, five inches broad and an inch thick, and weighed twenty-eight pounds avoirdupois."

One pleasant afternoon Mr. McDaniel was kind enough to accompany me to the former Bechtler property, some three or more miles north from Rutherfordton. There is always something pathetic about a deserted home that has once been instinct with life and activity, and the full force of this feeling came over me as I stood on the site of the house, for the building was burned some years ago, and saw on every hand signs of the past activities of this industrious and enthusiastic German. The house, called in the Canoe Voyage a cottage, stood on the top of one of those peculiar mound like hills already spoken of, and commanded a sweeping and majestic view of the surrounding country, especially towards the north, where the hazy outlines of the distant mountains almost blend

with the sky. Some old peach trees still stand like sentinels about the ruins of the house, but otherwise all is desolation. About the hill may be seen signs of former drifts and tunnels, and one of these which is probably the tunnel spoken of by my grandfather, can still be entered, though unsupported by timbers or masonry. It is believed that Mr. Bechtler personally got very little gold from his premises, but the indications in the hills show his perseverance in its pursuit. The water used in his washings was obtained from a fine spring at the bottom of the hill on which the house stood and was brought to the building by what is locally called a "telegraph." One of these telegraph lines running from the same spring to a house on the opposing hill is still to be seen. On the slope of the hill to the west of the house was the vineyard, and a little to the north of this is a now empty grave that once held the remains of the minter of North Carolina. As I stood by the grave, a covey of quails arose almost at my feet and whirled away to closer cover. Two other empty graves are there also that formerly contained the bodies of August and Charles Bechtler. The remains of all three were exhumed and taken away for reburial by a relative several years ago and there is no one of the Bechtler blood left in the town.

THOMAS FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

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NEW LIGHT ON THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

AMONG the various problems of American history, none has proved more perplexing or productive of acrimonious controversy than the so-called Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. For close upon one hundred years, the question whether or no the national Declaration of Independence was anticipated by the action of an assemblage of North Carolinians has been a thorn in the flesh of historians. To-day the consensus of critical opinion is adverse to the claims of those who would give the "Old North State" priority in this bold and important step, and the conviction is wide-spread that the Mecklenburg Declaration is of the stuff of which myths are made. But, within the past few months, hitherto inaccessible evidence has been secured by its supporters, and it has again become a live issue requiring more rigid scrutiny than at any other time in its stormy career. This necessary sifting and weighing the present writer would leave to others, contenting himself with stating the problem as presented in the light of the new evidence and, since it is essential to appreciation of the significance of the recent discoveries, with taking a preliminary survey of the occurrences at the Mecklenburg meeting as variously viewed by the advocates and critics of the Mecklenburg Declaration.

The entire problem hinges on what took place at this meeting, which was held in the town of Charlotte, Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, some time during May, 1775. According to the believers in the authenticity of the Declaration, the meeting was the outcome of sundry earlier and informal gatherings, at which the leading men of the county of Mecklenburg sought to ascertain the prevailing sentiment of the county with respect to the claims of Parliament to impose taxes and regulate the internal affairs of the colonies. It was ultimately determined that Thomas Polk, then Colonel commandant of the county, should request each militia captain to call a company meeting to elect two delegates from his company to assemble in convention at Charlotte on the 19th day of May, in order to take such measures "as to them should seem best calculated to promote

the common cause of defending the rights of the colony, and aiding their brethren in Massachusetts." Meantime, certain resolutions were prepared for submission to the convention, which, the Mecklenburg claimants aver, met on the day appointed. It so happened, however, that, while the convention was in session, the news of the battle of Lexington reached Charlotte, and, intensely inflamed by the demands of the onlookers, the convention decided to substitute for the prepared resolutions a formal Declaration of Independence, to which the delegates subscribed amidst popular approval, and which ran as follows: ¹

"I. *Resolved*, That whosoever directly or indirectly abets, or in any way, form or manner countenances, the invasion of our rights, as attempted by the Parliament of Great Britain, is an enemy to his country, to America, and to the rights of man.

"II. *Resolved*, That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg County, do hereby dissolve the political bonds which have connected us with the mother country, and absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British Crown, abjuring all political connection with a nation that has wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties, and inhumanly shed innocent blood of Americans at Lexington.

"III. *Resolved*, That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people; that we are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing people under the power of God and the General Congress; to the maintenance of which independence we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual coöperation, our lives, our fortunes, and our most sacred honor.

"IV. *Resolved*, That we hereby ordain and adopt as rules of conduct all and each of our former laws, and that the Crown of Great Britain cannot be considered hereafter as holding any rights, privileges, or immunities amongst us.

"V. *Resolved*, That all officers, both civil and military, in this county, be entitled to exercise the same powers and authorities as heretofore; that every member of this delegation shall henceforth be a civil officer and exercise the powers of a justice of the peace, issue process, hear and determine controversies according to law, preserve peace, union, and harmony in the county, and use every exertion to spread the love of liberty and of country until a more general and better organized system of government be established.

"VI. *Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by express to the President of the Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia, to be laid before that body."

¹ This is the version first made generally known by Francis Xavier Martin's "History of North Carolina," issued in 1829, but, according to the author's preface, written before 1809 and published from the unrevised manuscript. The Mecklenburg claimants contend that it is a true copy of the original Declaration.

After these resolutions had been adopted, Martin's History tells us:

"James Jack, then of Charlotte, but now residing in the State of Georgia,² was engaged to be the bearer of the resolutions to the President of Congress, and directed to deliver copies of them to the delegates in Congress from North Carolina. The President returned a polite answer to the address which accompanied the resolutions, in which he highly approved of the measures adopted by the delegates of Mecklenburg, but deemed the subject of the resolutions premature to be laid before Congress. Messrs. Caswell, Hooper, and Hewes [the North Carolina delegates to Congress] forwarded a joint letter, in which they complimented the people of Mecklenburg for their zeal in the common cause, and recommended to them the strict observance of good order; that the time would soon come when the whole continent would follow their example."

The opposition, which include an overwhelming majority of historians, do not deny that a meeting was held at Charlotte in May, 1775. But they contend (1) that the convention assembled not on May 19-20, but on May 31, and (2) that the resolutions adopted were twenty in number, and of quite another character than the Declaration quoted above. These resolutions, first discovered by Colonel Peter Force, of Washington, and announced by him through the "National Intelligencer" in December, 1838, merely provided a temporary form of government for the county of Mecklenburg, "until instructions from the Provincial Congress regulating the jurisprudence of the province shall provide otherwise, or the legislative body of Great Britain resigns its unjust and arbitrary pretensions with respect to America." They breathed an independent spirit, to be sure, but they did not in so many words declare for independence, and they fell far short of the defiant and bellicose expressions of the Martin version. They were originally published, it later appeared, in the "South Carolina Gazette and County Journal," of June 13, 1775, and they were republished in the "New York Journal," of June 29, 1775, and in the "Massachusetts Spy," of July 12, 1775. To the argument based on these resolutions, known from their date as the "Thirty-first Resolves," the Mecklenburg claimants reply (1) that the date ascribed to them is erroneous; (2) that they are the resolutions which it was

² Captain Jack died in 1822, seven years before Martin's work went to press. This fact is cited by Dr. George W. Graham, of Charlotte, the son of the late Governor William A. Graham, and now the most prominent advocate of the authenticity of the Mecklenburg Declaration, as a reason for accepting Martin's statement that his History was published without revision of the manuscript as prepared by him before 1809. The importance of this point will develop as the narrative of the controversy proceeds.

originally intended to submit to the convention; (3) that measures embodying the same powers as the Thirty-first Resolves were enacted by the delegates immediately after adopting the Declaration; and (4) that if all that was done by the convention was the adoption of the Thirty-first Resolves, there would have been no reason for transmitting copies post-haste to the Continental Congress, nor would the Thirty-first Resolves, with their comparatively tame resolutions, have elicited from the President of Congress and the North Carolina delegates to Congress the comments ascribed to them by Martin. In explanation of the fact that the Thirty-first Resolves found their way into print, it is suggested by the present leader of the Mecklenburg claimants, Dr. George W. Graham,³ that doubtless copies of the proposed resolutions were sent to the delegates-elect, so that they might make themselves acquainted with the details of the intended action, and that one of these copies fell into the hands of the editor of the "South Carolina Gazette and County Journal," who printed it in the mistaken belief that the resolutions had actually been adopted, and supplied the date which has been the source of such additional controversy.

These, briefly, are the opposing views.⁴ And now it is necessary to indicate rapidly the successive stages in the long-enduring dispute. Whatever the reason, it was almost forty-five years before the occurrences at Charlotte became a matter of general knowledge. In 1819, John McKnitt Alexander, son of the secretary of the convention, writing under the name of "John McKnitt," contributed to the "Raleigh Register" an account of the proceedings, including a copy of the resolutions adopted. This copy was essentially similar to the subsequently published Martin copy, but differed from the latter in phraseology, in being partially written in the past tense, and in omitting the sixth resolution. It was certified:

"The foregoing is a true copy of the papers on the above subject left in my hands by John McKnitt Alexander, deceased. I find it mentioned on file that the original book was burned, April, 1800; that a copy of the proceedings was sent to Hugh Williamson, then writing a history of North Carolina, and that a copy was sent to General W. R. Davie."

³ In a conversation with the writer, April 14, 1906.

⁴ For the best exposition of the case against the Mecklenburg Declaration, the reader is referred to the late Rev. Dr. J. C. Wellings's article on the subject in the *North American Review*, April, 1874; while the case for the Declaration is ably presented in Dr. George W. Graham's "The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence," 1905. The new evidence to be presented in these pages has, however, been discovered since Dr. Graham's work was published.

This publication reappeared in the "Essex Register" and came to the notice of John Adams, who, impressed with the resemblance between certain phrases in the Mecklenburg Declaration and the Fourth of July Declaration, and being at the time in unfriendly relations with Jefferson, hastened to call the latter's attention to "John McKnitt's" statement. Jefferson, smarting under the imputation of plagiarism,⁵ wrote to Adams in reply: "You seem to think it genuine. I believe it spurious. I deem it to be a very unjustifiable quiz." From that moment the controversy was under way.

On the one hand, it was asserted that the great Virginian had freely borrowed from the Mecklenburg in drafting the Fourth of July Declaration; on the other, that the latter was the basis of the former, which was denounced as a cruel hoax. The seeming attempt on the part of "John McKnitt" to conceal his identity,⁶ the long interval of silence between event and announcement, the absence of documentary evidence—all this conspired to create an atmosphere of suspicion. Charges and counter-charges were freely made by both parties, theories advanced which are still operating to cloud perception of the real points at issue. Then came the publication of Martin's History with its variant version, declared by some to be a reproduction of the actual resolutions, by others to be merely the "John McKnitt" copy published and refined. There seemed to be no way of terminating what was rapidly developing into a sectional quarrel, and the State of North Carolina decided upon official intervention. During the winter of 1830-31, the General Assembly appointed a Committee to take evidence on the subject. Depositions were obtained from witnesses then living, who had personal knowledge of the meeting at Charlotte. Their testimony was uniformly, but vaguely, to the effect that independence had been declared, and the Committee rendered a favorable report, affirming the evidence to be satisfactory and directing the Government to cause to be published a pamphlet containing the Mecklenburg Declaration, the names of the delegates subscribing thereto, and the certificates of the witnesses testifying to the attendant circumstances.

⁵ At this day it seems peculiar that, so far as concerns Jefferson, the accusation of plagiarism should have been a factor in the controversy. As was pointed out by Dr. Welling, the fact is that, with one exception, the parallel phrases in the Fourth of July Declaration were written, not by Jefferson, but by Richard Henry Lee.

⁶ It was otherwise contended, however, and not without force, that Mr. Alexander frequently dropped his surname, the better to *disclose* his identity, on account of the commonness of the name "Alexander" in that section of the country. The writer is informed that there are to-day several hundred "Alexanders" in the Mecklenburg region.

This merely added fuel to the fire already burning so briskly. The dependence thus placed upon the known fallibility of human memory was alone sufficient to excite the derision of the critical. Nor was it long before a new turn was given to the controversy by a statement contained in a criticism of Tucker's "Life of Jefferson," written by the Rev. Dr. Francis L. Hawks for the "New York Review," of March, 1837. In his paper, Dr. Hawks revived against Jefferson the old charge of plagiarism, and asserted that the Mecklenburg Declaration would be found in a June, 1775, issue of the "Cape Fear Mercury," a copy of which, it was stated, was on file in the British State Paper Office, where it had been placed by Lord Dartmouth, who had received it from Governor Martin of North Carolina, the chief executive at the time of the Charlotte convention. Soon after the publication of this statement, according to Lyman Draper, application for the loan of this copy of the "Cape Fear Mercury" was made by United States Minister Stevenson, who, receiving it in August, 1837, failed to return it, and died twenty years later without divulging its contents. The natural supposition would seem to be that he was erroneously credited with borrowing the copy, but the advocates of the Mecklenburg Declaration hold that he secured it, found in it evidence supporting their case, and, from a desire to shield Jefferson's reputation, resolved to maintain silence. Color is given to the claim that Minister Stevenson did receive the missing "Mercury" by the fact that in 1863 the historian Wheeler, after a fruitless search in London, made application to Mr. Stevenson's son (the diplomat being dead), and was informed that, although the paper could not be found among his father's effects, memoranda had been discovered indicating that it had once been in the minister's possession. In any event, the copy is still missing from the British archives, and, as no other copy of that particular issue has come to light, its contents remain unknown.⁷

⁷ In *Collier's Weekly*, of July 1, 1905, there appeared an article on the Mecklenburg Declaration written by Dr. S. Millington Miller, and including a facsimile reproduction of what purported to be the lost copy of the "Cape Fear Mercury." A note stated that it had been discovered among Mr. Stevenson's effects. The announcement created considerable surprise, and was received with wide-spread scepticism on the part of the advocates as well as the opponents of the Declaration. It was noticed that, as printed in facsimile, the Declaration contained but three articles, and corresponded with neither the Martin nor the "John McKnitt" copy, but with a "broadside" issued after the publication of "John McKnitt's" letter in the *Raleigh Register*. Late in 1905, Mr. A. S. Salley, Jr., of South Carolina, issued a pamphlet attacking Dr. Miller's copy of the *Mercury* as a forgery, and adducing evidence to show that in the production of the alleged forgery aid was had from a genuine copy of a

The necessity for examining it was emphasized within little more than a year from the time attention was first drawn to it. In December, 1838, Colonel Force announced his discovery of the Thirty-first Resolves, and it was immediately said by the opponents of the Declaration that in the "Cape Fear Mercury" would be found not the Declaration but the Resolves. These, it was jubilantly claimed, formed the true Declaration, or rather the fabric out of which had been composed, by the faulty memory of the participants, the defiance said to have been hurled at the home authorities by the blunt, outspoken patriots of Mecklenburg. For the moment the friends of the Declaration were too dazed to attempt a reply; but, rallying, they assailed their adversaries with a fusillade of queries, not the least pertinent of which was: If the action taken were simply that described by the Thirty-first Resolves, why should Governor Martin, in his address to the Executive Council on June 25, 1775,⁸ speak of "the late most treasonable publication of a committee in the county of Mecklenburg, explicitly renouncing obedience to His Majesty's Government," and in a subsequent proclamation⁹ declare: "Whereas I have also seen a most infamous publication in the 'Cape Fear Mercury' importing to be Resolves of a set of people stiling themselves a committee for the county of Mecklenburg, most traitorously declaring the entire dissolution of the laws, government and constitution of this county"? But it was easier to propound awkward questions than to answer the questions with which they themselves were confronted, and the Mecklenburg claimants were gradually driven to rest their case upon evidence inadmissible in the court of history. For the time being, it seemed as though they must be utterly discredited, their discomfiture being increased by the discovery, first an-

November, 1769, issue of the *Mercury*, now in the possession of the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass. Meanwhile, Dr. Miller had invited a committee from Charlotte to examine his copy, which he appraised at \$5000. On December 30, 1905, this committee, consisting of Dr. George W. Graham, Professor Alexander Graham and Mr. R. O. Alexander, met Dr. Miller in Baltimore, and after seeing the copy agreed to buy it, provided he secured from Mr. Worthington C. Ford, the old-document expert, a certificate warranting it genuine. To this Dr. Miller consented. The committee returned home, and in the *Charlotte Observer*, of January 1, 1906, published a report in which they gave sundry reasons for believing that they had not seen in Dr. Miller's possession a genuine copy of the *Cape Fear Mercury*. In this belief they were confirmed by Mr. Ford, who, January 9, sent them a long report on the subject. Mr. Ford has since written (in the April issue of the *American Historical Review*) a comprehensive statement of his findings.

⁸ "Colonial Records of North Carolina," Vol. X., pp. 38-39.

⁹ *Ibid.*, Vol. X., pp. 144-145.

nounced in 1853,¹⁰ that the Davie copy, referred to by "John McKnitt," bore a certificate in the well-known handwriting of John McKnitt Alexander, Sr., setting forth that it was merely a transcript from memory. The Davie and "John McKnitt" versions being identical, added strength was given to the belief that the Thirty-first Resolves were the basis for both, as well as for the Martin version. This belief has steadily gained adherents, until to-day the Declaration commands the assent of few outside of North Carolina, and not of all within the borders of that State itself.

H. ADDINGTON BRUCE.

North American Review.

¹⁰ By Professor Charles Phillips, in the *North Carolina University Magazine*, May, 1853.

(*To be continued.*)



MINOR TOPICS

AT NEWBURGH IN THE WINTER OF 1783

Head Quarters

NEWBURGH, Jany. 17, 1783.

For the (officer of the day) to-morrow Major Oliver.

For duty the Maryland detachment.

In consequence of the promotion of Brigadiers General Greaton, Putnam, and Dayton, Lieut Colo Miller is posted to the 3d. and Lieut Colo Cobb to the 5th Massachusetts regiments as Lieut Colo.s Commandant, Lieut Colo. Barber takes command of the 2d Regiment of Jersey as Lieut. Colo Commandant. Major Gen'l Gates will be pleased to ascertain what transference of officers from one corps to another will be rendered necessary in consequence of this arrangement, and post themselves accordingly.

It is with great pleasure the General communicates to the Army the following translation of a letter he received yesterday from the Minister of France.

To His Excellency General Washington, and the American Army.

PHILADELPHIA, Jany. 10th, 1783.

GENTLEMEN:

His Majesty has been informed of the marks of joy shown by the American Army on the birth of a Dauphin, and it has given him great satisfaction to see the part which the American officers and Soldiers have taken in that happy event. The King has ordered me to make known to you his sensibility on this occasion; and has charged me to assure the American Army, and the General who commanded it, of his affection and particular esteem.

I have the honor to be with respectful attachment

Gentlemen

Your very humble and very obedient Servant

LA CHEVALIER DE LA LUZERNE.

22d. Jan. 1783.

For (officer of) the day to-morrow Major Graham. For duty 1st Mass. regiment.

The death of Major General Lord Stirling having happened at such a distance from the army¹ that his funeral could not be attended with the military honors due his rank; the Commander in Chief however wishes as a testimony of respect

¹ He died at Albany, January 15.

to the memory of his Lordship, that the General officers, and such others as think proper, would go into mourning one month on the occasion by wearing a crape or weed during that time.

HEADQUARTERS, Feby. 4, 1783.

Officer for the day the 2d Hampshire Regt. The General is happy in having the following honorable testimony to the character and memory of Maj. Genl. Lord Stirling recorded in the annals of the Army—

By the United States in Congress Assembled, Jany. 28, 1783.—

The Commander in Chief having in a letter of the 20th informed Congress of the death of

Major General Lord Stirling,

on motion resolved that the President signify to the Commander in Chief in a manner the most respectful to the memory of the late Major General the Earl of Stirling the sense Congress entertains of the early and meritorious exertions of that General in the common cause and of the bravery, perseverance and active talents he possessed which having fixed their esteem for his character while living induce a proportionate regret for the loss of an officer who has rendered such constant and important services to his country.

(From Orderly Book of Lieut. William Torrey, Adj't Second Massachusetts Regiment. The book is from 7 Jan., 1783, to Feb. 16, 1783. Lieut. Torrey died in 1827 at Hanover, Mass.)

A. A. FOLSOM.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAN STANLEY AND MAJOR ANDRÉ

It has always been supposed that the inscription on the André monument at Tappan, N. Y., which Cyrus W. Field erected in 1880, was written by Dean Stanley. His name is placed below it on the monument; but from the following extract from an unpublished letter of his, it would seem that the late Rev. Henry M. Field, brother of Cyrus, wrote it, or at least most of it. Unfortunately, the inscription itself is not quoted in the letter; and as it was evidently on a separate sheet, which has disappeared, the question may never be settled.

The letter (a very long one) was sold in Mr. Field's collection of such, in New York, in November, and through the kindness of the purchaser, Mr. C. D. F. Burns, we are enabled to publish the part relating to Major André.

It is dated "Deanery, Westminster, Jan." (or Feb., the Dean's writing is worse than Rufus Choate's or Horace Greeley's, and while the catalogue makes it February, Mr. Burns reads it January) 15, 1879.—[ED.]

My Dear Uncle Cyrus:

. . . I enclose the inscription which your brother Henry wrote for the monument at Tappan. I see that some of the American newspapers have been

attacking us for the thought of doing anything of the kind. If you find that there is really a feeling against it, pray do not think of it. "The game is not worth the candle." Poor Major André, engaging as he was, is not worth the chance of rekindling forgotten animosities. But if you still think that it is suitable to have a record of so tragical an event, your brother's inscription seems to me, with a few slight alterations, to be excellent. I do not know whether it is necessary to add the words "as a spy." It expresses, no doubt, the ground of the execution, but it somewhat grates on the ear of an Englishman. Still, I have no feeling about it myself; keep it if the omission would be distasteful to the U. S. A. The last two lines may be either omitted altogether, or else the words which I have written overleaf might be substituted. The Latin lines, I think, briefly express the sentiment of the whole thing. . . .

NOTES AND QUERIES

PATRICK HENRY'S SISTER

Mrs. E. L. Mottley and Mrs. J. N. McCormack, representing Samuel Davis Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution of that city, have applied to the city authorities of Bowling Green, Ky., for a lot in Fairview Cemetery in which to re-inter the body of the sister of Patrick Henry, Mrs. Susan Henry Madison, who was buried in the county on the Cowles farm, about ten miles from Bowling Green.

They also propose to erect a monument that will be fitting for the sister of the distinguished patriot and orator.

Mrs. Madison was the wife of Thomas Madison, a cousin of President James Madison, and emigrated from Virginia and settled on the farm where the body is now buried.—(N. Y. *Sun*.)

AN INTERESTING RELIC

Mr. John Nott—passing the evening of his life in the retirement of the old Nott homestead, five miles west of town, has in a cellar of his dwelling, carefully

preserved, the body of the old-fashioned, but stately, coach in which La Fayette rode into this place on the occasion of his memorable and historic visit to Fayetteville in 1825.

Mr. Nott at one time had the silver-plated harness which flashed in the light on the backs of the prancing horses of the chariot, but the vandalism of one generation after another, callous to sentiment and greedy of gain, filched by piecemeal these reminders of the past.—Fayetteville (N. C.) *Observer*.

FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY

Can you tell me when Washington was first called "Father of his Country"?

H. P. R.

CINCINNATI.

(In the *North American Calendar* for 1779, printed in German at Lancaster, Pa., in 1778, is a curious portrait of Washington, inscribed "Das Landes Vater Waschington." This is the first time, so far as we know, that he was publicly so called.—Ed.)

LORING PECK

In reply to the inquiry about Colonel Loring Peck, in your June number, I would say, that in Heitman's "Historical Register of Officers of the Continental Army," appears this notice:

"Peck, Loring (R. I.). Captain of Babcock's Rhode Island State regiment, 15 Jan. to July, 1776.

Captain of Lippitt's Rhode Island regiment, 19th August, 1776, to February, 1777."

WM. L. STONE.

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.

JOSEPH BARRON'S BURIAL PLACE
SETTLED.

The old dispute between the patriotic societies of Burlington, Vt., and Plattsburg, N. Y., as to where the body of Joseph Barron, Jr., pilot of Commodore McDonough's flagship *Saratoga* in the battle of Lake Champlain, in the War of 1812, was buried, was definitely settled recently by exhuming Barron's body at Burlington.

Monuments have been erected over graves both in Plattsburg and Burlington, where it was supposed Barron had been buried, and for a number of years the rival societies have been at loggerheads over the question.

The grave at Burlington was opened and in it were found the skull and leg bones of the old hero wrapped in a blanket. There was a bullet hole in the skull, and as history says that Barron was killed by a musket bullet in the battle, the Burlington people are now satisfied that he was buried there.

A CRITIC OF WASHINGTON

In view of *Mr. Dooley's* description of Washington as "not a man, but an Idol," it is interesting to occasionally come across a contemporary opinion on the other side, recalling *Hamlet's* warning, "Be thou chaste as ice, pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." In Philadelphia, 1796, Jasper Dwight had printed, "A Letter to George Washington, President of the United States, containing Strictures on his Address of the 17th of September, 1796, Notifying his Relinquishment of the Presidential Office," in which he says, "Posterity will in vain search for monuments of Wisdom in your administration. . . . Had you obtained promotion as you expected for the services rendered after Braddock's Defeat, your sword would have been drawn against your country."

[Jasper does not appear in the Hall of Fame.—ED.]

ANDRE AND THE FRANKLIN PORTRAIT

Though most of our newspapers have noticed the gift by Mr. Choate of a copy of the portrait of Franklin, which was recently returned to Independence Hall, Philadelphia, by Earl Grey, the present Governor-General of Canada, none of them seems to have known what is the most interesting fact about the original painting.

It is true that it was among the baggage brought to England by General Grey, on his return after the Revolution—hence his name has been the only one mentioned in connection with it, but as a matter of fact it was a much more noted person than the "no flint general" that took it away from Franklin's house

in Philadelphia. Captain (as he then was) John André had lodged in the house during the British occupation, and Franklin's daughter, Mrs. Bache, on returning with Washington's army, wrote to her father of some losses sustained, adding "A Captain André also took with him the picture of you, which hung in the dining-room."

See Sargent's "André," Chap. X.

BURDOCK, JR.

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE, YORKTOWN
1781-1862

In his interesting book, "Bull Run to Chancellorsville," recently published,

Gen. N. M. Curtis says: "At Yorktown our regiment (Sixteenth New York Volunteers) bivouacked near the scene of Cornwallis's surrender; and Adjutant Robert P. Wilson invited the brigade officers to walk out on the field where his grandfather, Ensign Robert Wilson of the New York Line (then only eighteen, and the youngest commissioned officer in the army), had received from the British officers the twenty-eight surrendered flags which are now at West Point." (Adjutant Wilson became a lawyer after the close of the Rebellion, and died in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1843.)—

ED.

BOOK REVIEWS

LYON MEMORIAL; Massachusetts Families, including Descendants of the Immigrants, William Lyon of Roxbury, Peter Lyon of Dorchester and George Lyon of Dorchester, with introduction treating of the English ancestry of the American Families. A. B. Lyons, M. D., of Detroit, Mich., and G. W. A. Lyon, M. D., Editors, and Eugene F. McPike of Chicago, Associate Editor. Press of Wm. Graham Printing Co., Detroit, Mich., 1905. 8vo, 491 pp. Ill. Price, \$5.00 net.

The authors devote an introductory chapter to the English ancestry of the New England Lyons families, confirming what has already been published and adding many new items. The descendants of William Lyon are brought down nine generations and are followed by the descendants of Aaron Lyon of Sturbridge, Mass., 1755; Ebenezer Lyon of

Canterbury, Conn., 1740; and John Lyon of Scituate, R. I., 1663.

The descendants of Peter Lyon of Dorchester, traced to the ninth generation are followed by the descendants of George Lyon of Dorchester, who are given somewhat more briefly. A sketch of Matthew Lyon of Vermont, the "redemptioner," is followed by addenda on the family of William Lyon.

Among the distinguished representatives of the family here found, mention may be made of Hon. Caleb Lyon, first territorial Governor of Idaho, Gen'l. Nathaniel Lyon, whose ardent patriotism saved Missouri to the Union in the days of secession and cost him his life at Wilson's Creek, the Hon. Wm. H. Lyon, Indian Commissioner under President Grant, and that cultured gentlewoman, Mary Lyon, founder of Mount Holyoke College, whose name has been enrolled in the Hall of Fame.

Well illustrated and indexed, the volume deserves the grateful appreciation of all descendants and promises to be followed by a second volume, giving the genealogy of the Connecticut and New Jersey families, which is now in preparation, by the same authors.

Embellished with portraits of many distinguished persons, ancestral homes, and ancient Lyon gravestones, this volume cannot fail to bring to the minds of hundreds of descendants the striking personalities, the real environments, and the last resting places of many noble sires who travelled before and but for these memorials had long since been forgotten.

A BRIEF NARRATIVE OF THE RAVAGES OF THE BRITISH AND HESSIANS AT PRINCETON IN 1776-77: A Contemporary Account of the Battles of Trenton and Princeton. Edited by VARNUM LANSING COLLINS, Reference Librarian of Princeton University. 8vo. 56 pp. Princeton, N. J. THE PRINCETON HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION. Extra Publications, No. 1, 1906.

This contemporaneous account of the battles of Trenton and Princeton comes from an anonymous manuscript of twenty-four folio pages, now owned by the Library of Princeton University. The final paragraph of the manuscript, now for the first time published, was written on April 18, 1777.

The chief value of the narrative consists in its being a first-hand account of the conditions that existed in Princeton and vicinity at the time the British and Hessians occupied that locality.

The author of the manuscript appears to have been a man of fair education, of high ideals, of honest thinking, of grim humor, of rugged speech, and whose knowledge of American colonial history was accurate.

The editor has proved that the Narrative was not written by Thomas Olden of Princeton, as traditionally reported. He has also added many valuable foot notes and an index.

AMERICAN CHARACTERS. By BRANDER MATTHEWS, Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University. 12mo. Portrait of the

Author. 34pp. Cloth, gilt top, 75 cents net. New York: THOMAS Y. CROWELL & Co., 1906.

This address, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa of Columbia University, in June, 1905, and repeated at Rutgers College on Charter Day in November following, contains the author's answer to a foreign criticism that Americans are "terribly practical, avid of pleasure, systematically hostile to all idealism. The ambition of the American's heart, the passion of his life, is money. The Americans ignore the arts; they despise disinterested beauty."

These allegations suggested by a French correspondent to Tolstoi in a series of talks with the Russian novelist, appeared in a volume in 1904.

The arraignment of a whole nation for the sins committed by a class only, the writer shows to be unjust and unmerited. When California was laid in ruins by the great earthquake, from every town and city came the glad response to share in her misfortune. California restored will outshine California of 1905.

Professor Matthews does not deny that Americans have a strong passion for money-making—the outward visible sign of success—but that the nation has lost sight of higher ideals is far from true.

To the advancement of civilization the United States has made not less than five important contributions, viz.: (1) "We have done more than any other people to further peace-keeping," and to inaugurate arbitration; (2) "We have set a splendid example of the broadest religious toleration;" (3) we have shown "the wisdom of universal manhood suffrage;" (4) we have proved that men of many races are fit for political freedom; and (5) "we have succeeded in diffusing material well-being" among our people to an extent unparalleled in any other country in the world.

Attention is called to the remarkable observations of such men as Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. John Morley, and Mr. James Bryce, who have recently noted that "America is the only land on earth where caste has never had a footing, nor has left a trace."

The little volume is a thoughtful estimate of our national character.

A TOUR OF FOUR GREAT RIVERS: THE HUDSON, MOHAWK, SUSQUEHANNA, AND DELAWARE IN 1769. Being the Journal of Richard Smith of Burlington, New Jersey. Edited, with a Short History of the Pioneer Settlements, by FRANCIS W. HALSEY, author of "The Old New York Frontier." Maps. Ill. 8vo. LXXIII + 102pp. New York: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 1906.

The editor-author, in his historical introduction to the Journal, gives a brief sketch of the writer of the Journal, whose journey in 1769 was occasioned by his mission to survey the Otego Patent of which he was one of the proprietors. In historical perspective we are pleasantly introduced to pioneer life along the valleys of the Hudson, the Mohawk, the Susquehanna, and the Delaware. Each introductory chapter contains many of the historical features of the valleys visited by the journalist.

As these localities were sparsely settled in 1769, the surviving landmarks of the pioneers stand out with peculiar clearness. The grand old manorial estates of the Van Rensselaers, the Romboudts, the Verplancks, the Van Cortlandts, the Philipses, the Livingstons, with the beautiful old colonial homes thereon, are briefly described and artistically reproduced in this volume. The Old Swedish Church (Holy Trinity), hallowed by the associations of centuries, stands as a guardian in the midst of the graves of its founders and early communicants. It may well claim historical associations akin to those of the First Church of Hingham, Massachusetts, which was erected in 1681.

The various movements in these valleys, of the Swedes and the Dutch, of the Palatine

Germans, of the Quakers, and of the Huguenots, as well as the Scotch-Irish from New Hampshire, and the English from Connecticut, are briefly noted.

The Journal, replete with the impressions of the new country through which Richard Smith was journeying, shows clearly that the writer was a man of education and of keen observation. Its particular historical value lies in its being an accurate record of events and persons at a time when such records were few and poorly kept. As the Journal of a surveyor and an explorer, it illuminates a period of colonial life and of pioneer conditions which well merits illumination. As a contribution to the history of the middle colonies, it is invaluable and well nigh indispensable.

Printed on good paper, well indexed, and beautifully embellished with twenty-five or more illustrations, this volume deserves a wide circulation among students of history and libraries seeking to acquire literature of permanent value. Many foot notes explain the brief items of reference of the Journal.

GENEALOGICAL

32 a. LUNT—Humphrey Merrill married at Falmouth, Maine, Dec. 17, 1776, Hannah Lunt. Who were her parents?

b. GRAVES—Peter Graves of Charlestown descent, with his wife Lydia, was living in Stow, Massachusetts, before 1735, when their daughter, who married Jonas Brown, was born. What was Lydia Graves's maiden name?

c. PAINE—Where did David Paine, who appeared in Ludlow, Mass., after the Revolutionary War, come from?

F. I.

THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE

CHAPTER XV

OUR HERO TAKES HIS DEPARTURE

THERE was a careless frankness about Sir William that invited confidence and inspired imitation. Add to this, he contrived every day to draw Sybrandt out, to make him aware of his own resources of intellect and knowledge, and animate his consciousness by giving him the post of honor, that is to say fatigue and danger, in all their forest adventures. He saw that his future happiness, as well as future fortunes, depended on his mind being forced out of its perverted course by excitement, action, and applause. He tried hard to make a man of him, for he saw that Sybrandt was likely to repay the trouble of the lessons he received.

The time now arrived when the meeting of the Mohawk chiefs to hold long talks and receive presents was to take place. The relation in which Sir William stood to the Indians was peculiar to these early settlements; when the savages being numerous and warlike, were able to turn the scale between the mighty French governors of Canada and the puissant governors of New York. It was therefore necessary to conciliate them in the first place by presents and to fortify their influence by working indirectly on their secret consciousness of the superior power or superior wisdom of the white people. Perhaps the gentleman of whom we are now speaking exercised in his day a greater personal influence over these wild and wayward sons of the forest, than any other white man that ever existed. It was not so much as the representative of the great king over the water that they respected and obeyed him. It was his frankness, integrity, and truth; but it was still more his courage, his vigor, and his superiority in hunting, in war, in action and endurance, in everything which constitutes the pride and glory of savages, that made these people look up to him with unqualified respect and admiration. He stood alone among them, out of the protection of the laws of civilization and far from the reach of succor; yet he never suffered wrong or violence

from these wild warriors, who might enter his house at midnight without knocking and without creating either fear or suspicion. It has often occurred to me that such a man, if any man or any means are adequate to the purpose, might, by voluntarily settling among our Indians, do much to wean them by degrees from their present mode of life. I do not mean that he should go there to receive the emoluments of office, or the profits of trade, or, least of all, as a means of living on the charitable contributions of others; but that he should identify himself with them—become one of their hunters, warriors, sages, and mingle by degrees those feelings and habits of civilized life not incompatible with their present situation, with their ancient modes of living. It might be a question, whether the white man would become most of an Indian, or the Indian most of a white man; but all history indicates to us, that the ancient world was retrieved from barbarism by the agency of a few men of superior genius, or superior opportunities of acquiring that knowledge and those habits necessary to civilization. But enough of this.

Sybrandt wondered to see the majestic grace and self-possession, mingled with respectful courtesy, exhibited by these untutored savages. They presented an example of manly independence in deportment and language, from which he derived a lesson for his own future conduct. It was curious to see how near they came to the perfection of high breeding, such as is now established as the standard of excessive refinement. They neither stared at objects to which they were unaccustomed, nor did they for a moment betray either surprise, curiosity, or inferiority. Careless in the glances they cast around, easy in their deportment, graceful in their actions, there was about them an indifference approaching almost to contempt, far more natural and graceful than that assumed as the characteristic of superior rank in the circles of the great. I am no enthusiast of Indian character or Indian manners; but this much I will say before I conclude this digression—that the most graceful, most dignified presentation I ever witnessed was that of the Osage chiefs to our late worthy and ill-rewarded chief magistrate, James Monroe. They certainly put the stiff embroidery of the ambassadors, and the smirking, simpering, seamstresslike, uneasy consequence of the attachés quite in the background. Sybrandt learned some lessons in relation to manner and deportment from the Kings of the woods, that he could hardly have acquired even from a first-rate dancing-master.

It is not my purpose to record the acts and negotiations of Sir Wil-

liam and the council of chiefs. Still less shall I attempt a sketch of their respective orations, which, though they were not so *lengthy* as some we have heard, were very much to the purpose. The *National Intelligencer*, I presume, is regularly perused by most of my readers, and whoever digests that paper will never want to see or hear another speech as long as he lives; that is to say, if he is a reasonable person.

The departure of the chiefs was speedily followed by that of our hero, who accompanied a courier despatched by Sir William to New York with an account of the result of the great council.

"I am sorry to lose your society," said Sir William; "I shall feel its loss this winter. But action—action—action, as the great orator said; action is the life of life—the vivifying spirit of all nature. When I find myself getting low I shall dash into the woods, and the sight of a deer shall console me for the loss of my friend. Farewell. I hope we shall meet again."

"Do not doubt it," said Sybrandt, "if you do not come to me, I will one day, if I live, come to you. But you will some time or other visit Albany, and then you shall see——"

"Catalina?" said the other, archly. "Well, a fair lady is worth a far visit, and I think I will come to your wedding, if you will give me due notice; that is to say, if you ever muster courage to look that young lady in the face, who is, I dare say, ten times more ugly—I beg pardon—more formidable, than the one-eyed Paskingoe."

Sybrandt colored, and felt some of his old feelings crawling over him; but he repressed them by a mighty effort, and replied with assumed ease:

"I promise to ask you to my wedding, but my funeral will probably come first, and I will bid you to that."

"What! a relapse! I thought I had performed a radical cure." Then assuming an earnest solemnity, he went on, "Westbrook, remember, now that you are going among old scenes and old associations, that you guard against a return of old feelings, weaknesses, and self-delusions. Are you not a man—an upright, brave, and intellectual man? Do I not know that your heart is pure, and your intellect unclouded? that you are by family, education, and character a fit associate, an equal to any man, or any woman either, that you are likely to encounter? Why then, in the

name of that heaven I know you dare look in the face—why should you falter, and lose your self-possession both of mind and body in the presence of any man or woman, or any number of men and women? Think of this. Remember what I now say, when we are distant from each other; and rely upon it, that if Catalina is worth the winning, you will win her if you dare. Deference is what is due to every woman, and what every woman likes; but if I know the sex, they are such admirers of courage, that they can never be brought to love a man that *fears* even them. Now God be with you, Sybrandt, and so farewell! ”

JAMES K. PAULDING.

(*To be continued.*)

CORRECTION.

In our July number the article on the North Atlantic Blockade, was stated to have been read before the Ohio Loyal Legion; it should have been the Minnesota.



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VOL. IV

No. 5

THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

Americanus sum: Americani nihil a me alienum puto

NOVEMBER, 1906

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THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

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THE STORY OF WAITSFIELD

THE town of Waitsfield, Vermont, chartered in 1782, was settled in the summer of 1789 by a veteran of two wars—it might be said, a soldier by profession—for the French War, the conflict of the Green Mountain Boys against the oppression of New York, the Revolution, and after its close an active command of forces engaged in the internal conflicts that culminated in Shays' Rebellion, had taken more than thirty of the best years of his life. Here he came to spend the closing years of life, and straightway drew around him his old neighbors and companions in arms, so that by the spring of 1791—less than two years after the settlement of the town—it had a population of 61, divided among 13 families.

Of these earliest thirteen settlers eleven had been soldiers of the Revolution; Benjamin, Ezra and Jeduthan Wait; Samuel Pike, from Brookfield, Massachusetts, the Waits' old home; Thomas and Beriah Sherman, from Brimfield; Isaac Parmenter, from Oakham—both towns next door to Brookfield; Moses Chase, from Cornish, New Hampshire; Phineas and Salma Rider, first of the many families from Shelburne, Massachusetts; William Bartlett—the first name probably an error on the record for Nathaniel, and if so a soldier, and originally from Cornish.

Only two, so far as we can ascertain, had seen no military service: Francis Dana, from Cornish, and David Symonds, from Hillsboro, New Hampshire.

The reason for this rapid development we have before us in the beautiful interval, that just here and nowhere else upon its course is watered by our little river, for everywhere the early settlers sought the bottom lands.

But why did Benjamin Wait, grantee of lands in Windsor and in Grand Isle County, make his pitch here in the midst of an unbroken wilder-

ness extending for miles on every side? The answer is not far to seek:

Probably no other portion of our Continent has seen more of the strife of men or played a more important part in the strategy of war than those beautiful amphitheatres formed by the green hills that look down upon Lakes Champlain and George. Here from the earliest days was the chosen battle ground of Algonquin warriors and their hated rivals from the Long House of the Iroquois. Here passed the latter bent upon destruction of the feeble French settlements along the St. Lawrence, and here the Jesuit fathers suffered torture. Here during sixty years of conflict between France and England for supremacy on the Northern Continent, war parties came upon their cruel errands to New England hamlets, returning hither with their wretched captives; and here were fought the fiercest conflicts of the final struggle between those mighty rivals. Here first the New England farmers gained substantial victory in the unequal conflict with the mother land. Here first, at Valcour Island, fought the fleets of England and America; and here were dealt the blows that crushed the greatest campaign of the war.

For almost two centuries after Champlain's arquebuse first woke the echoes near the future site of Ticonderoga, the valley which now bears his name was debatable ground, and parties of both sides passed to and fro, and between it and the New England frontier on the Connecticut war.

The valley of the Winooski and its tributaries to the south afforded a natural and easy pathway through the mountains, and our valley, although in lesser degree probably than those to the east, was a highway for troops and scouting parties in both wars. In this service our first settler doubtless saw and chose his promised land.

Here gathered around him many other veterans of the Revolution. No one of them achieved fame, but it seems fitting that a memorial be dedicated to the men who, after bearing honorable part in the making of our nation, became the fathers of this fair town and found within her borders their final resting place.

Nor must we forget at this time those other soldiers among our early settlers who before their death pushed on into the opening West. Let us catalogue them before proceeding further:

Eli Abbott, born and reared in Brookfield, Massachusetts, but moving thence to Shelburne, Massachusetts, from which town he came to Waitsfield, and some years later removed, the records say, to southern Vermont.

Nathaniel Bartlett, from Alexandria, New Hampshire, who removed with his family as early as 1808 to the territory then developing in eastern New York.

Samuel Bailey, from Windsor, Vermont, charter member of the church here—removed about 1809 to Chazy, New York, and there died.

Joseph Lyon also from Windsor, or vicinity, seems to have been closely associated with General Wait's family. He removed to New York State, it is said.

William Chase, from Cornish, New Hampshire, a brother of Moses Chase. After many years of residence in this town he removed to near Granville, New York, but returned in his old age and died in Warren, where he is buried.

Moses Heaton, physician, and first town clerk of Waitsfield—came from Charlemont, Massachusetts, about 1793. His name disappears early from our records, and whither he went and where he died we do not know.

Aaron Minor, from Connecticut, came early and stayed until 1834, when as an old man he removed, with his sons, to Illinois, and died there in 1849.

Isaac Parmenter (Palmater, the record has it), born probably in Rutland, Massachusetts, removed to Oakham; was here in 1791, but departed early, leaving no trace.

Silas Royce, from Claremont, New Hampshire, an early settler on the east side of the mountain, buried in the town of Northfield.

Eli Skinner, brother of two whose names appear upon our tablet, removed about 1835 to the new settlements in New York, and thence to Illinois.

Abel Spaulding, from whom Spaulding Brook is named, came here from Cornish, and became an Ohio pioneer in 1818.

Wright Spaulding, from Plainfield, Connecticut, one of our early settlers, but later identified with Moretown, Vermont, whence he removed, it is said, to Saranac, New York.

Nathan Sterling, from Lyme, Connecticut, a brother of Jeduthan Wait's wife, removed about 1813 to Moriah, New York, and died there.

Thomas Sherman, brother of Beriah. His stay was not long; he removed early to New York, but where he died we do not know.

We turn now to the sturdy band whose names stand before us in enduring bronze upon this unhewn boulder, symbolic of the men and of their times.

Benjamin Wait, first settler, who gave the town its name.

Samuel Barnard, born in Shelbourne, Massachusetts, October 12, 1752, came here in 1793, died November 3, 1809.

Abijah Brown, born in Rutland, Massachusetts, October 9, 1755, lived as a youth in Paxton, Massachusetts, and came early to Fayston, Vermont, by way of Swanzey, New Hampshire, removed to Waitsfield about 1833, and died here two years later.

Nathaniel Brown, born in Norwich, Connecticut, settled in the Vermont town of that name, and came here before 1800 as an elderly man. He died April 4, 1804, aged 66.

Doud Bushnell, born May 15, 1762, in Saybrook, Connecticut, whence he came in 1798 by way of Buckland, Massachusetts, and Cambridge, New York, died August 12, 1845.

Moses Chase, born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, March 23, 1759, moved with his parents to Cornish, New Hampshire, and came here before the summer of 1791. He died August, 1831.

Caleb Colton, born in Brimfield, Mass., in 1742, removed to Grant-ham, New Hampshire, and came thence to Waitsfield before 1804. He died July 5, 1820.

Thomas Green came to Waitsfield before 1800 from Swanzey, New Hampshire, and was a proprietor of Green's Mills. Died here April 29, 1813, aged 60.

Joseph Hamilton, born in Brookfield, Mass., in 1749-50, came here before October, 1795, and died March 18, 1828.

Ezekiel Hawley, born October 14, 1752, in Meriden, Connecticut, came from Windsor, Vermont, before 1794. He died September 25, 1822, aged 69.

John Heaton, born in Swanzey, N. H., November 20, 1744, came from Shelburne, Mass., to which place his widowed mother had removed

when he was a child. He died here May 7, 1813, while on a visit from Chazy, New York, to which place he removed with Benjamin Wait, Jr., who had married his daughter. He was one of the early settlers of Moretown, Vermont, and was more closely identified with that town than with Waitsfield.

Gaius Hitchcock, born in Springfield, Mass., April 3, 1764, came to Waitsfield via Shelburne, Mass., and Canaan, New Hampshire, as early as 1795. He lived for a time in Montpelier, but returned to Waitsfield and died here August 12, 1843.

Joseph Joslin, born in Lancaster, Mass., March 18, 1753, removed to Weathersfield, Vermont, in 1782, and followed his sons to Waitsfield about 1806. He died March 17, 1819.

Jesse Mix, a native of Connecticut, was here before 1793; removed later to Fayston, Vermont, where he died May 8, 1842, but is buried in the Irasville cemetery.

William Newcomb, born in Norton, Mass., August 8, 1761, was an early settler in Fayston, Vermont, but is buried here.

Joseph Osgood, born in Lancaster, Mass., September 18, 1746, a brother of Joseph Joslin's wife. He died of hydrophobia April 22, 1812.

Jonathan Palmer, born in Concord, Mass., June 2, 1754; moved with his father to Alexandria, N. H., in 1773, and to Waitsfield about 1794. He died about 1833.

Bissell Phelps, born February 16, 1754, in Hebron, Conn., came to Waitsfield before 1793 by way of Middlefield, Mass., and died October 26, 1845.

Samuel Pike came from Brookfield, Mass., before the summer of 1791, and died February 25, 1814, aged 78.

Phineas Rider, born 1760, probably in Deerfield, Mass. He was in Waitsfield with his brother Salma before the summer of 1791, and died here March 31, 1833.

Salma Rider, born probably in Deerfield, March 14, 1758, came hither with his brother Phineas by way of Shelburne, Mass., and died Nov. 28, 1822.

Beriah Sherman, born in Brimfield, Mass., October 7, 1747, was in Waitsfield before 1791. He died September, 1832.

Amasa Skinner, born in Colchester, Conn., March 16, 1762, removed while a child to Shelburne, and came thence to Waitsfield about 1797, died January 15, 1833.

Jared Skinner, older brother of Amasa, born Nov. 18, 1751, came here via Shelburne, before 1796. He died February 25, 1838.

Salah Smith, born in Deerfield, Mass., January 17, 1762, came to Waitsfield in 1793, and died March 23, 1830.

Elias Taylor, born in West Hoosac, Mass., June 27, 1756, came to Waitsfield before 1800, by way of Winchester, N. H., and Hartland, Vermont. Died May 26, 1829.

Daniel Taylor, born in Shelburne, July 7, 1757, came here about 1792, and died February 27, 1843.

Ezra Wait, eldest son of Benjamin, born in Windsor, Vermont, in 1768 and died here in 1813.

Jeduthan and William Wait, half brothers of Benjamin, were born in Brookfield, Mass., June 7, 1754, and December 13, 1756, respectively. Jeduthan was here in 1790, and William soon after. The former died April 2, 1829; the latter January 28, 1843.

John Wells, born probably in Hatfield, Mass., February 16, 1733-4, went early to Shelburne, and came here with his daughters' families before 1800. He died April 3, 1806.

Of these men Benjamin and Ezra Wait and probably John Wells, are buried in the Meadow Cemetery, Jeduthan and William Wait, Jesse Mix and William Newcomb at Irasville, and all the others, without much doubt, upon the Common.

Let us as briefly as may be consider the service they performed:

The alarm sent out from Lexington and Concord on that April morning in 1775 brought instant response from all parts of New England, and for days the roads were full of minute men marching toward Cambridge. Six men, whose names appear upon our memorial, were among the number:

Abijah Brown, of Paxton.
Thomas Green, of Swanzey.
Joseph Joslin, of Lancaster.
Samuel Pike, of Brookfield.
Beriah Sherman, of Brimfield, and
John Wells, of Shelburne.

With them we should mention Moses Heaton, who marched from Charlemont.

The motley army that gathered at Cambridge had, however, enlisted for no stated term, and there was no need of or provision for so many men. Many departed within a few days, and some from distant sections never reached Cambridge, but turned back on the way. Enlistments proceeded rapidly, however, and within a few days General Artemas Ward was in command of an army of 16,000 men, guarding the approaches to Boston from Jamaica Plain to Charlestown Neck. This was the army of which Washington took command after the battle of Bunker Hill, and with which he invested Boston so closely that after the fortification of Dorchester Heights early in March 1776 the city was evacuated by the British army.

Four of the men already named served during most, if not all, of this period.

Thomas Green was a private in Stark's New Hampshire regiment that guarded the rail fence on the American left at Bunker Hill. These troops repulsed the attack of that wing of the British forces led by General Howe himself, and with what effectiveness is seen from the fact that every officer on his staff was cut down and only one survived. Green was severely wounded in the shoulder in that battle, but continued in the service at least until November, 1775. His wound so far incapacitated him in later years as to lead him to present the following petition to the New Hampshire General Court:

"The petition of Thomas Green of Swanzey, in the County of Cheshire in said State Humbly Sheweth, That your Petitioner in the year 1775, at the Commencement of Hostilities between Great Britian and America, Inlisted as a private soldier in defence of his Country in Capt. Scott's Company and Col. Stark's Regiment; and that on the Memorable 17th of June 1775 your Petitioner was called to Action at Bunker Hill, in which Battle he received a wound by a Musket Ball entering his left shoulder, whereby he was for a long time totally Disabled from Labour, and having no other means of Subsistence for himself and family but by Husbandry on a new tract of Land, renders his Worldly Circumstances very Indigent.

Your petitioner some years since made Application to the General Court of this State and was allowed wages as a Garrison Soldier for one year, but being in Paper Currency and not received till some considerable

Time afterward was of very little Value by reason of Depreciation. Since that time your Petitioner has been (as he is informed) Struck out of the List of such Soldiers which Received pay as fit for Garrison Duty while others in like Circumstances still Receive something from the State as a Compensation for past Sufferings.

Your Petitioner therefore Humbly prays that your Honors would take the matter into consideration and Grant him Such Relief as in your Wisdom you shall think proper.

And as in Duty Bound shall ever pray,

THOS. GREEN.

Swanzey, June 11, 1785."

Five days later, on June 16, 1785, he was voted 18 shillings a month until further orders.

Samuel Pike and Beriah Sherman were both in Danielson's Massachusetts Regiment, and family tradition has it that the latter served at Bunker Hill. This is at best doubtful. With them was Thomas Sherman.

John Wells was a corporal in Capt. Agrippa Wells' Company of Col. Whitcomb's Hampshire County Regiment. He received his bounty for eight months' service at Prospect Hill, December, 1775. With him in this company was Eli Skinner, who served in the capacity of fifer.

Joseph Hamilton, Jeduthan Wait and William Wait, all from Brookfield, served in Col. Ebenezer Learned's regiment. It is of interest to note that during the cannonading on the night of March 10, 1776, when the fortification of Dorchester Heights was completed, Joseph Hamilton's musket, temporarily in the hands of a comrade (let us imagine because its owner was laboring with pick and spade) was broken by a cannon ball that killed another comrade.

Meantime, in September, 1775, Montgomery and Arnold undertook the subjugation of Canada. St. Johns and Montreal soon fell before Montgomery's advance, but on the last day of the year the united forces failed in their attack upon Quebec. The enterprise was renewed early in the following year, but sickness, and lack of proper food played havoc with the American army, and the British commander, reinforced, re-took Montreal, and by June, 1776, had pushed the American forces back upon Crown Point.

During this campaign Aaron Minor served as a private in Wooster's

First Connecticut Regiment; and in a New Hampshire regiment commanded by Col. Timothy Bedel (of which Joseph, the elder brother of Benjamin Wait, was Lieutenant-Colonel), served Caleb Colton, of Grant-ham, and Elias Taylor, of Winchester. One incident of their service is of interest. A part of Bedel's regiment to the number of 390, under his personal command, was stationed at a narrow part of the St. Lawrence River known as the Cedars, about 40 miles above Montreal. On May 15, 1776, they were threatened by a superior force of regulars, Canadians and Indians. Bedel abandoned his troops and fled to Montreal for aid, which was at once dispatched by Arnold, who personally took command. Before his arrival, however, Major Isaac Butterfield, upon whom command devolved, contrary to the advice and against the wishes of his officers, surrendered without firing a gun. Among the prisoners were Colton and Taylor. Arnold made ready for an attack to effect their rescue, but upon the threat of the British commander to turn the prisoners over to the savages he was compelled to desist and agree to an exchange.

After the evacuation of Boston, Washington removed his forces to the vicinity of New York, and here the summer and fall of 1776 saw a long series of disasters to the American cause.

To swell the American army during this campaign the New England militia was freely called upon, and we note that in Col. Moseley's regiment of General Lincoln's brigade Jared Skinner served as a private, and from his pension application we learn that he participated in the action at White Plains.

With the spring of 1777 the British renewed with greater elaboration the plan of campaign that had failed of its purpose the preceding season.

Washington was not blind to the situation. During the fall of '76 and winter of '77 the necessity of completing their quotas was urged upon the various colonies, and fearing a winter attack at Ticonderoga, troops were hurried to that point, largely from Massachusetts, where fifteen line regiments were recruiting. Among them was Col. Samuel Brewer's First Regiment, in which served Joseph Osgood. John Wells, now raised to the rank of captain, and commanding a company of neighbors in Lieutenant-Colonel Timothy Robinson's regiment, was in garrison at the fort during the winter, and in his company were Jared and Eli Skinner and Phineas Rider, while Salma Rider served in another company of the same regiment. Here also was Samuel Bailey in Chase's New Hampshire regiment.

Early in the summer Burgoyne began his advance down the lake, and on July 1 appeared before Ticonderoga. The American forces evacuated the fort on July 5th. The British pushed on to Fort Edward, which was in turn abandoned by the Americans. Then came the uprising. The story of the murder of Jane McCrea was on every lip. In the words of another, "The blood of this unfortunate girl . . . was not shed in vain. Armies sprang up from it. Her name passed as a note of alarm along the banks of the Hudson. It was a rallying word among the Green Mountains of Vermont, and brought down all their hardy yeomanry."¹

In 1776 four companies of rangers under Major Joab Hoisington, had been raised in eastern Vermont under the authority of New York. Benjamin Wait was captain of the first company, his first commission in the war. Under him marched many of his Windsor neighbors, among them Ezekiel Hawley. Upon the organization of Herrick's regiment of rangers in the summer of 1777, these companies were amalgamated with it, and Wait was commissioned Major of the regiment. In this regiment also served Joseph Lyon.

Vermont called for aid upon New Hampshire, and that state turned to Stark, who had but lately resigned his commission in the Continental army. Three regiments were raised and placed under his command. In the regiment commanded by Col. David Hobart² we find enlisted Caleb Colton, Jonathan Palmer and Silas Royce—all present, doubtless, at Bennington, as was also Phineas Rider of the Massachusetts troops, as stated in his pension application.

One month later Stark, Herrick and Warner met the flower of Burgoyne's army on the banks of the Walloomsack, but there is no need to recount here the exploits of the farmers from New Hampshire and Vermont on that sultry August day.

Meantime, his slow advance had brought Burgoyne to Stillwater, where he found himself confronted by the American army under Schuyler (soon to be supplanted by Gates). Here was Poor's New Hampshire brigade of three regiments, one of them the First New Hampshire Continental, under Col. Cilley, in which Moses Chase served as private. These troops were with St. Clair at Ticonderoga, and had participated in

¹ Irving's *Washington*.

² Many writers refer to "Col. Hubbard" as in command of one of Stark's Regiments. There was, however, no Col. Hubbard. The regiment was commanded by Col. David Hobart of Plymouth and led the attack on Tory breastworks at Bennington. (N. H. State papers and History of Plymouth, N. H.)

his retreat. On the British flank General Lincoln was gathering the New England militia, and here we find again the company of John Wells. With him was Phineas Rider, and Eli Abbott doubtless served in another company of the same regiment.

Among the Massachusetts regulars was Abijah Brown, of Col. Bigelow's 15th Massachusetts regiment. Possibly we may also include Jeduthan and William Wait, then serving in Col. Nixon's regiment.

Burgoyne gave battle at Stillwater on Sept. 19, and on October 7th made his desperate and unsuccessful attempt to cut through the American lines at Saratoga. On these occasions the reckless bravery and magnetic leadership of Benedict Arnold stand out in bold relief. Here he reached the zenith of his career as an able and patriotic soldier, and it can but add a personal touch to our interest to know that whole the others named saw service in those battles, Moses Chase, as private in Cilley's regiment, served under Arnold on the American left that bore the brunt of battle, and that this regiment, "in spite of heavy losses, fought 'till night."³

From this point on it becomes less easy to trace the particular service of our men who were enlisted in the regular troops, and statements concerning them must of necessity be somewhat disconnected.

Of Moses Chase it may be said that he was with his regiment at Valley Forge and Monmouth, and probably took part with it in Sullivan's expedition against the Indians in 1779, to avenge the massacres at Wyoming and Cherry Valley.

Jeduthan and William Wait in Nixon's regiment, (later transferred—the former to the light infantry and the latter to Baldwin's engineers) followed the fortunes of Washington's army continuously from August, 1777, to the close of the war, William being discharged because of wounds⁴ in 1782, and Jeduthan mustered out in 1783. Both doubtless saw the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

Abijah Brown, continuing in Bigelow's regiment until the close of 1778, saw service on the Hudson River and near Providence, R. I., brought thither, probably, by the raids on New Bedford and Fair Haven in the fall of 1778.

Bissell Phelps served in various capacities in the regular army; was

³ New Hampshire State Papers.

⁴ These wounds were not the loss of an arm as often stated. That loss was the result of participating in a 4th of July celebration.

at one time captain under Quartermaster General Maverick Hubbard, and saw service under Col. Roger Enos in his Connecticut regiment.

Salah Smith enlisted late in June, 1780, for six months, and after his arrival at Camp Totoway was assigned as private to Col. Michael Jackson's 8th Massachusetts Line, then stationed on the Hudson.

Jesse Mix, a private in Colonel Swift's Second Connecticut Line, was stationed on the Hudson from June, 1782, to December, 1783, this being one of seven regiments retained by Washington after the disbandment of the army in June of the latter year.

Isaac Parmenter and William Chase were also in the regular troops, the former in Col. Ichabod Alden's Massachusetts Regiment from March, 1777, to December, 1779. This regiment was stationed at Cherry Valley, N. Y., when on Nov. 10, 1778, that settlement was attacked by Butler's Indians and Tories. The story is too well known to call for repetition. We merely note that Parmenter was among the prisoners. William Chase was in Jackson's 4th Mass. Regiment from May, 1782, to the close of the war, and earlier, while in Col. Drury's regiment, was at West Point when Arnold plotted its surrender.

Returning again to the New England field, we find Connecticut and Rhode Island peculiarly exposed throughout the war to the attacks of British troops, and frequent calls were made for men on short enlistments to repel invasion. Thus in July, 1779, Tryon with an army and fleet invaded Connecticut. New Haven was taken, Fairfield and Norwalk burned, and he was about to proceed to New London when suddenly recalled.

The New England militia poured in from every side, and in Col. Elisha Porter's New Hampshire regiment enlisted for service at New London we find Samuel Barnard, Salma Rider, Amasa and Jared Skinner and Salah Smith from Shelburne, while in the same service was Doud Bushnell of Saybrook. The latter, we know, was in garrison at Fort Trumbull, and later re-enlisted under the gallant Ledyard for further service at that point. He was transferred to West Point just in time to escape the capture of New London and the massacre in September, 1781. He served on board the privateer brig *Thetis* after his discharge from service at West Point, and alone among the men whose names appear on our memorial saw naval service. We also know that Nathan Sterling served at New London in Col. Samuel McClellan's regiment.

The year 1780 has been termed the darkest of the American cause. Matters in the South were far from satisfactory. Washington's army melted away, and the finances were at low ebb. The active campaign was in the South, but Washington, fearful of a move up the Hudson, called out the militia and in June, 1780, nearly 5000 men were enlisted from Massachusetts to serve three months from their arrival at Claverack on the Hudson. Among the number were Phineas Rider, Daniel Taylor and Eli Abbott, under Lieut.-Col. David Wells, and at this time John Heaton saw service as lieutenant in John Wells' company, while Amasa Skinner enlisted in that summer for six months' service and was probably assigned as private to Jackson's 8th Massachusetts Regiment with his neighbor Salah Smith. William Newcomb also enlisted as a private in Col. Carpenter's regiment for service in Rhode Island, and Gaius Hitchcock began his service in Col. Pomeroy's regiment, later (1781) enlisting under Capt. Oliver Shattuck in Lt.-Col. Sears' regiment.

That year was also a hard one for Vermont, maintaining herself as best she might against encroachments from all sides. Numerous raids were made from Canada, notably those against Royalton and Newbury.

Benjamin Wait, now a major, and member of the state's Board of War, was in chief command along the northern frontier, and enlisted in the service under him were Nathaniel Brown, Abel Spaulding, and the Major's eldest son, Ezra.

MATT. B. JONES.

BOSTON.

(To be Continued)

The anomalous position of Vermont during the Revolution, taking no active part in the struggle after 1775, yet furnishing many individual soldiers to the patriot army, render such an account as this of particular interest.

It is the story of a little hamlet, which when organized as a town, nine years after Yorktown, had but sixty-one inhabitants; yet of those, thirty-one had been soldiers—some as far back as the French and Indian war. It is their record and that of the founder of the settlement, with which the author concerns himself, and of which he has made a graphic and interesting history. Originally delivered on the occasion of dedicating a monument to their memory, last summer, it has not before been printed, save in the local press; and we take great pleasure in adding it to our list of such, as a most painstaking—and successful—effort to give permanence to the record of one of the many small communities which helped to win our independence.

"The heroes who are not gazetted," is a familiar phrase; here we have some of them—the plain countrymen, such as Hopkinson apostrophized:

"Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won."

—[Ed.]

NEW LIGHT ON THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

(Conclusion.)

TIME, however, brings about strange changes, and the possibility of historians being compelled to reverse their verdict on the Mecklenburg Declaration would now seem to be imminent. One of the strongest points hitherto advanced against the Declaration has been the alleged fact that it was never heard of prior to "John McKnitt's" publication in the "Raleigh Register" in 1819. In vain did the friends of the Declaration call attention to the traditions of the countryside, to the testimony of the witnesses in the legislative inquiry of 1830-31, to the statement of Dr. Hawks that the historian Martin had assured him that he had utilized for his version of the Declaration a copy procured "in the western part of the State, prior to 1800," and to the statement of Governor Stokes that, in the year 1793, the historian Williamson had shown to him, in Fayetteville, N. C., a copy of the Declaration in the handwriting of John McKnitt Alexander, Sr. They were invariably, and properly, met by the objection that in all this there entered the untrustworthy element of memory, and that they could establish their case only by producing documentary proof. It was pointed out that, if the people of Mecklenburg County actually did declare themselves independent of Great Britain, the fact would surely be mentioned in contemporary documents, letters, newspapers. The reasonableness of this is obvious, but not until recent years do the defenders of the Declaration seem to have appreciated the necessity of discarding tradition, hearsay and assumption. Indeed, their latest plea, Dr. Graham's book, is in large measure a reploughing of this barren field. On the other hand, Dr. Graham summons to his aid more documentary evidence than did any of his predecessors. He cites, for instance, the fact that numerous deeds executed during and immediately after the Revolutionary War, and now on file in the court house at Charlotte, contain what he regards as explicit references to the Mecklenburg Declaration. Among such, he quotes: "This indenture made this 13th day of February, 1779, and in the fourth year of our independence"; "This

indenture made this 28th day of January, in the fifth year of our independence and the year of our Lord Christ 1780"; "This indenture made on the 19th day of May, and in the year of our Lord 1783, and in the eighth year of our independence." He also adduces documentary evidence in support of the authenticity of the poem "The Mecklenburg Censor," said to have been written in 1777. This poem speaks of the day

"When Mecklenburg's fantastic rabble,
Renowned for censure, scold, and gabble,
In Charlotte met in giddy council,
To lay the constitution's ground-sill,"

and avers that

"First to withdraw from British trust,
In Congress, they, the very first,
Their Independence did declare."

Again, Dr. Graham quotes from a schoolboy's declamation on the Charlotte convention, printed in the "Catawba Journal," of July 11, 1826, and by that paper credited to the "Raleigh Minerva," of August 10, 1809, or ten years before the publication of the storm-provoking "John McKnitt" statement.

It is to this schoolhouse speech that special attention must first be called. When Dr. Graham wrote, he was obliged to quote from the secondary, *post* "John McKnitt" source, the "Catawba Journal," and was under the impression that no copy remained of the August 10, 1809, issue of the "Raleigh Minerva." One has since been discovered through the efforts of Mr. M. De Lancey Haywood, who, early in the present year, found it in Raleigh. It is now in the possession of a family descended from its publisher, William Boylan. A photographic facsimile, forwarded to the writer by Professor Alexander Graham, school superintendent of Charlotte and long a student of the Mecklenburg problem, discloses some slight variations from the "Catawba Journal" reprint, and one discrepancy—in the matter of the year of the convention—which might at first glance seem important, but is doubtless either a misprint in the "Minerva" or a slip of the speaker's memory. The following is the reference to the Declaration as published in the "Minerva":

"On the 19th day of May, 1776, a day sacredly exulting to every Mecklenburg bosom, two delegates duly authorized from every militia company in this county met in Charlotte. . . . After a cool and deliberate investigation of the causes and extent of our differences with G. Britain, and taking a view of the probable result; pledging their all in support of their rights and liberties; they solemnly entered into and published a full and determined *declaration* [the italics are the "Minerva's"] of Independence, renouncing forever all allegiance, dependence on or connection with Great Britain; dissolved all judicial and military establishments emanating from the British crown; established others on principles correspondent with their declaration, which went into immediate operation: All which were transmitted to Congress by express, and probably expedited the general Declaration of Independence. May we ever act worthy of such predecessors."

From this publication it seems manifest that the schoolboy orator had the assistance of something other than tradition in preparing his address; and that, whatever the source of his statements, they corroborate alike the "John McKnitt" and Martin accounts in naming the 19th, not the 31st, of May as the day of the meeting, in averring the adoption of an explicit Declaration of Independence, and in relating the transmission of copies of the Declaration to the Continental Congress. The boy's address, it must be kept clearly in mind, was delivered and printed in 1809, ten years before the date when, the opponents of the Declaration urge, it was made known for the first time. In this connection, Mr. Haywood has discovered another, though less important, bit of evidence. Searching through the old documents and newspapers preserved in the State Library at Raleigh, he found a copy of the "Raleigh Register," of July 28, 1808, containing an account of that year's Fourth of July celebration at Charlotte. The festivities, it appears, included a banquet, in the course of which one Joseph Pearson offered as a toast: "The patriots of Mecklenburg; the first to declare Independence. . . . May their sons be the last to acknowledge themselves slaves." This adds nothing to our knowledge of the details of the gathering at Charlotte, but it is significant as a pointed reference antedating by more than a year the schoolboy's address published in the "Raleigh Minerva," and by almost eleven years the "John McKnitt" contribution to the "Raleigh Register."

Still more valuable than either of these additional items of evidence, at least in the eyes of the friends of the Declaration, is a discovery made within the past few months by Mr. O. J. Lehman, of Bethania, N. C.,

a town which was first settled in 1759 by a number of Moravian Brethren, who moved thither from their original North Carolina home of Bethabara. It is the custom of the Moravians to keep a journal of contemporaneous events, and in their archives at Bethania are records covering the period 1755 to 1905, written in German script by the most learned men of the Brotherhood. In examining these, Mr. Lehman came upon a forty-page manuscript, in the form of a pamphlet, entitled: "Fragment. Record of the Events during the Revolutionary War which had a Reference to Wachovia, to the end of 1779." This record, Mr. Lehman found, opened with the events of the year 1775, and in the chronicle for that year was a passage which, translated, reads:

"At the end of the year 1775, I cannot omit to mention that in the summer of this same year, that is to say, in May, June or July, the county of Mecklenburg in North Carolina declared itself free and independent of England, and for itself made such arrangements for the administration of law as the Continental Congress later made for all. But this Congress considered these proceedings premature."

Impressed with his discovery, Mr. Lehman communicated it to the "Charlotte Observer," and efforts were begun to ascertain when and by whom the record was written. From the reference to the subsequent action of Congress, it was evident that the Mecklenburg paragraph was penned some time after 1775, and the question immediately rose—At what time? The first attempt at an answer, so far as the writer is aware, is contained in an article published in the "Charlotte Observer" of April 15, 1906, and contributed by Adelaide L. Fries, of Winston-Salem, N. C., who believes she has shown that the record was written at Salem in the autumn of 1783 by one Traugott Bagge. Her reasons for so believing deserve to be quoted, in part, at any rate, for their general as well as historical interest:

"The 'Fragment' is neither a diary, nor a mechanical compilation from a diary. It is a historical sketch, well written, clear cut, showing keen insight into the affairs of the State and nation, as well as the most intimate acquaintance with events in Wachovia. While for convenience the author divides his account into years, he frequently runs forward to link some result to its cause. For example, in reciting some of the events early in 1775, he states that the sailors on the English merchant-ships in Charleston harbor, being unable to secure permission to land their cargoes, simply threw them overboard so that they could load with rice and sail for home. Salt was one of the articles so destroyed, and he comments on the great

scarcity of this prime necessity later on, and the suffering that the saving of this salt might have averted. Paper money claims his attention in each year's history; but, in speaking of the first year's issue without royal authority, in 1775, he notes its utter loss of value late in the war; and, again, in 1777, he mentions the statement by the Assembly of 1783 that the depreciation began in '77. The introduction of later developments in the Mecklenburg paragraph is, therefore, quite in keeping with the rest of the paper, and its form is also paralleled by similar additions at the close of other years, where items which had been omitted in the current account were added at the close. This paragraph is plainly a part of the original document, and entitled to all the credence that may be given to any part thereof.

"Although found in Bethania, this paper was most certainly written by a man who lived in Salem during the Revolutionary War. Not only does the whole story center about Salem, then already the principal town of Wachovia, but events transpiring there are given with a certain intimate knowledge that can have no other explanation. The paper must have been taken to Bethania at some later date, perhaps in comparatively recent years.

"The handwriting of the 'Fragment' differs from that found in the Church Diaries of those years, and certain features in the paper itself suggested Traugott Bagge as its author. This was confirmed beyond a question by finding in the Land Office in Salem several annual statements of the store, written, dated and signed by Traugott Bagge. The script, though small, is unusually firm and distinct, and it is possible to compare two specimens letter by letter. When this test is applied to the 'Fragment,' with these annual statements as the standard, the writing of the 'Fragment' is found to be Bagge's throughout. Moreover, in the body of the 'Fragment' there is given a list of the men who signed a certain paper explaining the position of the Moravians in regard to the War, and their neutrality, and in this list appears the name of Traugott Bagge. Laid by the side of the signed statements already alluded to, it becomes evident that this name is a genuine signature, and by the fortunate insertion of the list the signature of the author is contained in the body of the paper, although it does not appear at the end.

"This not only proves the author, but guarantees the accuracy of statements in the 'Fragment,' for Bagge was the most able man of affairs in Wachovia during the War. At that time the store was the center of trade for all the country round, and under Bagge's skillful management the necessities of life were never entirely lacking for those who depended on his store to supply them. . . . As merchant, financier, politician, as a sturdy, conscientious man, Traugott Bagge ranks among the first in the history of the State.

"The question of date presents the most difficulty, but by a process of elimination it has become possible to decide on the month and year in which it was written, and the occasion for it. . . . The latest date in the 'Fragment' is contained in the reference to the Assembly of 1783, already mentioned. This Assembly met in

the spring, so the paper could not have been written before April, 1783. . . . On December 30, the Altesten Conference fixed the programme for New Year's eve: 'The children shall have their closing meeting at three o'clock; the adult congregation shall have a love-feast at eight in the evening; at ten o'clock the Memorabilia for this year and for the War shall be read, and the closing meeting shall follow at half-past eleven.' This is confirmed by the diary for December 31, which says of the ten-o'clock service that they 'remembered the many mercies which the Lord had showed them not only during the year, but throughout the eight years' war.' It will be noted that Bagge's name does not appear, and the War Memorabilia, under the title of '*Lob und Dankopfer*,' read in the service and filed with the diary, is in the handwriting of John Frederick Peter, then minister in Salem. But Peter did not come to Wachovia until 1780, would therefore have no knowledge of events prior to that time, and it seems evident that, when he began to collect the memoranda which he presented to the Altesten Conference early in October, he turned to Bagge, who at his request wrote the 'Fragment' under discussion. This explains why Bagge ended his account with December, 1779, for from that time on Peter knew all the circumstances, and the closing then is otherwise explicable, for he stops just short of the time when Wachovia came directly in contact with the opposing forces, and passed the most perilous and exciting days of her history. The paper was far too long to read in a one-hour service, but the '*Lob und Dankopfer*' is strikingly like a résumé of Bagge's sketch, and the supposition that it is such is strengthened by the fact that in the archives of Bethlehem, Pa., there are two copies of the '*Lob und Dankopfer*,' one of which, evidently the rough copy, is in Peter's handwriting, while additional notes pasted on the margin, and slipped loose between the leaves, are in Bagge's handwriting. The other, incorporating many of these notes, is entirely in Peter's handwriting. That Bagge, having helped Peter prepare his paper, should later, without any apparent reason, take the trouble to amplify the sketch to the limits of the 'Fragment' seems most improbable. . . . Traugott Bagge died in April, 1800, but a close scrutiny of the diary from January, 1784, on, fails to give a single reason for the writing of such a paper. . . ."

Here seems to be a sound chain of reasoning to establish the authenticity, authorship and date of the pamphlet. Once admitting that it was written in 1783, or thereabouts, it must be conceded that the friends of the Mecklenburg Declaration have recovered a striking piece of evidence in support of their case. Taken together, the Graham-Haywood-Lehman discoveries point unmistakably to recognition of the existence of a Mecklenburg Declaration long before "John McKnitt's" letter precipitated the century-old dispute. Historians can no longer afford to treat the problem with the superstition of incredulity. They have now to deal, not with nebulous theories nor with hypotheses sustained by little more than

the enthusiasm of local pride and patriotism; but with concrete data which must be accepted or explained away. Decidedly the time has arrived for a thorough review of all the evidence, new and old, tending to prove or disprove the claim that in North Carolina independence of the authority of Great Britain was first formally articulated by her children across the seas.

H. ADDINGTON BRUCE.

North American Review.

THE STAR

Aim at thy star,
Aim steadily, and to the doubter give no heed or thought
Though cold he reasons that no arrow e'er could reach such height.
For even now, sometimes, a seeming miracle is wrought.

CORA LAPHAM HAZARD.

Boston Transcript.

This must be meant for the encouragement of editors of historical magazines. We shall keep aiming at that star, and wait for the miracle, a generous subscription list, which will enable us to realize our ambition to make this publication all we would like it to be.—[ED.]



THE CONGRESS OF AMERICANISTS

THE fifteenth international congress of Americanists was held at Quebec, September 10 to 16. Americanists are scholars whose field is the study of the American continent and native American races. The geography, history, and ruins of America, the life and customs, languages and traditions, arts and industries of the aborigines were the subjects of addresses and discussions by students from all parts of the world. France, Germany, England, Mexico, the United States, and Canada were represented.

One of the most interesting addresses was delivered the first evening by Leopold Batres, the Mexican archæologist, who has been excavating the ruins of an ancient civilization. Eighteen years ago there lay, some twenty-five miles from the City of Mexico, a group of mounds and two great hills covered with vegetation. To-day the mounds have given place to ruined houses and temples; and where the hills were, now stand two pyramids, one of which is larger than Cheops in Egypt. A whole city has emerged from its burial of countless centuries. This city is called Teotihuacan, an arbitrary name, meaning "the place of God." A great avenue runs through the city and connects the two pyramids. On each side were buildings with courts, vestibules, and peristyles, adorned with frescoes and sculpture. Teotihuacan must have come to its death by violence, for the buildings are in ruins, the pillars and statues broken, and everything scarred by fire. The giant pyramids are thought to be temples. For this work of excavating the Mexican Government has appropriated \$1,500,000—a sharp contrast to the indifference of the United States towards its inheritance of antiquity.

Dr. Franz Boas of Columbia University argued for more extended archæological and ethnological research in Canada, particularly in the field of Indian languages. The study of the native tongues, he holds, furnishes the key to knowledge of the distribution of population and diffusion of culture. Unless work is carried on speedily, the time for it will have passed.

The Indian of the future was considered in three papers which out-

lined a plea for the resuscitation and development of all that is of value in the Indian as an Indian. Mrs. Osgood Mason of New York spoke of the Indian's creative faculty and his skill in phases of art activity. She urged that in educating the Indian this native genius be fostered, instead of arbitrarily crushed; and that the development of his art industries would make of the Indian a useful factor in civilization. Mrs. Mason affirmed that as decorators and designers, as workers in metal, wood, and glass, our aborigines could occupy the place now held by foreign immigrants.

Mrs. Mason's address was followed by two examples of the effort to encourage native talent—that of Miss Angel De Cora in the field of Indian art and of Miss Natalie Curtis in Indian music. Miss De Cora is of the Winnebago tribe and is possibly the first of her race to address the Americanists. Although cultivated in the white man's ways, she exemplifies the gifts of her race. She is a skilled artist, and has worked in illustration and designing, in wood carving and in plaster, and has also painted pictures. Last year the present commissioner of Indian affairs, Francis E. Leupp, asked her to become art instructor at the Carlisle Indian School. She accepted the appointment with the purpose of developing native art in all its branches, and of applying it to various industries. This step marks a new departure in the education of the Indian, and Miss De Cora may fairly be regarded as a pioneer. She showed a number of designs made by the Indian boys and girls.

Miss Curtis then gave some examples of songs of the Indians, collected by her from all parts of the United States. She maintained that in the poetry and music of the aborigines, no less than in the pictorial art, lay a great gift to the civilized world. The whole unwritten literature of a race is embodied in the music and ritual of the Indian.

Professor Seler of the University of Berlin and Dr. Gordon of the University of Pennsylvania discussed phases of the art of ancient America. —*Evening Post*, N. Y.

AN EPICURE OF THE CIVIL WAR

Pundits like the Western one who refused to subscribe for the MAGAZINE because it "had too little history in it" (a fact!) are requested not to read this frivolous item.—[Ed.]

CHRISTMAS, with its promise of good cheer, often reminds the veteran, by force of contrast, of the many times during the civil war when the plainest food had for him a zest that no present holiday can impart. One of these veterans, a Tennessee colonel, who served with Forrest's cavalry, became reminiscent the other day.

"A good dinner was as strange to our camp as a five-dollar gold piece," he remarked, as he stroked his gray beard, "and I remember well how eager we were for persimmon time. Then it often happened that we got a good, fat 'possum out of one of those trees. We'd skin him and leave him hung up overnight for the frost to touch him just once. Next day we'd roast him in the ashes with plenty of yellow yams so sugary that the syrup would ooze out of them like resin out of a pitch pine tree.

Talk about terrapin and canvasback! Why, man alive, 'possum and 'taters is the thing that makes you truly thank God for the space there is within you! Such sweet meat and so fat and juicy! And when the last morsel has gone down, how calm and contented you feel; how much at peace with all mankind.

I reckon the best dinner we had in our camp was one fall day in '64, when we were hanging onto the flank of Sherman's army as it marched through Georgia. One of our foraging parties brought a cow into camp and the head fell to my share. I had my man wash and clean it; then I set him to digging a pit in the clay soil about a yard square. In it he built a fire and heaped it 'way, 'way up so that, after it had burned for an hour and been cleaned out, that pit was pretty near as hot as Tophet. Then it was ready for business. We put the head, skin and all, on the bottom, with plenty of those sugary yams alongside. Over the top we put some oak planks we borrowed from a neighboring farmhouse, and covered them over with earth. You can imagine how perfectly everything was cooked in that ready-made oven.

Meantime, I sent out invitations to Gen. Pat Cleburne, of Arkansas; Gen. Brown, of Tennessee, my own State (he was afterwards governor); Col. Moses Wickes, and other army men stationed near us. There's no need to say that all responded, for, let me tell you, the Federals had swept the country almost bare, and it had been 'short commons' with Bragg's army for several weeks. Our table was made of three oak planks held up by crotched tree branches; our dining-room was the scrub oak grove where we had pitched our camp, with the wild birds singing and chirping in the leaves; the fresh smell of the earth was in the air, and what more did we want?

The cow's head was served on a hot oak plank for a trencher, with the yams cuddled alongside. Our hunger was our sauce, our condiments were plain salt and pepper. But how it made you smack your lips! Our mouths were watering all the time we were skinning that savory, smoking headpiece with our 'frogstickers.' Each man stepped up to the table and cut off a slice with the same handy weapon, pared off the hard-baked rind of a yam, and sat down on a near-by log to chew and chat.

We would shake our heads at each other and smile in a knowing fashion, and then shake our heads and smile again, like schoolboys out for a frolic. Take it altogether, we ate, yes, sir, we really ate with a relish and gusto Delmonico's or Chamberlain's never saw. Everybody agreed that the melting tongue of that cow was the most responsible eating they had ever enjoyed. 'All that is needed to make this auspicious banquet complete,' remarked Gen. Brown, as he cut out a second section of tongue, 'is a good big snifter of old Kentucky Bourbon. But, then, as we all know, there are spots on the sun.' We handed over the bones and what meat there was left to a poor widow, whose husband died fighting for the Confederacy, and whose son was also in the army. I fed the roasted skin to my horse, and he ate it in double-quick time.

This reminds me of a favorite story Gen. Bankhead Magruder used to tell about a dinner he had while he was serving in the army of Northern Virginia. That army was not much more than 20,000 strong, I reckon, and it had to do some right sharp work to stand off three well-fed, well-equipped Federal armies, each of them nearly twice as large. Well, one day Magruder was out reconnoitering with his staff in the Shenandoah valley, and he stumbled across a likely looking plantation.

He sent his orderly off on the jump to present his compliments to the

mistress of the mansion and tell her that he and his officers were powerful hungry. Would she be kind enough to give them some dinner? Of course she sent back word she'd do her best. Along comes a yellow-haired young soldier right after that, and he tells her the same thing. It seems he was on his way to join his regiment, and was covered with dust and looking tired to death.

'My young friend, I'm doing my best to get up a good dinner for Gen. Magruder and his staff. Get down and come in, and if there is anything left after they get through you shall have it,' said this hospitable lady.

The young chap was hardly out of his 'teens, and it happened that he came from one of the finest families in Virginia. He dismounted and went into the house. Just naturally he knew how affairs were conducted in the old plantation households, and when Magruder and his staff arrived he did some pretty tall scouting around the dining-room. As soon as dinner was announced he marched in at the head of the procession, and took a seat next to Magruder. The general looked at him pretty savage for a minute, and said:

'Sir, do you know with whom you are dining?'

The young man looked at him just as sharp, and answered back:

'No, sir; I don't. Before I joined the army I was mighty careful who I ate a meal of victuals with, but now I make no distinction, whatever.'

That settled it. Magruder looked nettled for a minute, and then burst out laughing. So did the others, and the dinner went on with everybody in high good humor."

E. W. P.

THE PURITANS AND THE INDIAN LANDS

THE Indian of the American colonial period has often been the theme of romance—very rarely of arithmetical or logical calculation or patient, methodical investigation. Owing partly to the nomad life of the Indians, and their appearing at various places at some distance from each other almost simultaneously, the earliest estimates were loose and large exaggerations. The logic, however, of cause and effect when we find a tribe, taken even at the old estimate, at from one to three or four thousand persons all told, dominating or terrorizing a whole colony's Indians, as the Pequots, Narragansetts, Massasoit's tribe, and the Saugus Indians did respectively in Connecticut, Rhode Island, Plymouth Colony, and Massachusetts, east of the Connecticut river; and a glance at the hunter life, which requires a vast territory to support a small population, prepares us for the thoughtful estimate of Parkman that the war strength of all the New England Indians, about the year 1600, or a little before white settlement, was approximately 8000.

“To the law and to the testimony” of the original historical sources, according to the recent and right method of historical study, to find the general policy of the New England colonists with regard to Indian claims to land; which policy is explicitly enjoined in the letter of instruction from “the Governor and Deputy of the New England Company for a Plantation in Massachusetts Bay,” dated “Gravesend, 17 Aprill, 1629,” to their representative, John Endicott, just commencing the Bay colony at Salem; and found in Eben. Hazard's Historical Collections, State Papers, etc., v. 1, p. 263. “And above all, wee pray you bee carefull that there bee none in our Precincts permitted to doe any iniurie (in the least kinde) to the Heathen People and if any offend in that way, lett them receive due Coreccon; and wee hold it fitting you publish a Proclamacon to that effect, by leaving it fixed vnder the Company's Seale in some eminent Place for all to take Notice, at such Tyme as both the Heathen themselves as well as our People may take Notice of it. If any of the Salvages pretend Right of Inheritance to all or any Part of the Lands graunted in our Pattent, wee pray you endeavor to purchase their Tytle, that we may

avoyde the least Scruple of Intrusion." It will be noted that this injunction preceded the settlement of New England except the towns of Plymouth and Salem, and a few pioneers in their vicinity; and that the soil was practically unbroken, and, with exceptional tracts of meadow, was a wilderness of woods which the few whites scattered near the coast and the Connecticut could hardly make a nibble at using, and in the deeds usually remained Indian hunting ground; and on the other hand, that farming land was mostly useless to the Indian from lack of tools and other means of cultivating it: also that for many years, wampum, the Indian money, "found a more ready market than any other commodity;"¹ the other chief things desired by the Indians for land being clothes, tools, and protection from the stronger tribes;² that the coin the English brought "speedily disappeared," "money was worth 3 times as much as now," when had, but so scarce in 1640, that "corn, cattle, fish," etc., were made legal tender: in 1630, laborer's wages 6d. a day, carpenters and bricklayers, 2s.; and a man of £1000 estate was, so to speak, a millionaire.³

Though the Indian policy of all the early New England colonies was the same, we will begin with the earliest, of which Hutchinson says (v. 2, p. 266): "The first settlers of the Massachusetts and Plymouth made conscience of paying the natives to their satisfaction, for all parts of the territory which were not depopulated or deserted and left without a claimer," and let recorded facts determine as to the truth of the statement.

The "depopulation" mentioned is that described in King James' Patent to Plymouth Colony, dated 3d (New Style 13th, Nov. 1620): "We have been further given certainly to knowe, that within these late yeares there hath by God's Visitation raigned a Wonderfull Plague . . . to the utter Destruction, Devastacion and Depopulation of the whole Territorie, so that there is not left for many Leagues together in a Manner, any that doe claim or challenge on any Kind of Interest therein, nor any other Superiour Lord or Souverayne to make Claime thereunto. Whereby We in our Judgment are persuaded and satisfied that the appointed Time is come in which Almighty God in his great Goodness and Bountie towards Us and our People hath thought fitt and determined that those large and goodly Territorie, deserted as it were by their naturall Inhabitants should be possessed and enjoyed."⁴ This tract extending from Buz-

¹ Williamson, Maine, v. 1, p. 236.

² Palfrey, v. 1, p. 610.

³ Palfrey, v. 1, p. 320, v. 2, p. 57, 60.

⁴ Hazard, v. 1, p. 105.

zard's Bay to the Merrimac river and including the present Plymouth county and most of Bristol, Norfolk and Suffolk counties, was in 1617, swept by a disease which the few survivors said made its victims yellow, and further south would be thought yellow fever, but is supposed to have been smallpox, a very deadly disease among the Indians, which reduced the Saugus tribe from an estimated 3000 to about 250 in 1631. Of the squaw sachem of this tribe, the Concord tract, so named from the *concord* which characterized the purchase, was bought in 1635 for a quantity of wampum, hatchets, knives, cloth, and a full suit with greatcoat for the squaw's husband, Webcavet. From this tract have been set off Acton, Carlisle and Bedford. In 1639 this sachem and her husband gave a deed of Charlestown (now including Malden, Everett and Melrose) for "21 coates, 19 fathom wampum and 3 bushels of corn." The squaw's son, John, had already granted Charlestown village in 1629. By the General Court of Massachusetts, March 13, 1639, Mr. Gibson (or Gibbon) was desired to agree with the Indians for the land within the bounds of Watertown, Newton or Cambridge, and Boston. Apparently this was the first time this land had been claimed by the Indians, the first settlers finding only a solitary settler, Wm. Blackstone, on this tract, at the good spring which decided the headship of Boston. May 13, 1640 "It was ordered that the £23, 8s. 6d. layd out by Capt. Gibson shall bee pd him, Vid: £13, 8s. 6d. by Watertown, £10 by Cambridge, and also Cambridge to give Squaw sachem a coate every winter while shee liveth."⁵ From Cambridge came Lexington, Woburn, Winchester, Medford, Burlington. The Ipswich (Essex, Hamilton) tract was bought in 1638 of its sachem, Masconnoment, for £20. Haverhill-Methuen was bought of Passequo and Saggahew in 1642 for £3, 10s. Andover was bought by Mr. Woodbridge before 1646, of Cutshamache for £6 and a coat. For the Salem-Wenham-Danvers-Marblehead-Manchester-Beverly tract, one history says no claim was ever made. Yet in connection with a purchase in the vicinity long afterward, the Indians gave a confirmatory title to part of it. Such title was given in some other cases, probably to make valid later transfers; for President John Adams says, "In all my practice at the bar, I have never known a contested title to lands but what was traced up to the Indian title."⁶

Meanwhile, Wm. Pynchon, invited by the small tribe of Indians at Agawam to settlement and alliance, bought three tracts in the Connecticut

⁵ Watertown Records, p. iv.

⁶ Young, Chron. of Plymouth, p. 259.

valley in 1636, for "18 fathoms wampum, 18 coats, 18 hatchets, 18 hoes and 18 knives," of "Commucke and Matanchan for and in the name of al the other Indians," as states the deed given 15th July, 1636; the Agawam meadow, now West Springfield, Westfield, Agawam and Southwick, costing 10 eighteenthths of the above price, the tract between four and five miles long east of the river, and the "Long Meadow" costing each 4 eighteenthths; the Indians to have all land already planted, and liberty to take fish, deer, and nuts, and to receive pay for damages by cattle. Pynchon extended his purchase. Suffield, now in Connecticut, is said to have cost him the equivalent of £20. Wilbraham, Hampden and Ludlow, Mass., were formed out of his purchases; and in 1653 he bought the Hadley (Amherst, S. Hadley, Hatfield, Whately, Sunderland) tracts of the Indians, who, till King Philip's war, says the Chronicle, "lived in perfect unity with our fathers." The same year the tract now North, South, East and West Hampton was bought of 7 Indian owners for 100 fathoms of wampum, 10 coats, and the ploughing of 16 acres of land on the east bank of the Connecticut river. The Lancaster-Leominster-Sterling tract, 10 miles by 8, was bought in 1643 of its sachem, Sholan, the Indians reserving hunting, fishing and planting spots. There is record of the purchase of much of Berlin, Bolton, Harvard and the two Boylstones, at different times of the Nashuas. Brookfield, with North Brookfield, was bought of the Indians, 1660. The Deerfield-Greenfield-Shelburne-Gill-Conway tract, mostly poor land, was bought from sachem Chank and his brother, by John Pynchon; in 1665, the Indians reserving the right to hunt, fish, and gather nuts. In Chelmsford, the Indians and whites lived side by side: the Indians decreasing, sold out gradually. The Dorchester-Stoughton-Sharon tract is especially mentioned in early notices as desolate from the plague of 1617. Having accounted for nearly every English settlement in the Bay Colony up to Philip's war, we note the purchases of Plymouth colony on the western border of the plague district and on the Cape. Bridgewater, including East, West, and North Bridgewater, was bought by Miles Standish of Massasoit, for "7 coats, 9 hatchets, 8 howes, 20 knives, 4 moose-skins and 10½ yards of cotton." The record of the purchase of the south part of Barnstable of Wianno, about 1650, exists, but that of the north part, earlier, appears to have been lost. The Eastham-Welfleet-Orleans tract was purchased of the Nauset Indians, about 1644, they retaining a reservation on which, in 1693, were four Indian villages, about 500 persons, having their own 6 magistrates, 4 teachers

and 4 schoolmasters. The Pilgrims and the Nausets had their minister in common, the Rev. Mr. Treat, for whom the Indians had a great affection, and at their earnest request, they were his bearers at his funeral in 1717. Truro was purchased apparently in 1697. Chatham was bought of the Indians by Wm. Nickerson, 1665. Raynham was bought of Massasoit by Eliz. Pool and others before 1650. Rehoboth, with Seekonk, and Pawtucket (now in R. I.), was bought of Massasoit in 1641. Wareham was bought of 3 Indian claimants in 1655. Thos. Mayhew in 1660 bought Nantucket of two sachems. Attleborough, with Cumberland (now in R. I.), was bought of Wamsutta in 1661, by Thos. Willett. The deed of Hingham was given by sachem Josiah in 1665.

Winslow and Hopkins visiting Massasoit in 1621, found no living inhabitants on the site of Taunton, yet bought out the claim of Massasoit in 1638, the confirmatory deed given by Philip, being in v. 3, p. 13 of Plymouth Records. Philip, himself, as a deed shows, sold an adjacent tract 3 miles by 4, in 1672, for £143.⁷ This fact militates strongly against the theory that Philip's war was incited by his brooding over a land grievance; for it will be noted that this sale took place simultaneously with his planning for the war, and that the price received was many times the usual one for such a tract; indeed, this may have suggested the advantage of land-conquest. A considerable tract southwest of Boston was the towns of the "Praying Indians," who, under the guidance of the missionary, John Eliot, lived to a considerable degree after a civilized manner. After Philip's war, they centered about Natick, and though decreasing gradually, some were living there about the middle of the last century. They sold part of the Framingham-Ashland tract. Tewkesbury was sold by the few Indians there in 1684, to 6 white men. Mr. Leverett, President of Harvard College, bought Hopkinton of the Indians. The great wooded tract of southern Worcester county had few settlers before Philip's war. Worcester was not permanently settled till about 1713. The hill tract, now Rutland, Hubbardston, Oakham, Barre and part of Princeton and Paxton, was bought of the Indians in 1686 for £23. The same year Joshua Lamb bought Hardwick of John Magus and Nassawanno for £20. Lamb and others in 1686-87 bought the Leicester-Spencer tract of the Indians. Sutton was bought of the sachem Wampus before 1704. The Northfield tract was bought of 4 Indian claimants in 1687 for "200

⁷ Emery's Taunton, p. 289. For other sales of his, see Plymouth Records, v. 5, pp. 88, 97, 98, 101, 106.

fathoms of wampum, and £57 worth of trading goods." The sterile tract of the Berkshire ridge and eastward to the border of the Connecticut valley seems to have had no claimant, and hardly any Indian inhabitants, from dread of the Mohawks on the western border; but Alford and New Marlborough were bought of the Stockbridge Indians about 1736. To show how price was rising, compare Suffield, one of the richest of Connecticut valley towns about 1636, at £20, with Sheffield, rather poor, for which the Stockbridge Indians, about 90 years later, in 1724, received £460, and Richmond-Lenox for which they received £1700, in 1763.

The Connecticut colony, an offshoot of the Bay colony, came on the invitation of the river Indians, given to Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay, for settlement and alliance. "Wethersfield men gave so much unto Sowheag as was to his satisfaction for all that plantation lying on both sides of the great river, with the Island; viz: 6 miles in width on both sides the River, 6 miles deep from the River westward, and 3 miles deep from the River eastward," Geo. Hubbard, one of the original surveyors of the tract, "testifyeth upon oath," June 16, 1665."⁸ "The whole of Ancient Windsor was honestly bought and even rebought by our ancestors of the native proprietors," says Stiles, v. 1, p. 123, "for a valuable consideration." Hartford was bought of the Suckiango, 1635-36; Had-dam of its sachem for 30 coats. Enfield tract from Assumtuck down Connecticut river to the falls, thence east 8 miles, was bought of the river Indians in 1689, for £8 sterling, leaving the right to hunt and fish. The New Haven tract was bought of the Quinnipiacs, Nov. 1637, for 12 each of coats, hatchets, porringers and spoons, and 4 cases of French knives and scissors. Montowese, 1637, sold the tract north of this, 10 miles by 13. The Norwich tract, 9 miles square, including Bozrah, Franklin and Lisbon, was bought in 1659 of Uncas for £70 and supplies, which had enabled him to raise the siege of the Narragansetts. Stamford and Darien, minus an Indian reserve, cost 12 each of coats, hoes, hatchets and knives, 2 kettles and 4 fathoms of wampum. The Waterbury-Woodbury-Southbury tract, was bought of the Indians in 1674 for £38. A tract 10 by 18 miles, now Plymouth, Middlebury, half of Wolcott, and part of Oxford and Prospect, £9: Norwalk, 8 fathoms wampum, 6 coats, 10 hatchets, hoes, knives, tobacco, 3 kettles, etc.; and from Norwalk to Five-Mile river (including Wilton), 10 fathoms wampum, 3 hatchets, 3 hoes, 6 glasses, 12 tobacco pipes, 3 knives, 10 drillers, 10 needles: Two-mile tract

⁸ Public Lands of Connecticut, p. 5.

in the center of Milford, 6 coats, 10 blankets, kettle, hoes, hatchets; another strip in 1656, £26; 1659-60, Indian Neck, £25; 1700, another, £15, 15s. and the last strip, 1702, for £5 cash, or £7, 10s. if in goods. Other purchases from the Indians recorded are Stratford (Bridgeport, Trumbull); Fairfield (Weston, New Fairfield, Sherman, Redding), 1639. Simsbury, Farmington, Granby, Southington, Berlin, New Britain, Bristol, Burlington, Avon, 1640; Wallingford, Cheshire, Meriden, for coats. Middletown (Chatham, Portland, Middlefield, Durham, Cromwell), bought of Sowheag, 1662, for considerations. Derby, 1657. So. Orange, Woodbridge, Beacon Falls, Naugatuck. Danbury tract 6 miles by 8, in 1684. Ridgefield, 1708. Glastonbury, Rocky Hill, and Newington, bought of Sowheag. Plainfield and Canterbury. Part of Tolland was bought twice; claimed by different tribes. Guilford, 1639. More details and purchases might be given, but here are enough to prove the established rule, that "not a foot of land was claimed or occupied on any other score but that of fair purchase."⁹ Of Roger Williams in R. I., it has been aptly said he preached concerning the fair purchase of Indian lands, what the Puritans practiced, or, his gospel was their law, viz.: "Under penaltie a prohibition of any man's receiving any lands under pretence of gift from the Indians, without approbation of the Court," and grants not to take effect until the Indians had released their rights and titles by a formal sale.¹⁰ The earliest deed on the records of Providence is based on that of Canonicus and Miantonimo to Roger Williams in 1636, conveying the land from Pawtuxet river to Pawtucket hill; now, with eastward additions from Massachusetts, Providence county. In 1637 they sold Aquidnec (the island of Rhode Island), to Williams, Coddington and others, "for 40 fathoms of white wampum, 20 coats and 10 hoes"; in 1638, the Warwick-Coventry tract; later Jamestown (Conanicut island). In 1660, the Niantics sold Westerly (Hopkinton, Richmond and Charlestown). Early examples of the same rule in New Hampshire and Maine, are, Wheelwright's purchase of the Exeter tract, and the Plymouth colony purchase "of all the lands from Cushnoc to Wassarunset"; confirmatory deeds given 1648 and 1653 by the sagamores.¹¹ Little of northern New England, however, was settled in the

⁹ Governor Josiah Winslow, 1676, in *Young's Chronicles*, p. 259, and Dr. Dwight, *Travels*, v. 1, p. 167.

¹⁰ *Ancient Landmarks of Plymouth*, p. 82.

¹¹ Hazard, pp. 298-303.

17th century. To sum up, the New England governmental principle and practice was equal and impartial justice, on the same plane to the Indian as to the white.

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INDIAN LEGENDS: VIII.

THE FLYING HEAD: A LEGEND OF SACONDAGA LAKE

"The Great God hath sent us signs in the sky! we have heard uncommon noise in the heavens, and have seen HEADS fall down upon the earth." *Speech of Tahayadoris, a Mohawk sachem, at Albany, Oct. 25th, 1689.*—COLDEN'S *Five Nations*.

THE country about the head-waters of the great Mohegan (as the Hudson is sometimes called), though abounding in game and fish, was never, in the recollection of the oldest Indians living, nor in that of their fathers' fathers, the permanent residence of any one tribe. From the black mountain tarns, where the eastern fork takes its rise, to the silver strand of Lake Pleasant, through which the western branch makes its way after rising in Sacondaga Lake, the wilderness that intervenes, and all the mountains round about the fountain-heads of the great river, have, from time immemorial, been infested by a class of beings with whom no good man would ever wish to come in contact.

The young men of the Mohawk have, indeed, often traversed it, when, in years gone by, they went on the war path after the hostile tribes of the north; and the scattered and wandering remnants of their people, with an occasional hunting-party from the degenerate bands that survive at St. Regis, will yet occasionally be tempted over these haunted grounds in quest of the game that still finds a refuge in that mountain region. The evil shapes that were formerly so troublesome to the red hunter, seem, in these later days, to have become less restless at his presence; and, whether it be that the day of their power has gone by, or that their vindictiveness has relented at witnessing the fate which seems to be universally overtaking the people whom they once delighted to persecute—certain it is, that the few Indians who now find their way to this part of the country are never molested, except by the white settlers who are slowly extending their clearings among the wild hills of the north.

The "FLYING HEAD," which is supposed to have first driven the original possessors of these hunting-grounds, whosoever they were, from

their homes, and which, as long as tradition runneth back, in the old day before the whites came hither, guarded them from the occupancy of every neighboring tribe, has not been seen for many years by any credible witness, though there are those who insist that it has more than once appeared to them, hovering, as their fathers used to describe it, over the lake in which it first had it birth. The existence of this fearful monster, however, has never been disputed. Rude representations of it are still occasionally met with in the crude designs of those degenerate aborigines who earn a scant subsistence by making birchen baskets and ornamented pouches for such travelers as are curious in their manufacture of wampum and porcupine quills; and the origin and history of the Flying Head survives, while even the name of the tribe whose crimes first called it into existence, has passed away forever.

It was a season of great severity with that forgotten people whose council-fires were lighted on the mountain promontory that divides Sacon-daga from the sister lake into which it discharges itself.

A long and severe winter, with but little snow, had killed the herbage at its roots, and the moose and deer had trooped off to the more luxuriant pastures along the Mohawk, whither the hunters of the hills dared not follow them. The fishing, too, failed; and the famine became so devouring among the mountains, that whole families, who had no hunters to provide for them, perished outright. The young men would no longer throw the slender product of the chase into the common stock, and the women and children had to maintain life as well as they could upon the roots and berries the woods afforded them.

The sufferings of the tribe became at length so galling, that the young and enterprising began to talk of migrating from the ancient seat of their people; and, as it was impossible, surrounded as they were by hostile tribes, merely to shift their hunting-grounds for a season and return to them at some more auspicious period, it was proposed that if they could effect a secret march to the great lake off to the west of them, they should launch their canoes upon Ontario, and all move away to a new home beyond its broad waters. The wild rice, of which some had been brought into their country by a runner from a distant nation, would, they thought, support them in their perilous voyage along the shores of the great water, where it grows in such profusion; and they believed that, once safely beyond the lake, it would be easy enough to find a new home

abounding in game upon those flowery plains which, as they had heard, lay like one immense garden beyond the chain of inland seas.

The old men of the tribe were indignant at the bare suggestion of leaving the bright streams and sheltered valleys, amid which their spring-time of life had passed so happily. They doubted the existence of the garden regions of which their children spoke; and they thought that if there were indeed such a country, it was madness to attempt to reach it in the way proposed. They said, too, that the famine was a scourge which the Master of Life inflicted upon his people for their crimes; that if its pains were endured with the constancy and firmness that became warriors, the visitation would soon pass away; but that those who fled from it would only war with their destiny, and that chastisement would follow them, in some shape, wheresoever they might flee. Finally, they added that they would rather perish by inches on their native hills—they would rather die that moment, than leave them forever, to revel in plenty upon stranger plains.

“Be it so; they have spoken!” exclaimed a fierce and insolent youth, springing to his feet and casting a furious glance around the council as the aged chief, who had thus addressed it, resumed his seat. “Be the dotard’s words their own, my brothers; let them die for the crimes they have even now acknowledged. We know of none; our unsullied summers have nothing to blush for. It is they that have drawn this curse upon our people: it is for them that our vitals are consuming with anguish, while our strength wastes away in the search of sustenance we cannot find; or which, when found, we are compelled to share with those for whose misdeeds the Great Spirit hath placed it far from us. They have spoken—let them die. Let them die, if we are to remain to appease the angry Spirit; and the food that now keeps life lingering in their shrivelled and useless carcasses, may then nerve the limbs of our young hunters, or keep our children from perishing. Let them die, if we are to move hence, for their presence will but bring a curse upon our path: their worn-out frames will give way upon the march; and the raven that hovers over their corpses will guide our enemies to the spot, and scent them like wolves upon our trail. Let them die, my brothers; and, because they are still our tribesmen, let us give them the death of warriors, and that before we leave this ground.”

And with these words the young barbarian, peeling forth a ferocious whoop, buried his tomahawk in the head of the old man nearest to him.

The infernal yell was echoed on every side; a dozen flint hatchets were instantly raised by as many remorseless arms, and the massacre was wrought before one of those thus horribly sacrificed could interpose a plea of mercy. But for mercy they would not have pleaded, had opportunity been afforded them; for even in the moment that intervened between the cruel sentence and its execution, they managed to show that stern resignation to the decrees of fate which an Indian warrior ever exhibits when death is near; and each of the seven old men that perished thus barbarously, drew his wolf-skin mantle around his shoulders and nodded his head, as if inviting the death-blow that followed.

The parricidal deed was done—and it now became a question how to dispose of the remains of those whose lamp of life, while twinkling in the socket, had been thus fearfully quenched forever. The act, though said to have been of not unfrequent occurrence among certain Indian tribes at similar exigencies, was one utterly abhorrent to the nature of most of our aborigines; who, from their earliest years, are taught the deepest veneration for the aged. In the present instance, likewise, it had been so outrageous a perversion of their customary views of duty among this simple people, that it was thought but proper to dispense with their wonted mode of sepulture, and dispose of the victims of famine and fanaticism in some peculiar manner. They wished in some way to sanctify the deed, by offering up the bodies of the slaughtered to the Master of Life, and that without dishonoring the dead. It was, therefore, agreed to decapitate the bodies and burn them; and as the nobler part could not, when thus dissevered, be buried with the usual forms, it was determined to sink the heads together to the bottom of the lake.

The soulless trunks were accordingly consumed and the ashes scattered to the winds. The heads were then deposited singly, in separate canoes, which were pulled off in a kind of procession from the shore. The young chief who had suggested the bloody scene of the sacrifice, rowed in advance, in order to designate the spot where they were to disburden themselves of their gory freight. Resting then upon his oars, he received each head in succession from his companions, and proceeded to tie them together by their scalp-locks, in order to sink the whole, with a huge stone, to the bottom. But the vengeance of the Master of Life overtook the wretch before his horrid office was accomplished; for no sooner did he receive the last head into his canoe than it began to sink, his feet became entangled in the hideous chain he had been knotting together, and, before

his horror-stricken companions could come to his rescue, he was dragged, shrieking, to the bottom. The others waited not to see the water settle over him, but pulled with their whole strength for the shore.

The morning dawned calmly upon that unhallowed water, which seemed at first to show no traces of the deed it had witnessed the night before. But gradually, as the sun rose up higher, a few gory bubbles appeared to float over one smooth and turbid spot, which the breeze never crisped into a ripple. The parricides sat on the bank watching it all the day; but sluggish, as at first, that sullen blot upon the fresh blue surface still remained. Another day passed over their heads, and the thick stain was yet there. On the third day the floating slime took a greener hue, as if colored by the festering mass beneath; but coarse fibers of dark dye marbled its surface; and on the fourth day these began to tremble along the water like weeds growing from the bottom, or the long tresses of a woman's scalp floating in a pool when no wind disturbs it. The fifth morning came, and the conscience-stricken watchers thought that the spreading-scalp—for such now all agreed it was—had raised itself from the water, and become rounded at the top, as if there were a head beneath it. Some thought, too, that they could discover a pair of hideous eyes glaring beneath the dripping locks. They looked on the sixth, and there indeed was a monstrous HEAD floating upon the surface, as if anchored to the spot, around which the water—notwithstanding a blast which swept the lake—was calm and motionless as ever.

Those bad Indians then wished to fly; but the doomed parricides had not now the courage to encounter the warlike bands through which they must make their way in fleeing from their native valley. They thought, too, that, as nothing about the head, except the eyes, had motion, it could not harm them, resting quietly, as it did, upon the bosom of the waters. And, though it was dreadful to have that hideous gaze fixed forever upon their dwellings, yet they thought that if the Master of Life meant this as an expiation for their phrenzied deed, they would strive to live on beneath those unearthly glances without shrinking or complaint.

But a strange alteration had taken place in the floating head on the morning of the seventh day. A pair of broad wings, ribbed, like those of a bat, and with claws appended to each tendon, had grown out during the night; and, buoyed up by these, it seemed to be now resting on the water. The water itself appeared to ripple more briskly near it, as if joyous that it was about to be relieved of its unnatural burden; but still,

for hours, the head maintained its first position. At last the wind began to rise, and, driving through the trough of the waves, beneath their expanded membrane, raised the wings from the surface, and seemed for the first time to endow them with vitality. They flapped harshly once or twice upon the billows, and the head rose slowly and heavily from the lake.

An agony of fear seized upon the gazing parricides, but the supernatural creation made no movement to injure them. It only remained balancing itself over the lake, and casting a shadow from its wings that wrapped the valley in gloom. But dreadful was it beneath their withering shade to watch that terrific monster, hovering like a falcon for the stoop, and know not upon what victim it might descend. It was then that they who had sown the gory seed from which it sprung to life, with one impulse sought to escape its presence by flight. Herding together like a troop of deer when the panther is prowling by, they rushed in a body from the scene. But the flapping of the demon pinions was soon heard behind them, and the winged head was henceforth on their track wheresoever it led.

In vain did they cross one mountain barrier after another, plunge into the rocky gorge, or thread the mazy swamp, to escape their fiendish watcher. The Flying Head would rise on tireless wings over the loftiest summit, or dart in arrowy flight through the narrowest passages without furling its pinions: while their sullen threshing would be heard even in those vine-webbed thickets where the little ground bird can scarcely make its way. The very caverns of the earth were no protection to the parricides from its presence; for scarcely would they think they had found a refuge in some sparry cell, when, poised midway between the ceiling and the floor, they would behold the Flying Head glaring upon them. Sleeping or waking, the monster was ever near; they paused to rest, but the rushing wings, as it swept around their resting-place in never-ending circles, prevented them from finding forgetfulness in repose; or if, in spite of those blighting pinions that ever fanned them, fatigue did at moments plunge them in uneasy slumbers, the glances of the Flying Head would pierce their very eyelids, and steep their dreams in horror.

What was the ultimate fate of that band of parricides, no one has ever known. Some say that the Master of Life kept them always young, in order that their capability of suffering might never wear out; and these insist that the Flying Head is still pursuing them over the great prairies of the far-west. Others aver that the glances of the Flying Head turned

each of them gradually into stone; and these say that their forms, though altered by the wearing of the rains in the lapse of long years, may still be recognized in those upright rocks which stand like human figures along the shores of some of the neighboring lakes; though most Indians have another way of accounting for these figures. Certain it is, however, that the Flying Head always comes back to this part of the country about the times of the equinox; and some say even that you may always hear the flapping of its wings whenever such a storm as that we have just weathered is brewing.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(From *Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie.*)



EDITORIAL

THIS being the last number which can reach our subscribers before the New Year, we would now repeat, in part, our editorial of last year, as touching the one to come. During 1906 our then-expressed hope for an increased circulation has been fulfilled; but not yet to an extent sufficient to enable us to do what we had hoped for with regard to the MAGAZINE. Still, we look forward to another year of hard work in the same cause, during which perhaps we shall see more of fulfillment and less of mere well-wishing.

We said last year "It is not the Editor's custom to make unlimited promises for a coming year; he prefers to let the performance of this year stand as a sample of what may be expected during the next, and promises only to improve on it if possible." We cannot do better now than to stand on this "platform." We will borrow a political phrase and "point with pride" to the past, while letting it serve as an augury for the future; only saying that Prof. H. A. Scomp, whose contribution to the history of the Mecklenburg Declaration was the only new matter discovered on that subject up to the time of its appearance, is now at work on a second article based on additional new material, which may settle this much-disputed historical question. Other friends have promised *Mss.*, to a gratifying extent; all that remains to be done is for the many librarians, members of the patriotic societies, etc., who as yet have not subscribed, to awake to the fact that this is the only monthly devoted to American History, and covering the whole field—and to subscribe for it. At present, all the back numbers can be furnished, but the stock of some is very small, and their price is already advanced; hence, to secure a complete set of the MAGAZINE will soon be impossible.

To the friends who have aided us during the year we return our warmest thanks—while for ourselves we have only to regret the irregularity in publishing the monthly parts—a difficulty which as yet we have not overcome—yet, as the Colonel remarks in one of our articles this month, "there are spots even on the sun."

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

LETTER OF FRANKLIN PIERCE, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE U. S., TO JEFFERSON DAVIS

[A letter of the greatest historical interest. Its history is illustrated by (the description is taken from the catalogue) the following autograph correspondence accompanying it and which was sold with it in a recent sale. The first letter is one written to the Editor of the *Independent Democrat*, Concord, N. H., and speaks for itself. The second letter (some passages have been omitted by me in transcript) given below, also explains its connection. Following the copy of the letter from Mr. Palmer, below is given a full transcript of Pierce's letter to Davis. The letter itself reached the Editor of the *Democrat* in rather poor condition, having been trodden under a soldier's heel. It has, however, been neatly repaired between silk gauze, and is now in condition for permanent preservation.]

(A) Camp 15th. Ill. Infy. Natchez, Miss., Aug. 29th, 1863. Editor *Democrat*. Dear Sir:, Happening to find a No of your paper lying in camp a few days ago, my eye caught sight of an article in relation to the capture of the Library & Papers of Jeff. Davis, near Jackson, Miss., a short time ago. I there saw a desire expressed by yourself to know whether there was any correspondence found there between Jeff. & Ex-President Pierce. In answer I have to say that there were a number of such letters found. I was fortunate enough to secure one as late as Jan., 1860, written by Mr. Pierce to Davis, a *verbatim* copy of which I take the liberty of sending you. You can make such use of it as you may deem proper. I have no other object than an earnest desire to show up the doings, the feelings and sympathies of prominent men at the North whom I fear are not as loyal as they might be. The original is still in my possession. Its publication may serve to throw some further light on the origin of this rebellion and may perhaps be useful to the Ex-President in building that "Mausoleum of hearts." Very truly Yours, &c., Wm. H. Gibbs, Capt. Co. H., 15th Ill. 2d Brig., 4th Divis. 17th A. C. Army of the Tennessee.

(B) Centerville, N. Y., Dec. 24th., 1863. Ed. Ind. *Democrat*. Dear Sir: Received a letter yesterday from Wm. H. Gibbs, 15th Ill. Inf., requesting me to send the enclosed letter of Frank Pierce to Jeff.

Davis to you. As much as I wish to keep it, I have concluded to do so, and not only that but to give it to you unreservedly. As to its genuineness, none who have seen Frank's writing, will doubt. I lived in the East when Pierce run for Pres. and I was informed by those well acquainted with him, that Pierce was only When we take this into consideration, it is no wonder that he should Pierce from his standpoint, concluded that the spirit of '76 had departed, and that the descendants of our revolutionary forefathers would bow in meak submission (*sic*) to any edict sent forth by "*the coming man*." It's a pity that Mrs. Pierce's health took the giant intilect (*sic*) of Frank away just when the Jeff wanted him most. Probably that is the very reason why Jeff. is in such a bad fix now. Why couldn't Frank and not lift the "*country*" at all in such troublesome times. I wonder if Frank is away now? His friends in this region would verry (*sic*) much like to know of his whereabouts. Please send me a paper that has a copy of the enclosed letter in and as many more as you see fit. I am, Sir, Yours Respectfully, F. R. Palmer.

(C) (The Pierce letter.) Clarendon Hotel (N. Y.?) Jany. 6th, 1860. My Dear Friend. I wrote you an unsatisfactory note a day or two since. I have just had a pleasant interview with Mr. Shepley, whose courage and fidelity are equal to his learning and talents. He says he would rather fight the battle with you as the standard bearer in 1860, than under the auspices of any other leader. The feeling and judgment of Mr. S. in this relation is I am confident gaining ground in New England. Our people are looking for "*the coming Man*." One who is raised by all the elements of his character above the atmosphere ordinarily breathed by politicians. A man really fitted for this emergency by his ability, courage, broad statesmanship & patriotism. Col. Seymour (Thos. N.) arrived here this morning and expressed his views in this relation in almost the identical language used by Mr. Shepley. It is true that in the present state of things at Washington and throughout the country no man can predict what changes two or three months may bring forth. Let me suggest that in the running debates of Congress, full Justice seems to me not to have been done to the Democracy of the North. I do not believe that our friends at the South have any just idea of the state of feeling hurrying at this moment to the pitch of intense exasperation between those who respect their political obligations, and those who have apparently no impelling power but that which fanatical passion on the subject of domestic slavery imparts. Without discussing the question of right—of

abstract power to secede, I have never believed that actual disruption of the Union can occur without blood; and if through the madness of Northern Abolitionists that dire calamity must come, the fighting will not be along Mason & Dixon's line merely. It will be within our own borders, in our own streets, between the two classes of citizens to whom I have referred. Those who defy law and scout constitutional obligations will if we ever reach arbitrament of arms, find occupation enough at home. Nothing but the state of Mrs. Pierce's health would induce me to leave the country now, although it is quite likely that my presence at home would be of little service. I have tried to impress upon our people, especially in N. H. and Connecticut where the only elections are to take place during the coming Spring, that while our Union meetings are all in the right direction and well enough for the present, they will be worth the paper upon which their resolutions are written unless we can overthrow political abolitionism at the polls, and repeal the unconstitutional and obnoxious laws which in the Cause of "personal liberty" have been placed upon our Statute books. I shall look with deep interest and not without hope for a decided change in this relation. Ever & truly Yr. friend, Franklin Pierce.

Hon. Jeff. Davis, Washington, D. C.

A REPORT TO THE PENNSYLVANIA COUNCIL OF SAFETY

(The Commissioners were appointed by the State Convention to visit and inspect the condition of the Pennsylvania troops at Ticonderoga and on and near New York Island. The signers are Brig. Gen. James Potter, of the State troops, William Clark and John Morris, Jr., of Philadelphia. The Delancey's Mill referred to was in what is now Bronx Park, in the old town of West Farms, now a part of the 23d ward of New York City. The report is a most valuable document, showing as it does the condition of the troops and their spirit; and the remarks as to promotion over the heads of older comrades will be appreciated by many of our own Army officers, who have had occasion to complain of just such practices as those deprecated by the commissioners.)

The Commissioners appointed by the late Convention in pursuance of a Requisition made by Congress, to Visit and Inspect the Condition of the Continental troops raised in this State now at Tyconderoga and New York Island, beg leave to Report;

That in the beginning of October they set out from this City and arrived in a few days at the Camp on and near York Island, where they found Three Battalions viz. Hand's, Magaw's and Shee's (now Cad-

wallader's) the Number of Effective Men in each of these as well as in all the other Battalions will appear by the Returns which we delivered to you on Saturday last. With respect to their Cloathing, we believe that Hand's and Magaw's are not ill provided in that particular, except as to Blankets, of which we may say in general, that they are all in want: and as to Colo. Cadwallader's, they want both Cloathing and Blankets in a greater Degree than either of the others, owing to a greater Loss of Baggage on the Retreat from Long Island. It ought however to be mentioned to the Honor of those three Gentlemen, that they sent officers out of their respective corps to Philada. to purchase Cloathing & other necessaries which we believed are now arrived among them. With Respect to both Officers and Men generally engaging to Serve during the War, we had but little doubt when we were with them in the Beginning of October. And therefore we earnestly Solicited Genl. Washington for Recruiting Orders, which we were told by the Adjutant General, Colo. Reed, on the 8th of October should be expedited the next Day. On this Assurance, we proceeded to Tyconderoga, in full Confidence that the orders were Issued as had been promised. On our Return we went to the Camp at the White-plains where we found Colo. Hand, who informed us that he had received the orders and had, in Consequence of them, Inlisted above an hundred Recruits out of the Flying Camp, and could have compleated his whole Battalion had not the frequent Motions of the Army prevented him: And that as to his own Soldiers, they being enlisted for three Years, he was absolutely sure of them whenever we thought proper to give them the additional Bounty; which he did not think it good Oeconomy to do at present for obvious Reasons—When we came to York Island, and enquired of Colos. Magaw & Cadwallader what Success they had in Recruiting, to our utter Astonishment, we were told that they had never received any orders for that purpose. We immediately wrote a Letter to His Excellency Genl. Washington, expressing our surprize at his Issuing the Orders partially, and requesting that he would take the proper Steps to Expedite a Measure so essential to the Common Cause. A Copy of this Letter we lay before you. We did not apprehend it to be our Duty to wait an Answer;—we doubt not but that the proper Orders have been directly issued.

At Tyconderoga, we found Four Battalions viz. Dehaas', Wood's, Wayne's & Irwin's;—the Numbers of which they respectively consist, you will See by the Returns. Both the Officers and Men of all these

Battalions appear to have suffered so much by Sickness, hard Duty, Fatigue and want of necessaries of all kinds, that, until they return home, at the end of their respective Terms of Inlistment, they are determined to Enter into no new Engagements:—Tho' it is the Opinion of most of the Officers that they will re-inlist immediately after. Their Minds also seem to be much Imbittered by their having been totally neglected (as they say) by their Country. They are in great want of Blankets, Shirts, Shoes and Stockings: But as to Pay and Provisions we heard no Complaints, either among them or any other of our Troops.

Our Stay at Tyconderoga owing to the hourly Expectation of an Attack from Genl. Carleton & the kind concern of Genl. Gates for our Safety, was too short for us to be very particular in our Inquiries.

With regard to the Conduct of the officers of this State in general, it gives us the highest Pleasure to be able to bear so honorable and so honest a Testimony to their Character, as to Say, That if we are to give credit to the General Officers under whose Command they have Served, or to the Officers of other States in whose Company they have Served, they are not Exceeded by any Corps of Officers in the Continental Service. And therefore we cannot without doing Injustice to brave Individuals, Recommend any one to be advanced over the head of another, otherwise than according to his Rank and Seniority. A Want of Attention to this Rule will deprive the State of many brave and excellent Officers; for we must beg Leave to Observe, that the Same Spirit which makes a man a good Officer will also make him Resent the advancement of an Inferior over him.

With respect to the Sick, and the Care taken of them, we must refer you to our letter dated ye 9th Octr. at Delancy's Mill; as we see no Reason to alter anything we have said on the Subject, so far as Relates to the Army at or near New-York-Island. As to the Hospital and Care of the Sick, at Lake George & Tyconderoga we think that matters are Conducted much better, so far as has Come under our Observation.

JAS. POTTER
WM. CLARK
JOHN MORRIS, JR.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 11th, 1776.

To the Honble. The
Council of Safety.

GENEALOGIES OF THE *MAYFLOWER* PASSENGERS.

(Conclusion.)

¹ FRANCIS COOKE, m. at Leyden, Holland (probably June 30, 1603), Hester Mahieu, a French Walloon, from Canterbury, England, and the daughter of Jennie Mahieu. She came to Plymouth in the "Anne" in July, 1623, with three children. She d. after June 8/18, 1666. He d. April 7/17, 1663. Issue:

² HESTER, m. in 1644, Richard Wright.

² JACOB, b. in Holland, about 1618; m. (1) about 1647, Damaris Hopkins (¹ STEPHEN); m. (2) Nov. 18/28, 1669, Elizabeth (Lettice) Shurtleff.

² JANE, b. in Holland; m. about 1628, Experience Mitchell of Bridgewater, Mass.

² JOHN, b. in Holland; came with his father; m. March 28, 1634, Sarah Warren (¹ RICHARD.) He d. at Dartmouth, Mass., Dec. 3, 1695.

² MARY, b. at Plymouth before June, 1627; m. Dec. 26/Jan. 5, 1645/6, John Tompson of Middleborough, Mass., where she was living in 1696.

¹ EDWARD DOTY came from London to Plymouth in 1620. He d. at Plymouth, Aug. 23, 1655. His first wife's name is unknown, but he m. (2) Jan. 2, 1634/5, Faith, daughter of Tristram Clark of Plymouth. She m. (2) at Plymouth, March 14, 1666/7, John Phillips of Marshfield where she was buried Dec. 21, 1675. Issue:

² DESIRE, b. 1645, m. (1) William Sherman; (2) Israel Holmes; (3) Alexander Standish (¹ MYLES).

² EDWARD, alive May 20, 1655.

² ELIZABETH, m. John Rouse, Junr. of Marshfield.

² ISAAC, b. Feb. 8, 1648/9.

² JOHN, alive Dec. 12, 1675.

² JOSEPH, b. April 30, 1651.

² MARY, m. after Nov. 4, 1676, Samuel Hatch.

² SAMUEL, removed to Piscataway, N. J., about 1670.

² THOMAS, d. at Plymouth, Dec. 4 or 5, 1678.

"By a second wife Edward hath 7 children living" in 1650, as Bradford states.

FRANCIS EATON lived in Plymouth. His wife Sarah d. in 1621 and he m. (2) probably Gov. John Carver's maid servant. He m. (3) Christian Penn who m. (2) Francis Billington (¹JOHN.) He d. in Nov. 1633. Issue:

² BENJAMIN, b. in Plymouth about 1627.

² RACHEL, b. in Plymouth about 1624 or 1625; m. Mch. 2, 1645, Joseph Ramsden[ell].

² SAMUEL, b. about 1620.

There were two other children, one of whom Bradford says was "an ideote."

¹ EDWARD FULLER claimed to be *the* Edward Fuller, the son of Robert Fuller who was baptized in the parish of Redenhall, Norfolk, England, Sept. 4, 1575. The "Mayflower" Edward Fuller and his wife both d. early in 1621, at Plymouth. Issue:

² SAMUEL, m. at Scituate, April 8, 1635, Jane, daughter of John Lothrop. He d. at Barnstable, Oct. 31, 1683.

¹ SAMUEL FULLER claimed to be *the* Samuel Fuller, the son of Robert Fuller, the butcher, who was baptized at Redenhall, Norfolk, England, Jan. 20, 1580; also claimed to have been born at Wrington, Somersetshire, England. Samuel Fuller of the "Mayflower" m. (1) in England, Elsie (Alice) Glascock. He m. (2) in Leyden, Holland, April 24, 1613 (betrothed March 15, 1613), Agnes Carpenter, daughter Alexander Carpenter of Wrington, England. She was buried at Leyden, July 3, 1615. He was betrothed May 12 and m. (3) May 27, 1617, at Leyden, to Bridget Lee, daughter of widow Josephine Lee from England. He was the earliest physician in Plymouth Colony and d. in 1633. His widow Bridget d. in 1664. She m. (2) Sept. 30, 1641, Henry Sirkman. Issue:

² MERCY.

² SAMUEL, m. Elizabeth ———, d. at Middleborough Aug. 17, 1695.

² ———, child buried in Leyden, June 29, 1615.

STEPHEN HOPKINS came from London with his second wife Elizabeth. He d. in 1644 and she d. about 1659. Issue:

² CALEB, executor of his father's will June 6, 1644; d. at Barbadoes.

- ² **CONSTANTA**, m. before 1627, Nicholas Snow and d. at Eastham in Oct. 1677.
- ² **DAMARIS**, probably d. young.
- ² **DAMARIS**, 2d, m. after June 1646, Jacob Cooke (¹ FRANCIS).
- ² **DEBORAH**, m. April 23/June 3, 1646, Andrew Ring.
- ² **ELIZABETH**, mentioned in her father's will in 1644.
- ² **GILES**, m. in Oct. 1639, Katharine Wheldon. He d. at Eastham early in 1690.
- ² **OCEANUS**, b. on the "Mayflower" in the autumn of 1620; d. before June 1, 1627.
- ² **RUTH**, d., unmarried, before 1650.

¹ **JOHN HOWLAND**, b. about 1593, lived in Plymouth where he d. Feb. 23/Mch. 5, 1672/3. He m. before 1624, Elizabeth, daughter of John Tilley (Lillie.) She d. at Swansea, Mass., Dec. 21, 1687, *a.* 80 years. Issue:

- ² **DESIRE**, m. 1643, Capt. John Gorham of Barnstable.
- ² **DEBORAH**, m. Jan. 4, 1648, John Smith, Jr. of Plymouth.
- ² **ELIZABETH**, m. (1) Sept. 13, 1649, Ephraim Hicks; m. (2) Sept. 10, 1651, John Dickenson of Plymouth.
- ² **HANNAH**, m. July 6, 1661, Jonathan Bosworth of Swansea, Mass.
- ² **HOPE**, b. Aug. 30, 1629; m. about 1646, John Chipman of Plymouth. She d. Jan. 8, 1684.
- ² **ISAAC**, b. Nov. 15, 1649; d. March 9, 1724.
- ² **JABEZ**, living in 1686; settled in Bristol, R. I.
- ² **JOHN**, b. Feb. 24, 1627; d. Oct. 26, 1651, in W. Barnstable.
- ² **JOSEPH**, d. in March, 1704.
- ² **LYDIA**, m. James Brown of Swansea, Mass.
- ² **RUTH**, m. Nov. 17, 1664, Thomas Cushman (² Mary Allerton, ¹ ISAAC).

RICHARD MORE, probably the son of Samuel and Katherine (Moore) Moore of Larden and bapt. at Shipton, Shropshire, England, Nov. 14, 1614. Others of the same family baptized there were "Ellinor" bapt. May 24, 1612; Jasper, Aug. 8, 1613; and Maria, April 16, 1616. This Richard Moore is believed to be identical with Richard More of the "Mayflower." He m. at Duxbury, Mass., Oct. 20/30, 1636, Christian Hunter or Christian Hunt. She is undoubtedly the person who at the age of 20 came in the "Blessing" with the family of Richard Hollingsworth in July, 1635. She was b. about 1615 and d. at Salem, Mass., March 18/28, 1676/7. He m. (2) Jane Hollingsworth

(Richard.) She was b. about 1631, and d. at Salem, Oct. 8/18, 1686. He d. at Salem after March 19/29, 1693/4. He sold his house and land in Duxbury, Nov. 1/11, 1637, to Abraham Blush. Later he had grants of land at Swansea and Taunton, but before 1673 he had removed to Salem. Many of his descendants are now living. Issue:

² CALEB, d. Jan. 4, 1678/9, aged 34 years.

² CHRISTIAN, m. Aug. 31, 1676, Joshua Conant. She d. May 30, 1680, *æ.* 28 years.

² RICHARD, m. Sarah ——— and had six or more children.

² SUSANNA, m. (1) Samuel Dutch of Salem and (2) Richard Hutton of Wenham, Mass.

¹ WILLIAM MULLINS came from Dorking, Surrey, England, with his wife Alice. He d. Feb. 21, 1620/1, and she d. in the winter of 1621. Issue:

² JOSEPH, d. early in 1621.

² PRISCILLA, m. about 1623, JOHN ALDEN.

² RUTH, b. at Dorking, Eng., Oct. 31, 1619.

² SARAH, b. about 1579; m. ——— Blunden in England.

² WILLIAM, came later to Duxbury, Mass. Possibly ² Ruth may have been daughter of ² William. He d. in Braintree, Feb. 12, 1673.

DEGORY PRIEST, b. about 1579, went from London to Leyden and from thence to Plymouth; at Leyden betrothed Oct. 7, and m. Nov. 4, 1611, to Mrs. Sarah (Allerton) Vincent, sister to ISAAC ALLERTON. He d. at Plymouth, Jan. 1/11, 1620/1, and his wife and children came to Plymouth afterwards. Issue:

² MARY, came before June 1, 1627; m. Phineas Pratt.

² SARAH, came before same date; m. John Coombs.

¹ THOMAS ROGERS sold his house in Leyden, Holland, April 1, 1620, and d. at Plymouth in the spring of 1621. His wife's name is unknown. Issue:

² JOSEPH, came with his father; m. before 1633, and d. at Eastham in Jan. 1678.

² OTHER CHILDREN came afterwards.

¹ HENRY SAMSON removed from Plymouth to Duxbury where he d. between Dec. 24, 1684, and Mch. 5, 1684/5. One authority states that he d. Jan. 3, 1684/5. He m. at Plymouth, Feb. 6/16, 1635/6, Ann Plummer. Issue:

² CALEB, m. Mercy, daughter of Alexander Standish (¹ MYLES).

² DORCAS, m. Thomas Bonney.

² ELIZABETH, m. Robert Sprout.

² HANNAH, m. Josiah Holmes.

² JAMES, m. before 1650 ———.

² JOHN, m. Mary Pease.

² MARY, m. John Summers.

² STEPHEN, lived in Duxbury.

² ———, m. John Hanmore.

¹ GEORGE SOULE, married Mary ——— at Plymouth before 1627, and had eight children living in 1650. His wife Mary d. at Duxbury in Dec. 1676. He made his will Aug. 11, 1677, and it was proved March 5, 1679/80. Issue:

² BENJAMIN, killed at Pawtucket, March 26, 1676.

² ELIZABETH, m. 1668, Francis Walker.

² GEORGE, "being one of ye fyrst born childre[n]."

² JOHN, b. about 1632.

² MARY, m. John Peterson.

² NATHANIEL, removed to Dartmouth.

² PATIENCE, m. John Haskell.

² SUSANNAH.

² ZACHARIAH, b. before 1627; d. about 1663.

MYLES STANDISH, came with wife Rose ———, who d. at Plymouth, Jan. 29, 1620/1. He m. (2) before April 3, 1624, Barbara ———. She d. after Oct. 16, 1659. He d. at Duxbury, Oct. 13, 1656. Issue:

² ALEXANDER, eldest son, m. (1) Sarah Alden (¹ JOHN); m. (2) Desire (Sherman), widow of Israel Holmes.

² CHARLES, alive in 1627.

² CHARLES, 2d.

² JOHN, alive in 1627.

² JOSIAH, m. Mary Dingley; d. March 19, 1690.

² LORA, d. before her father.

² MYLES, m. Sarah, daughter of John Winslow, July 19, 1660, and d. in Boston, April 5, 1663.

JOHN TILLEY (Tillie) and his wife ——— both d. at Plymouth in the spring of 1621. Issue:

² ELIZABETH, m. John Howland.

JOHN TURNER came from Leyden with two sons. All d. in the spring of 1621. A daughter came to Salem afterwards, married, and was living at Salem in 1650. She may have left issue.

¹ RICHARD WARREN came from London and settled at Plymouth. His wife Elizabeth and children came in the "Anne" in 1623. He d. at Plymouth in 1628 and his widow Elizabeth d. Oct. 2, 1673, aged about 90 years. Issue:

² ABIGAIL, m. Nov. 8, 1639, Anthony Snow.

² ANNA, m. April 19, 1633, Thomas Little.

² ELIZABETH, m. 1635/6, Richard Church.

² JOSEPH, b. before Mch. 22, 1627.

² MARY, m. 1628, Robert Bartlett.

² NATHANIEL, b. at Plymouth in 1624.

² SARAH, m. March 28, 1634, John Cooke (¹ FRANCIS).

¹ WILLIAM WHITE, m. at Leyden, Jan. 27, 1612, Susanna Fuller of England. She was a sister of Samuel Fuller of the "Mayflower." He d. at Plymouth, Feb. 21, 1620/1. His widow m. (2) Geo. Edward Winslow. Issue:

² PEREGRINE, b. in Cape Cod Harbor, Dec. 19, 1620; m. before March 16, 1649, Sarah Bassett (¹ William.) He d. at Marshfield, July 30, 1704.

² RESOLVED, b. in Leyden about 1615; m. Nov 15, 1640, Judith Vassal. She was buried at Marshfield, April 3, 1670. He m. (2) Abigail, widow of William Lord.

² ———, buried in Leyden, June 18, 1615.

² ———, buried in Leyden, Dec. 21, 1616.

¹ GOV. EDWARD WINSLOW, son of Edward Winslow, Esqr., b. at Droitwich, England, Oct. 19, 1595; lived in London; removed to Leyden where he was betrothed to Elizabeth Barker of Chatsum, England, April 27, 1618. She d. at Plymouth soon after arriving. He m. (2) May 12, 1621, Susannah (Fuller) White, widow of WILLIAM WHITE. Gov. Winslow d. at sea, May 8, 1655. She d. Oct. 1, 1680. Issue:

² EDWARD, probably d. young.

² ELIZABETH, m. (1) Robert Brooks; m. (2) Capt. George Corwin.

² JOHN, probably d. young.

² JOSIAH, lived in Marshfield where he d. Dec. 18, 1680.

GEORGE W. CHAMBERLAIN.

THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE

CHAPTER XVI

SHOWING THAT OLD SCENES REVIVE OLD HABITS

THEY parted each with regret, and as Sybrandt proceeded on his journey, he tried to persuade himself he was all, or might be all, Sir William had described. But certain misgivings and sinkings of the soul, as he turned his thoughts toward home, and began to anticipate his reception from his friends, warned him that he must look well to himself and nerve his heart, or he might again sink into what honest Bunyan calls the "slough of Despond," and never rise again.

The little party, consisting of Sybrandt, old Tjerck, and the courier, proceeded to the banks of the Mohawk river, where they embarked in a canoe for Schenectady, then the frontier town of all the western settlements of this goodly State, of which it now constitutes one of the antiquities. Not a house, not a vestige of cultivated life adorned the banks of the stream, yet still all was beautiful; for what is more lovely than the union of crystal waters, verdant meadows, waving forests, and azure skies—the combination and the master-work of the great Creator! There were men alive not many years ago, who still remembered what the whole country then was, and whose eyes, though dimmed with age, yet saw what it had since become. The land itself, and the owners of the land, are changed; every animate and inanimate object—every thing living, and every thing dead—all changed! The red man is gone, and the white man is in his place. Such are the mutations of the world! Shall we lament them? No. It is the will and the work of Him that made all, governs all, disposes all; and it is all for the best, or chance is Providence, and Providence is chance.

They arrived without accident at Schenectady, which, though partly rebuilt, still exhibited deep and melancholy traces of the deplorable massacre and conflagration of 1689, when the French and Indians surprised

the inhabitants in their beds, and set fire to their habitations. It was a cruel butchery of men, women, and children, which, according to custom, was laid to the charge of the Indians, whom it is impossible to restrain at such times. But what right have civilized men to complain of the excesses of savages, whom they associate with them as allies; whose passions they first stimulate, and then pretend to control? Yet in the midst of these horrors a ray of humanity breaks out from the darkness of unlimited massacre. A gentleman of the name of Glen resided with his family a little way above Schenectady, on the rich flats on the opposite side of the river, where his house is, or was lately, standing, and in possession of his descendants. He had at times interposed his good offices in favor of the French prisoners taken by the Mohawks, and the French now remembered his kindness. They spared his home, and restored all his relatives to liberty.

As Sybrant approached nearer towards home, he began to feel in anticipation certain decided symptoms of his old disease. He caught himself studying how he should act, and what he should say to his cousin, instead of relying on the circumstances of the moment to direct his conduct. He worked himself up into a worry of doubt, embarrassment, and apprehension; he again suffered the tortures of the sly laughing eye of Catalina, and actually shuddered at the thought of how awkwardly he should behave himself. In short, by the time they came to Albany he had forgot the manly remonstrances of Sir William, and instead of the joys of a speedy reunion with his friends, felt only the fears of their anticipated ridicule.

He arrived at Albany to dinner, and lingered some time afterward in that strange indecision which is characteristic of his state of mind. At length old Tjerck got out of all patience, and by his ill-humour brought his young master to a decision. As they approached the sober and venerable mansion-house, and saw at a distance its old gray walls, half-hid by towering elms, with chimneys pointing to the skies, Sybrandt actually trembled with conflicting emotions. Had it been possible, he would have passed on to the abode of his benefactor without stopping. But his only road lay directly before the mansion-house, and to pass it would be both absurd and disrespectful.

It was now just after sunset, and honest Ariel was walking on the long piazza, which looked towards the river, with Catalina. The scene was lovely and quiet beyond description, and something had carried the

thoughts of Catalina to the absence of Sybrandt. I think it happened to be the anniversary of the day he had saved her life.

"I wonder," said she, at length, "what has become of cousin Sybrandt? Is it not time that he should be home? and is it not strange no one has heard of him, uncle?"

"Poor fellow!" said the good-natured Ariel, "to be sure it is. I don't wonder at not hearing from him, for you know the mail don't travel in the wilderness. But he ought to have been home some months ago. I am sadly afraid something has happened to him. He was such an awkward fellow: he never could do anything handy or clever. I never could teach him to ring a pig's nose, for the life of me."

"Yet he was brave as a lion," said the other, musing. "What day of the month is this, uncle?"

"The twenty-sixth of May."

"True, the very day." And again she mused.

"I should not be surprised," said Ariel, after a pause, "if he was either murdered, or a prisoner to the Indians."

"God forbid!" exclaimed Catalina, lifting up her hands, and clasping them together; "God forbid my dear cousin Sybrandt should come to any harm!"

"Aha!" quoth Ariel, "what would the colonel say if he heard this?—dear cousin Sybrandt!"

"He has no right to say anything, and if he did I would not care. But—who is that coming yonder?"

"Where?" said little Ariel, standing on tiptoe.

"Yonder, on the Albany road—two persons on horseback."

"It must be the colonel and his man. He has been to Albany to-day."

"No, it is *not* the colonel," said Catalina, and she looked still more intently on the travelers, whose figures were rendered somewhat indistinct in the twilight now gathering round. They approached the gate which led into the woody avenue winding up to the mansion, and one of them dismounted to open it.

"Who *can* it be?" cried Catalina, while a gentle heaving of her bosom and a little shortness of breath marked a more than ordinary interest in the question.

In a few minutes the persons on horseback emerged from the woody glen, through which the road wound its way, at a little distance from the mansion, where they could be more distinctly seen from the piazza.

"One of them seems to have a black face," observed Ariel.

"If it should be old Tjerck!" exclaimed the young damsel, eagerly.

"No, no," replied the other, despondingly, "I fear we shall never see either him or his young master again"; and his good heart overflowed to his eyes. By this time the horsemen had dismounted in the dusky evening, and approached the piazza.

"Who can it be?" thought Catalina, while a presentiment fluttered about her heart. Sybrandt had distinguished a female on the piazza as he approached, and a thrill of mingled pleasure and apprehension came over him. He had rode at such a slow, lingering pace, that old Tjerck muttered to himself, "Icod, if young massa been hunting a bear, he make more hurry dan to see Miss Catalina!"

Ariel received the young man with shouts of joy and innumerable honest shakes of the hand; but Catalina, remembering with what leisure and deliberation he had approached to receive her welcome, repressed the warm, generous impulses of her heart, and wrapping herself in the mantle of maidenly pride, gave him a reception so affectedly flippant and careless that he felt it in his innermost soul. His pride and his feelings were equally wounded, and the moment of meeting between these two young people was the prelude to a thousand after mistakes and misapprehensions. Sybrandt, after receiving, with all his old awkwardness and constraint, the kind congratulations of the rest of the family, made some miserable mumbling attempts at an excuse for going to see his benefactor, and departed with a heart bursting with its disappointed dreams, that had been cherished in secret, and a mind wounded by the consciousness of folly, weakness, and inconsistency.

"You don't seem glad to get home again," said the good Dennis, observing that Sybrandt was silent and abstracted; "but I suppose you are tired and sleepy. Well, go to bed, and to-morrow you shall tell your story."

Sybrandt retired to bed, but not to that balmy rest which a tired body and a quiet mind brings with it evermore. He lay awake, thinking over the past, and blaming his own wayward follies. He recalled to mind the lessons and the example of Sir William, and settled the matter a little before daylight, that he would cast off the chains of the foul fiend that seemed waiting to resume her empire the moment of his return, and be what he was everywhere else but to the woman he most wished to please. Before he was up in the morning, he heard the cheerful voice of Ariel calling upon him to come forth and eat his breakfast, and tell his story, and go over to the mansion-house, to see him hive the bees, that he pronounced to be on the eve of emigrating, from the commotion he observed among them the day before.

Accordingly, after breakfast, they rode over to the mansion-house, where Sybrandt behaved himself better, and was received more to his liking, than the night before; for Catalina had schooled herself, and softened herself too, by recollecting she had treated him thus unkindly on the anniversary of the day he had saved her from drowning. Catalina inquired the cause of his long absence, and even condescended to say she felt great uneasiness lest he should have been murdered, or taken captive by the hostile Indians and carried into Canada. This sentiment, kindly and unaffectedly uttered, warmed the heart of Sybrandt into a degree of confidence, and he related the history of his trading voyage with a truth and simplicity which gave it additional interest. There is nothing throws greater dignity about a man, and more contributes to make him an object of interest than encountering and overcoming dangers and sufferings. The tenderness, the love of glory, and the admiration for courage, which are inherent in the female heart, are ever excited and called forth by the recital of perils or the detail of courageous daring. Every woman is in this respect a Desdemona, and Catalina was certainly a woman, for she was now eighteen. The moment she heard the history of the adventure of the fishing-house, and the escape from the deputation of the Mohawk chiefs, Sybrandt gained a new interest in her eyes, by being thus associated with danger and death. Under the influence of these feelings, she treated him with a gentle and frank kindness, which placed him on good terms with himself, and gave an ease and freedom to his deportment that made Catalina one day observe, with a smile, "that he had certainly met with a dancing-master in the woods."

"But what has become of your admirer, Colonel Sydenham?" asked Sybrandt, with no small trepidation, after finishing his adventures.

"Oh, he is gone," said she, slightly blushing. "His regiment was ordered to Fort George, on the lake, not long after you left us."

Sybrandt was pleased with the information, but he did not like the blush. His old enemies played about him for a moment, but he whipped them away, and compelled himself to ask other questions, which by degrees led to a detail of all that had happened in his absence. During this period, which was only a few months, a great revolution had taken place, which I shall proceed to record with all due fidelity.

CHAPTER XVII

AN IRRUPTION OF WANDERING ARABS, AND A SWARMING OF BEES

I HAVE before noticed the inroads made upon the virtuous simplicity of the rural populace among whom is laid the scene of this history. Not content with a variety of innovations, the officers at length committed the enormity of introducing private theatricals. They corrupted an honest Dutchman of the neighborhood to hire them his barn, which was fitted up as a theater, and in which they performed plays three times a week, to the utter dismay of the good Dominie Stettinius, who justly saw in this pestilent innovation the seeds of mischief to his hitherto simple and innocent flock. The young people were attracted by these outlandish shows, and late hours, family feuds, nightly elopements, and sometimes something worse, were the consequences. The good and pious dominie sighed and fretted at these melancholy symptoms of approaching corruption of manners, and raised his voice from the pulpit every Sabbath-day against the theater and its consequences to his beloved people, over whom he had watched for almost half a century. But the torrent was too strong for the good man to put back or turn from its course; for such is the sad weakness of human nature, that the best security for its innocence is to keep it ignorant of the very existence of guilt. Both manners and morals seem everywhere at the mercy of strangers and innovators—of fashions rather than opinions.

But, as if this were not enough, about the period in which the seductions of the barn theater began to infect the morals and habits of the young people, and their consequences to appear in the indications I have just recited, a famous new-light preacher made his appearance among them, and roused the very echoes with a strain of fervid and impas-

sioned eloquence, which created a sect that seems one day destined to extend itself to every climate and every country of the habitable world. The sober, practical, and rational doctrines and exhortations of the good dominie, though clothed in the language and embellished with the eloquence and grace of a scholar, faded into nothing compared with the trumpet voice, violent gesture, and furious declamation of the new apostle. His fold, especially the precious young lambs that had grown up under his eye, and whom he loved, began to stray away; his flock every Sabbath showed the absence of someone that was never absent before; and many an empty seat gave token of the backsliding of some inexperienced soul, lured away from the gentle luster of his pure lamp of truth by the flaring, fiery tail of this erratic meteor.

And still another evil came to beset and confound the good man, and complete the wicked trio. A member of the wandering tribe of American Arabs came along and seduced the wayward affections of the daughter and heiress of his ancient and nearest neighbour, honest Yof Vandervelden. He taught certain practices then exceeding rife in the region whence he came; and the short and the long of it was, the worthy man found himself under the necessity of making a sacrifice of his dislike, to the honour of the family. He soon afterward died, and Ananias Gookin, as the wandering Arab was called, took possession of the estate in right of his wife. Then were the honest Dutchmen astonished, confounded, and dismayed at the innovations and improvements of Ananias. He altered his house, he altered his barn, he altered his fences, and he altered everything. When he had done altering, and exhausted all his ingenuity, he began to pull down, and, finally, one day abducted the old Dutch weathercock, which was brought from Holland, and had pointed due north upon the top of the mansion of the worthy Vandervelden far back as the memory of man could reach.

The dominie groaned in spirit, and his firmness forsook him, especially when a day or two afterward a whole wagon load of Squire Gookin's cousins came over to pass a week with him. Before that week expired, they had so confounded the good man with guessing and asking questions, that one night, after being penned in a corner of one of his own fields for upwards of three hours by a couple of these terrible guessers, who pointed out a hundred improvements in his modest, comfortable glebe, and expressed an intention of opening a school to teach all the children English, the good dominie left his flock to be devoured

by the wolves, and never returned. He had heard of the arrival of a Dutch ship at New York, whither he bent his way sorrowing, and whence he embarked for his native honest Holland to return no more. He left a letter with his blessing and advice to Sybrandt, accompanied by a fine folio copy of the works of Hugo Grotius, in token of his affectionate remembrance. Honest soul! the simplicity of religion and manners which he advocated and exemplified during his whole life, have, we doubt, been illy exchanged for the cant of enthusiasm in the one, and boasted refinements in the other.

These details, which proved mutually interesting, were at length interrupted by a confused and triumphant medley of sounds and voices that made them both start in dismay. They ran into the garden, whence the noise proceeded, to see what was the matter, where they found Ariel at the head of all the household troops, man, woman, and child, black, white, and gray. He was furiously beating a frying-pan, accompanied by all the others, each of whom had contrived to reinforce his music by some rare contrivance of his own. Here stood old Nauntje, the cook, jingling a great bunch of keys; and there our old friend Tjerck, who had been summoned by Ariel for the occasion, beating a tin kettle with an old rusty ramrod, while the little imps of the kitchen exaggerated the terrible discord by mustering a most singular variety of incongruous discords. Over all was heard the shrill voice of Ariel, scolding, directing, restraining, and aggravating his familiars as occasion seemed to require.

A little condensed black cloud appeared hovering over their heads, and sailing about in different directions among the trees, to which all their attention seemed to be directed. As it inclined to approach or recede, the concert became weaker or louder, while eager anxiety and expectation sat on the faces of all. More than once Ariel denounced the imperial Nauntje as an "old fool," for jingling her keys too loud; and many a time did Nauntje retort, by declaring "Massa Ariel would scare the creatures into the woods," by the vehemence with which he cudgelled his frying-pan. At length the little wayward community, after enjoying a while their emancipation from the domination of the mother-hive, all at once darted down and settled themselves upon the broad-brimmed hat of honest Ariel; being thereunto incited by one of the female caprices of the queen bee, or by a fine carnation pink stuck in the hatband.

Consternation and dismay followed this unaccountable maneuver; the music ceased, and Ariel stood still for once in his life, with a whole

nation quartered on his beaver. It was impossible to resist an inclination to laugh at the oddity of the adventure, but in truth it was no laughing matter. Of all the populace of this world, the bees are the most capricious; there are some people they will permit to handle them with impunity, while they will dart at others with indescribable fury the moment they approach them. I have seen a swarm of young bees taken up by handfuls and put into the new hive, without any symptoms of hostility, by a person who either possessed some secret power, or to whom they were attracted by some unaccountable affinity. Such a man was old Tjerck, who now came cautiously forward with a new straw hive, which he held directly over the head of Ariel, desiring him at the same time to stand still for his life. Poor Ariel was the last man in the world to stand still, or to hold his tongue; but on this occasion he played the statue to a miracle. There never was a finer figure than Ariel with the great beehive for a hat, except a fine lady of the year 1831 in a fashionable Parisian bonnet. While the bees were consulting in mysterious hummings about the expediency of removing, and some of them were reconnoitering about his ears, apparently with an intent to make a lodgment there, the little man stood fidgetting, first lifting one leg then the other, hitching his shoulders, and making divers other gestures indicative of dire impatience. At length he could stand it no longer, and roared out—

“You bloody old fool, do you think I am going to stand still here all day?” And thereupon the whole swarm took flight and disappeared across the river, whether alarmed at the noise, or from some sudden caprice of her majesty the queen bee.

“Dere—dere he go; now massa Ariel got him,” exclaimed Tjerck, in the bitterness of his heart. “I glad of it.”

“And so am I,” said Ariel; “they may go to the d——l for me. I wouldn’t have stood still three minutes longer for as many beehives as could stand between here and Jericho.”

“No,” grumbled Tjerck, in an undertone; “massa Ariel nebber tand till, sept when he sleeping in church.”

“Huh!” said old Nauntje; “massa Ariel don’ know no more about bees dan a bull’s foot.”

Ariel swore there was not a man in the province understood hiving bees better; but they all gave it against him, and declared with one voice

that the loss of the young swarm was entirely owing to his not standing still and holding his tongue. Upon this he denounced them as "a pack of fools," and departed in wrath, determined not to stay to dinner. In passing the kitchen, however, his natural instinct prompted him to look in, and the sight of a fine roasting pig, with a skin as white as that of a fashionable belle after a winter's campaign, disarmed him in a moment. He hovered round the hallowed precincts of the kitchen till the return of queen Nauntje, to whom he gave sundry directions about roasting the pig, concluding by a solemn injunction to put plenty of summer savory in the stuffing.

Dinner passed off pleasantly, and Sybrandt was delighted to find that he drank wine with Catalina without its going down the wrong way; nay, that he could actually cut up a pig when everybody was looking at him, without falling into an agony. In the evening they strolled out upon the lawn, and stood on the low green banks of the gliding river, watching the passing vessels as they slipped along; listening to the melodies of lowing herds, tinkling bells, loud rural laughs, and all the combination of sweet peaceful sounds, wafted across the little river in the delicious quiet of a long summer twilight. Sybrandt gradually became inspired by the scene and the occasion; and unlocking, by involuntary degrees, the stores of his mind, and giving wings to the dormant vigor of his imagination, delighted, instructed, and almost astonished Catalina with the inspirations of his newborn intellect.

While thus engaged, they saw one of the little black boys come running towards them in great haste, as if something was the matter at home. When he came up all he could say was to beg Sybrandt to speed to the house, for Hans Pipe, the Indian, was there very drunk. Accordingly Sybrandt hastened away as fast as possible, leaving Catalina to return at leisure.

JAMES K. PAULDING.

(To be continued.)

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WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

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DECEMBER, 1906

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THE STORY OF WAITSFIELD

(Concluded)

WITH one exception the service of our men has now been fairly covered, although not completely, for within the scope of this paper it is possible to mention only such service as is in some measure connected with the more important campaigns of the war. It now remains to speak of the military service of our first citizen—a man whose history reads like romance, and who deserves to stand among the builders of Vermont.

Benjamin Wait, third son of John and Annah Wait, was born at Sudbury, Mass., Feb. 13, 1736. His mother died when he was but a child, and his father, marrying again, removed to Brookfield about 1745. Here he kept a tavern on Foster Hill. His house stood on the old Boston-Albany highway, and as its proprietor was himself a veteran, this hostelry was for years famous among the soldiers of the French wars, who were wont to linger there upon their journeys. We can picture Benjamin and his brothers lying of a winter evening before the great fireplace in the living room, while in the dim light of the open fire the father and his guests related over the steaming punch bowl, tales of warfare, suffering and Indian barbarity that sent the youngsters shivering to their attic beds.

Environment seldom shows its influence more strongly than upon this family of six boys. John, the eldest son, saw service in the campaign of 1757, and rose to rank of captain in the Massachusetts troops during the Revolution.

Joseph, enlisting in 1754, became the captain of a company of Rogers' Rangers, and saw continuous service until 1761. Removing to Claremont, N. H., he became, upon the outbreak of the Revolution, Lieutenant-Colonel in Bedel's Regiment of New Hampshire troops, and received a mortal wound during the fighting around the foot of Lake Champlain, just previous to the naval battle at Valcour.

Richard, next younger than Benjamin, enlisted at the age of seventeen

in the French war, and was a captain in Herrick's Rangers at Bennington; while of the record of the two half-brothers, Jeduthan and William, we have already heard. In short this family reminds us of the story told of Ethan Allen in his captivity, who is said after Burgoyne's surrender to have boasted to the British officers of the success of the Revolutionary army, and to have further stated that "There was never a woman who had seven sons that could equal those of his mother."

The military experiences of Benjamin Wait began with the campaign of 1755, for which he had enlisted at the age of 18. The plan of that campaign involved attacks upon the French at four points simultaneously. Braddock was to advance upon Fort Duquesne. Provincial troops from New England, New York and New Jersey were to seize Crown Point, and another body drawn wholly from New England was to subjugate Acadia, while Shirley was to reduce Niagara with two regiments, raised wholly in the provinces but taken into the King's pay and designated as Shirley's and Pepperrell's respectively.

These forces with one New Jersey regiment, pushed forward through the wilderness to Oswego, and here checkmated by want of provisions and the presence of a strong French force at Frontenac, the little army waited until the approach of winter made further action impossible.

In October Shirley, leaving 700 men at Oswego, returned to Albany, and a winter of border warfare settled in. "Month after month the great continent lay wrapped in snow. Far along the edge of the western wilderness men kept watch and ward in lonely blockhouses, or scoured the forest on the track of prowling war parties. The provincials in garrison at Forts Edward, William Henry and Oswego dragged out the weary winter; while bands of New England rangers muffled against the piercing cold, caps of fur on their heads, hatchets in their belts, and guns in their mittened hands, glided on skates along the gleaming ice floor of Lake George, to spy out the secrets of Ticonderoga, or seize some careless sentry to tell them tidings of the foe. Thus the petty war went on; but the big war was frozen into torpor, ready, like a hibernating bear, to wake again with the birds, the bees and the flowers."⁵

Young Wait with his comrades at Oswego, suffering the pangs of hunger and cold, saw more than half the regiment die of these twin enemies. Recruits came in the spring, but it was not until near the middle of August that an adequate force was started under Webb, and ere he

⁵ Parkman.

reached the Great Carrying Place between the head-waters of the Hudson and Ontario the French under Montcalm had descended on Oswego and taken it with its garrison of some 1400 men. A scene of drunkenness and plunder followed, and several prisoners were butchered by the Indian allies. More would have fallen but for the efforts of Montcalm. Here, or in some preliminary skirmish (on this point only there seems to be some doubt) young Wait was taken prisoner and by his Indian captors compelled to run the gauntlet. Other prisoners had received hard usage, so when his turn came, believing, as stated by a grandson who heard him tell the story, that "spunk would be a good antidote for savage barbarity," he (still in the words of his grandson) "ran through with clenched fists as vicious as a wild bull, knocking them from one side to the other, and when they saw him approaching they had little time enough to take care of themselves." Rescued from the Indians by a Frenchwoman who hid him under a cask in her cellar, he was turned over to the French, and held some months a prisoner of war. Later, he was sent with other prisoners to France, only to be rescued by a British man-of-war and brought back to his native shores.

Early in the war Robert Rogers, a native of New Hampshire, had organized a band of New England rangers, mostly from the New Hampshire borders, and in the spring of 1756 had raised another company and was commissioned its captain. With him were his brother Richard, John Stark, and Israel Putnam. In July, 1756, a second company was raised, and by the spring of 1757 there were seven, all under Rogers. Of them Parkman says in another of his matchless descriptive passages:

"The best of them were commonly employed on Lake George; and nothing can surpass the adventurous hardihood of their lives. Summer and winter, day and night, were alike to them. Embarked in whale-boats or birch canoes they glided under the silent moon, or in the languid glare of a breathless August, when islands floated in dreamy haze, and the hot air was thick with odors of the pine, or in the bright October, when the jay screamed from the woods, squirrels gathered their hoard, and congregated blackbirds chattered farewell to their summer haunts; when gay mountains basked in light, maples dropped leaves of rustling gold, sumacs glowed like rubies under the dark green of the unchanging spruce, and mossed rocks with all their painted plumage lay double in the watery mirror; that festal evening of the year when jocund nature disrobes herself, to wake again refreshed in the joy of her undying spring; or in the tomb-like silence of the

winter forest, with breath frozen on his beard, the ranger strode on snowshoes over the spotless drifts, and like Dürer's Knight, a ghastly death stalked ever at his side."

Joseph Wait, then an ensign in Col. Joseph Dwight's regiment, was in 1757 transferred to a company of these rangers, and in due time became its captain. Upon his release Benjamin enlisted in these troops.

In the spring of 1758 a powerful force was gathered for the reduction of Louisbourg, and placed under the command of the newly-created general, Jeffrey Amherst. To this army were assigned several companies of rangers, the only provincial troops in the command.

On June 2nd the fleet of Admiral Boscawen sailed into Gabarus Bay, and at daybreak on the 8th the troops attempted a landing. In the division under Wolfe, the future hero of Quebec, which was to make the real attack, were the New England rangers. We cannot enter into details of that conflict, but suffice it to say that under heavy fire the boats were driven to the shore, a landing made, and the French batteries captured. Young Wait was, if his own relation of the story is to be credited, in command of one of these boats, and when his men faltered and lay down to screen themselves from the French fire, told them to stand up to their work or take to the water. Nearly two months of siege followed, until on July 26th after a gallant defence, the stronghold fell, and Amherst sailed for Boston with part of his forces to reinforce Abercrombie at Lake George, where he arrived early in October. Here until the close of the war Wait was engaged directly under Rogers in the capacity of ensign in his brother's company.

July, 1759, saw a slow advance, with Ticonderoga, Crown Point and Montreal as its objectives. The French successively abandoned Ticonderoga and Crown Point and fell back to the foot of the lake, while Amherst dawdled away the summer. In August he attempted to communicate with Wolfe at Quebec, but the St. Francis Indians, who throughout the war had been the scourge of the New England frontiers, seized the messengers and carried them to Montreal. Rogers was straightway ordered to destroy their village, which lay on the St. Francis river near its junction with the St. Lawrence, a journey of two hundred miles through an unbroken wilderness. Taking about 200 of his best men (among them Joseph and Benjamin Wait) he set out in boats on September 13th and on the tenth day reached Missisquoi Bay, his force reduced by accident to 142. Hiding the boats these men struck boldly into the forest, but on the

second day two friendly Indians brought the news that a party of French, superior in numbers, were on their track. Rogers, nothing daunted, kept on, out-marched his pursuers for nine days through swamp and forest, fell upon the village, killed 200 Indians, took twenty prisoners, and released five English captives with a loss of one killed and seven wounded. Then, as his return was blocked, and waiting but an hour for rest, he plunged southward up the St. Francis, intending to return by way of Lake Memphremagog and the Passumpsic and Connecticut rivers. The scanty provisions failed as they reached the lake, and closely pursued, the men separated into small parties, the better to obtain game. Several were killed or captured, and others perished from starvation. So reduced were they that powder horns and leather accoutrements were boiled to furnish sustenance. The loss was more than one-third of the total number. It was anticipated that succor would reach them at the mouth of the Ammonoosuc river, to which place Rogers had requested provisions to be sent, but when that point was reached the famished soldiers found only the still warm ashes of the campfires deserted by their rescuers, who waiting but two days, had retreated in a panic, taking the provisions with them. Leaving the others to follow as best they could, Rogers, with three companions, pressed on, and after five days of almost incredible suffering reached No. Four (Charlestown, N. H.) and despatched provisions to the sufferers.

Joseph Wait, proceeding with the men, was so fortunate as to kill a deer in Bradford near the mouth of the river to which his name was given by his comrades as they devoured the flesh.

Meanwhile Quebec had fallen, and in the summer of 1760 the British advanced upon Montreal from east, west and south. The rangers were with Haviland, who advanced down Champlain from Crown Point. At Isle-aux-Noix the rangers dragged artillery through the forest to the rear of the French position and drove their ships back toward St. Johns until they stranded, whereupon they swam out with their tomahawks, and boarding one vessel, compelled the rest to surrender.

The French fell back upon the St. Lawrence, abandoning St. Johns, and Haviland followed with the rangers leading the way. The various English forces formed their junction at Montreal, and on September 8th Vaudreuil signed the capitulation by which Canada passed to the British Crown. Here Wait saw once more in British hands the colors of his regiment captured by the French at Oswego four years before. Four

days later Amherst ordered Rogers to proceed westward with Capt. Wait's and Capt. Hazen's companies of rangers to take possession of Detroit, Michilimackinac and other forts in that district. The next day (Sept. 13) they left Montreal in whaleboats, and Rogers' journal follows in detail the movements of the party. Reaching Detroit Lieut. Butler and Ensign Wait with 20 men were sent westward to bring in the French troops at Forts Miami and Gatinois. This service, performed in dead of winter, made a lasting impression, and in later years Wait related how the men, becoming disheartened and benumbed with cold, would beg of him to shoot them, instead of which he switched their legs with sticks until aroused by anger they resumed their march.

It was not until the spring of 1761 that these troops reached New York and not until October that they were disbanded. At twenty-five Wait found himself a veteran of six years constant and exacting warfare. Returning to Brookfield he remained until 1767, when he married, and with his girl wife pushed out to the frontier to make himself a home. Settling in Windsor, Vt., he promptly cast his fortunes with the Green Mountain Boys in their struggle with New York and so active was he that like Allen, Baker and Warner, he was singled out for punishment.

Windsor was a hot-bed of sympathizers with the New Hampshire Grants, and her leading citizens met the New York authorities with open defiance. In May, 1770, Wait and his brother Joseph had been arrested on a New York warrant, but rescued by their friends. Before the end of the month the New York sheriff, Daniel Whipple, had gathered a posse of some 15 men and proceeded to the house of Benjamin. Meantime the brothers, having collected a party of friends, gave battle and took the sheriff and his entire party prisoners, holding them for several hours.

In these and other ways Wait became marked as a leader of the Green Mountain Boys on the east side of the mountains and it has been said that he was with Allen at the capture of Ticonderoga, but for this we cannot vouch.

Certain it is that in June, 1775, in spite of his opposition to that state, he joined with William Williams and Joab Hoisington in a letter to the New York authorities urging that a regiment of "good, active, enterprising soldiers" be raised for the defence of the section, and tendering his services as Lieutenant-Colonel. Two months later he was chosen major of the upper regiment in Cumberland County, but the New York

assembly refused to confirm him—presumably because of his former opposition to that colony. Not until October, 1776, was he commissioned, and then received appointment as first captain in Joab Hoisington's four companies of rangers raised for service on the northern frontiers with headquarters at Newbury. These troops performed varied and somewhat uncertain service, sometimes acting under and sometimes in open defiance of the New York authorities. In fact the spirit of hostility to New York had become so great that not only were the rangers slow to act under her orders, but when in February, 1777, an attempt was made to enlist a regiment for service at Ticonderoga the recruiting officer was obliged to report "the men are averse to go out under the State of New York; neither do I think it possible for me to raise any more." It may be truly said that after the campaign of 1775 Vermont's position in the Revolution was defensive; she did not fight except to defend her own borders from invasion, and with good reason, for she was an outcast, strained to the utmost, and maintaining her existence as best she might by force or by diplomacy against the foreign enemy upon the north and the still more bitter opponent on her western border.

Hoisington died early in 1777, and Wait, with rank of Captain, took command. In May the New York Council of Safety ordered the rangers to Kingston, but as there were no funds to support the men on the march they refused to go. A month later (June 27), aroused by the advance of Burgoyne, the Council resolved that the rangers be peremptorily ordered to repair to Kingston, and funds were sent to Wait to defray the expense. In obedience to orders he proceeded to Newbury, only to find that his men had marched to Ticonderoga. A few days later the evacuation of that fort dispersed them, and on July 14th he ordered them to proceed to Kingston. The men refused, however, on the ground that their own frontiers and families must be protected. This situation Wait reported to the Council, who declared their satisfaction with his conduct, but declined action on the conduct of the rangers.

Amidst all these activities Wait found time for civil service. Elected on the standing Committee of Correspondence for the County at the Cumberland Convention at Westminster in February, 1774, he was now called to represent his town in the convention at Windsor, which met to adopt a constitution for the new state. In the midst of its deliberations came the news of St. Clair's retreat, and at once confusion reigned, but after a short delay work was resumed and the draft under consideration

adopted. At once the newly-organized Council of the state voted to raise a regiment of rangers under Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Herrick. With this regiment the older companies of rangers seem to have promptly amalgamated and performed most efficient service.

Benjamin Wait and his younger brother Richard were officers in the regiment, the latter with rank of captain, and Benjamin as major, to which position he was commissioned September 3, 1777.

Three weeks later Col. Brown and Major Wait, with some five hundred men, were ordered to the vicinity of Ticonderoga to cut Burgoyne's lines of communication—a service so efficiently performed that Wait was commended for "spirited conduct" by the Council.

In February, 1778, an expedition into Canada was proposed and Vermont requested to furnish a regiment of rangers. Herrick and Wait were at once commissioned as Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel respectively, but the project was abandoned, and we know no more of Wait's activities until October 23, 1779, when the Council appointed him as sheriff of Cumberland County, an office that was then little less than military, and which he continued to hold for seven years, except during his absence on the frontiers. In the same month he became a member of the state's Board of War, of which body he seems to have continued an active member until the close of the Revolution. In 1780 with the rank of Major, he was in the field at the time of the attacks on Royalton and Newbury, and in January, 1781, he was commissioned Major of the First Regiment of Vermont militia and immediately detailed for service on the frontiers.

Throughout the war disturbances continued between the partisans of New York, who were particularly numerous in Windham County, and those who sought to uphold the authority of Vermont. In 1783 these dissensions reached their height. Guilford was entirely in control of the New Yorkers, and their resistance to Vermont authority became so determined that Governor Chittenden was driven to adopt stringent measures. In October the Assembly provided for raising "one hundred able and effective men to assist the civil authority in carrying into effect the law in the southern part of the County of Windham," and to Wait was entrusted the command, with rank of Colonel.

Negotiations having failed, Wait's regiment and other militia gathered at Brattleboro, and on January 20th, 1784, hostilities commenced.

Suffice it to say that after some resistance the Yorkers fled and the authority of the state was upheld.

Early in November, 1786, a mob led by citizens of Barnard and Hartland gathered to prevent the sitting of the court at Windsor, an outbreak that was but a part of Shays' rebellion. Wait, as sheriff, read the riot act and dispersed them, but one of the number being tried for riot on November 14, a second mob collected. Wait, acting not only as sheriff but as colonel of the Third regiment, ordered a company of his men from Wethersfield to come to Windsor. With forty of these men he set out before light on the 17th, and, deceiving the guards by making a circuitous route, attacked the house in Hartland at which the rioters were assembled. Twenty-seven of the leaders were captured, but not until Wait had received a wound that incapacitated him for nearly a month. This experience lingered in Wait's memory, and in his old age he used to lament the fact that after passing through many years of military service without a scratch, he was finally nearly killed by some of his old companions in arms while engaged in the enforcement of the laws.

March 1, 1787, he was elected Brigadier General in command of the 3rd brigade of militia, and on the records of the Governor and Council for August 24, 1788, appears this minute:

"A letter received from General Wait resigning his office as Brigadier General being read, the Secretary is directed to inform the General that they are unwilling to discharge him until further consideration, and request his continuance in service."

Still later he was elected to the highest military rank in the gift of the state—Major General—but resigned a few months later, when he removed to the town that bears his name.

Here ends his military service, covering a period of more than thirty years—able, faithful, progressing from little unto greater things. Here let us leave him to pass in well-earned peace the closing years of a long life, surrounded by his family and by old friends and comrades, honored by all who knew him. There is no more fitting benediction than that spread upon the records of the old church in the hand of his beloved pastor, Amariah Chandler:

"June 28, 1822, General Benjamin Wait, from whom the town was named. He was a distinguished soldier in the last French War, and

bore a Colonel's commission in the war of the Revolution. He was the first proprietor and first settler of this town. In early life he made a profession of the religion of Christ, but for many years was in a state of great backsliding. About ten years before his death his graces seemed to revive. His remaining years he lived lamenting his former lukewarmness, and died in the joyful hope and expectation of a happy resurrection through the abounding mercy of the Great Redeemer.

Obiit June 28, Buried with Masonic honors June 30, 1822, ætat 86 years and 4 months."

MATT. B. JONES.

BOSTON.



AN OLD-TIME SCRIVENER

THROUGH death the Pennsylvania German country has just lost one of its unique characters, August Bauman, a skilled penman, who for many years made periodical trips through Lehigh, Berks, Bucks, and Montgomery Counties, preparing baptismal and confirmation certificates, family records, and similar documents. Few households among the Pennsylvania Germans are without some specimen of his skill.

Bauman's work was not merely that of scrivener, for he employed the ornamental German letters—the "Fructurschrift"—of the illuminated manuscripts produced by the monks of the Middle Ages, and he was therefore one of the very few modern penmen who have preserved this ancient art.

Bauman was able to make a living through his skill by reason of the love for the old-style ornamental pen work that has prevailed among the Pennsylvania Germans ever since their forefathers emigrated from the Rhine country two centuries ago, bringing with them their manuscript volumes of religious works.

Pennsylvania was the haven of refuge for the "plain sects" who fled from Germany to escape persecution. As they were not permitted to print their hymnbooks, sermons, and other literature in the Fatherland, they laboriously transcribed volume after volume, and thus there arose among them many men skilled in the use of the pen. Most of these volumes were adorned with large and intricate initial letters at the beginning of each chapter, and title-pages were executed in inks of several colors, after the style of the books made in the mediæval cloisters before the invention of printing.

Even in Pennsylvania when the printing press was available some of these sects, particularly the Schwenkfelders, continued to encourage their penmen, and among the Schwenkfelder families of southeastern Pennsylvania are preserved many manuscript volumes of sermons and other religious works that were transcribed after they had established their homes upon this side of the Atlantic.

It was the custom of the Pennsylvania Germans to preserve family

records, which were revised by a professional penman in every generation. In addition, the baptismal and confirmation certificates of every child were also kept in similar form, and when the child was married the services of the penman were again required to draw up a marriage certificate. These documents were framed in the most attractive style of the times, and hung upon the walls of that sanctum sanctorum of the Pennsylvania German home, the parlor, which is opened only upon the rarest occasions, such as a funeral or a marriage.

Though the regard for this old custom remained strong among the Pennsylvania Germans, the number of professional penmen dwindled, and for more than a decade August Bauman was the only one who pursued this art as a regular occupation.

Bauman arranged to visit all parts of his chosen territory at least once a year. He usually appeared in the parishes of the Lutheran and Reformed churches at the confirmation season, in the spring or fall, and obtained orders for confirmation certificates from the young people who had joined the church. The clergymen gave him information about the baptisms that had taken place since his last visit, and a visit to the parents usually led to orders for baptismal certificates.

The pastors of the churches, when they officiate at baptisms and confirmations, give a small certificate upon a printed blank. From this the penman obtained data for the more elaborate certificate which he was to prepare for show purposes.

He also wrote the records of births, marriages and deaths in the big family Bibles that lie upon the marble-top tables in the parlors, and he prepared great genealogical charts, bearing the names of all the ancestors and descendants and uncles and aunts and nephews and nieces of the family for whom they were prepared.

For lettering Bauman preferred the German text, the ornamental letters affording abundant opportunity to exhibit his skill. Some of the large charts that he prepared for framing look as though they had been painted, but all the lettering was executed with a pen.

He generally traveled on foot, carrying an umbrella and a case containing his pens and inks. He manufactured all the ink he used. Red was his favorite color, although he employed almost every shade.

As a natural result of his work, Bauman knew the intimate history

of almost every family in the Pennsylvania German country, and he took peculiar delight in following the career of his "boys" and "girls," as he termed those whose baptismal or confirmation certificates he had prepared.

In every community there was usually one family with whom he was particularly intimate and with whom he made his home when he visited that community. To such families he presented mementoes of his skill. One of the most interesting of these is in the possession of Allen Fegley of Pennsburg. It is a linen cover for the back of a rocking chair, and upon it the penman had drawn a picture of himself standing at a cross-roads and reading a sign which bears these words: "Three miles to Allen Fegley's."

Mr. Bauman was a native of Hungary, and was seventy years old. In his speech he gave evidence of culture, employing the purest German in conversation. He came to America in his youth and served in the civil war. Allentown he regarded as his home, although he was absent on his journeys during most of the year.

E. W. H.

PENNSBURG, PA.



MARKING THE SANTA FE TRAIL

THE first boulder to mark the Santa Fé trail has been placed in position on the main road between Sterling and Lyons, Kansas, a mile from Lyons. It is a boulder found in western Oklahoma, weighing about two and a half tons, and has the lettering cut deep and painted white. While other markers are being purchased with money contributed by the school children of the State, this one is paid for by the people of Rice County. The Legislature has appropriated \$1000 for the purpose of marking the trail. This is the inscription on the boulder:

SANTA FE TRAIL

1822-1872

The Daughters of the American Revolution of Sterling, Kan., seventeen women, started the movement, and Mrs. W. C. Smyser, secretary, was instrumental in securing the funds. The clubs of the county, the county commissioners, and the schools united in the contributions.

The work of marking the trail is being taken up with interest by the communities through which the almost obliterated roadway passes, but counties removed from the course are indifferent. The legislative appropriation is far too small to place markers that will not be moved or destroyed. The iron tablet idea was seen to be impracticable. The boulders that are being placed wherever they can be properly located and money can be secured will be the best of all the plans.

In this county the location of the first marker may become the center of a small pleasure park. In Herington, Dickinson County, the trail course is directly through the yard of the principal public school. It is planned there to place a boulder in the school yard that it may be a lesson to the children of the pioneer history of the State.

For many years the trail was clearly identified wherever it led through the Southwest, but with the coming of the steam ploughs and the planting of the prairies with grain, this condition is fast passing away, and the same disputes that are known in the eastern part of the State will

soon make the exact location indefinite. The settlers have found many reminders of the trail's palmy days in relics and curios along its broad highway. Old wagon irons of various sorts, kettles, pieces of guns, and here and there a mound telling of the tragedies of the overland journey have made it notable in local tradition.—*Evening Post*, N. Y.

The first Santa Fé trail-marker was finished yesterday. Several weeks ago a rough boulder cut out of a natural ledge in Penn Valley Park was set at Thirtieth Street and Broadway, where there had formerly been a bed of shrubbery. This marks the place where the old Santa Fé trail wound up out of the canyon that has since become a part of Penn Valley Park. The boulder is about four feet high and four feet square. Two of the bronze tablets adopted by the Board of Public Works and the Park Board, showing an ox-train under way, were set in the stone yesterday, one facing north and the other south. There are eighteen more markers to be set at different points along the trail from the Missouri River to the southern city limits.

See "Re-marking Western Trails," in April MAGAZINE.



AMERICAN PIONEERS OF STEAM NAVIGATION

WHILE in history the pioneer who blazed a path through wildernesses and cleared woods for a rude cabin is given more credit than his more fortunate successors who built better on the old foundations, it has been the misfortune of inventors to be judged by an opposite method. Notwithstanding the work of Edison and Elisha Gray, the telephone bears the deservedly honored name of Bell. In the popular mind the steam-engine is the unaided invention of Watt, and the preliminary work of Roger Bacon, Huyghens, the Marquis of Worcester, Sir Samuel Moreland, Denis Papin, Newcomen, Cowdery, Savery, Brindley, and Smeaton is overlooked.

Similarly the invention of steam navigation, which in the popular mind is the achievement of Fulton, was the result of many years of laborious and self-sacrificing work by many men. While acknowledging the great debt due to Fulton who first made the steamboat practical, and commercially valuable for transportation, is it not proper at this time when the centennial of his triumphant success is the occasion of his well-deserved apotheosis, to call attention to those who had made steam navigation an accomplished fact before Fulton applied his brilliant mind to the improvement of the steamboats of his predecessors? It is to be remembered that without Watt's betterment of Brindley's and Smeaton's improvement of the Newcomen engine, which, in the eighteenth century, was already largely in use throughout Europe, but was made more efficient, economical and reliable by Watt, its practical employment would have been longer deferred. The Watt engine was introduced in 1784, and it was the particular misfortune of the Americans at work on the problem of steam navigation, not immediately to learn that one of their chief difficulties had been removed. A Watt engine was used by Nathan Read in 1789 and by Robert Fulton in 1806, but it was unknown to John Fitch when he showed his successful steamboat in 1786 and filed plans and models with the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia.

An analogy to the situation of steam navigation at that time is readily

found to-day in the experiments with air-ships, which have been experimented with by many men for centuries. When the air-ship is made practical for transportation by some future genius like Fulton, will the names of Langley, Santos Dumont, and Nocquet be ignored in the popular mind?

The late Robert H. Thurston, professor at Cornell University, an eminent authority, has traced the steam engine to the experiments of Hiero of Alexandria, 250 B. C., and the steamboat to Giambattista della Porta A. D. 1543, Salomon de Caus, engineer to King Louis XIII. of France, A. D. 1615, and Giovanni Branca of Rome, A. D. 1629. He has stated that the origin of the paddlewheel for propelling vessels antedates the Christian era, and that the application of steam to propel it was anticipated by Roger Bacon and Blasco de Garay (A. D. 1543). In 1690 Denis Papin, of Blois, was at work on this subject, and in 1707 he experimented with a model boat on the Fulda at Cassel. Thus the centennial of Fulton is the bicentennial of Papin.¹

Further experiments were made by Jonathan Hulls in England in 1736, who patented plans for a marine steam-engine that could be used in towing sailing-vessels; but no steamboat was built, and in 1737 he issued what is probably the first pamphlet in the bibliography of futile controversy that followed. Between 1774 and 1786 many experiments were made in France, notably by the Comte d'Auxiron, M. Perier and the Marquis de Jouffroy, while Symington's steamboat, first tried in Scotland in 1788 succeeded in 1789 in making seven miles an hour. This was the first steamboat in Europe.

Ignorant of what was being accomplished abroad on account of the lack of extensive technical libraries, difficulty of communication, and the expense of travel, and possessed by a strange fatality, caused by the great need of better facilities of transportation, the idea of propelling vessels by steam took possession at about the same time of four isolated Americans whose names well deserve remembrance. All of them were known sooner or later to Robert Fulton, who profited by their work, and backed by Chancellor Livingston, learned the results of European experiments, adopted the best features of all known devices, and gave to the world a new means of defying time and space. These four men were William

¹ For a valuable article on the development of the steam engine by Prof. Thurston see Vol. 17, *Cassier's Magazine*.

Henry, James Rumsey, John Fitch and Nicholas Roosevelt, and as Thompson Westcott says in his life of the third-named, "If we cannot rely upon Fitch's claim to the invention of the steamboat, England is entitled to that honor." Dr. Thornton, of the Patent office at Washington, says in his "A Short Account of the Origin of Steamboats," "Finding that Mr. Robert Fulton, whose genius and talents I highly respect, has been considered by some to be the inventor of the steamboat, I think it a duty to the memory of the late John Fitch to set forth with as much brevity as possible, the fallacy of this opinion; and to show, moreover, that if Mr. Fulton has any claim whatever to originality in his steamboat it must be exceedingly limited."

In the *Connecticut Magazine*, Vol. IX., No. 3, Mr. Seymour Bullock, who has made a study of the subject for many years, in a valuable paper on "The Development of Steam Navigation," says:

"We do not ask that the honors be stripped from others that they may be bestowed upon John Fitch; we only ask that by the side of their names, his name shall be written equally large. His lone grave, unmarked and unkept, is a silent witness against the manner in which we write history, and a condemnation of the conservatism with which we cling to beliefs, however false, simply because they bear the stamp of long-gone years."

Dr. R. H. Thurston in the *American Encyclopædia* (1883) says: "An examination of the evidence leaves no reason to doubt that the first practical success in steam navigation was made by Fitch."

Although sources of information in encyclopædias and public libraries are easily accessible to-day, it is obvious that these authorities are not generally used, and that many popular misconceptions are thus allowed to go uncorrected. In what follows no attempt is made, of course, at originality, but it has been designed to collect from many scattered sources, some almost inaccessible to the casual reader, a brief resumé that will sum up in convenient form the contributions of American inventors to one of the greatest of inventions.

William Henry, born in Chester Co., Pa., 19 May, 1729, died in Lancaster, Pa., 15 Dec., 1786, was one of the first in America to take up the idea of steam navigation which first suggested itself to him in 1776. He visited England in 1760, and had probably studied the steam-engine

there. He experimented on the Conestoga River, and in 1779 executed some drawings of a steam wheel. Although he carried this project no further he had an active and honorable career. He made fire-arms for Braddock's Expedition to the Ohio, was J. P. and Judge, a member of the Continental Congress, and a member of the American Philosophical Society. In 1768 he invented a self-moving or sentinel register described by him in the Transactions of the American Society (vol. I., p. 350); and in 1771 invented a screw-auger. In 1785 he showed a model of a wheel carriage which was propelled against the wind by wind-force—a prophecy of the automobile of to-day. As a boy, Robert Fulton, resided in Lancaster, Pa., and Prof. Thurston says: "Fulton had known William Henry in the U. S. and seems to have been familiar with the work of contemporary inventors; and he had visited England where he found others at work upon the same problem." (*American Cyclopædia* [1883] Vol. XV.)

Westcott says in his life of Fitch, who had already given his invention to the world: "On the 20th of Oct., 1785, Fitch left Philadelphia on his way to Kentucky. He called upon Wm. Henry at Lancaster, Pa., who told him that he had himself thought of steam as early as 1776 and held some conversations with Andrew Ellicott upon the subject, and that Thomas Paine had suggested it to him in 1778, but that he never did anything in the matter further than drawing some plans and inventing a pattern of a 'steam-wheel,' which he showed to Mr. Fitch to whom he said that as the latter had first published the plan to the world, he would lay no claim to the invention. He promised that he would make a model of a steam wheel as his visitor did not exactly understand his idea. This undertaking, however, was never fulfilled."

James Rumsey, born at Bohemia Manor, Cecil Co., Md., in 1743, died in London, England, 23 Dec., 1792, was a bath-tender at Berkeley Springs, Va. Independently of Oliver Evans (q. v.) he invented valuable improvements in mill machinery, and says that in 1783 he conceived the idea of propelling vessels by steam. Rumsey exhibited a rude model at Berkeley Springs, Va., Sept., 1784, in the presence of General Washington, who gave him a certificate testifying to the value of his ideas saying: "He has discovered the art of working boats by mechanism and small manual assistance against rapid currents; that the discovery is of vast importance, may be of greatest usefulness in an inland navigation,

and if it succeeds, of which I have no doubt, the value of it is greatly enhanced by the simplicity of the work which when explained may be executed by the most common mechanic."

After Fitch's discovery was published Moses Hunter made an affidavit dated 19 May, 1798, stating that Rumsey had talked of a boat to be wrought altogether by steam; but there is no proof that the boat exhibited in 1784 was propelled by steam, and Mr. Westcott contends in the "Life of Fitch" that it was propelled by hand-power or as Gen. Washington wrote "by mechanism and small manual assistance"; but on 3 Dec., 1787, he gave a successful exhibition of a steamboat at Shepards-town, on the Potomac, and went to England.

Admiral Preble mentions "letters written by Rumsey in London that speak of visits from a young American studying engineering who showed intelligent and sympathetic interest in Rumsey's labors. This young man was Robert Fulton who fifteen years after Rumsey's death gave the world a successful steamboat."

In the same year that John Fitch showed his first steamboat a vague right to build and navigate contrivances for his pole-boat was granted 25 March, 1785, to James Rumsey by the Pennsylvania Assembly, which issued a patent to John Fitch, 28 March, 1787, for his steamboat, and one next day to Oliver Evans for improved machinery.

In 1787 patents were granted Mr. Rumsey by Maryland and Virginia. In 1788 Franklin and others formed a company to aid him, Franklin having previously been one of John Fitch's Company, and Rumsey in that year published his "Short Treatise on the Application of Steam." This led to the controversy with Fitch and a battle of pamphlets followed. These can be found in the second volume of O'Callaghan's "Documentary History of New York." Fitch claimed that Rumsey's first experiments were with hand-power; but Rumsey maintained that he conceived the idea of steam propulsion in 1784. However, Admiral Preble's conclusion is that the Rumsey steamboat was the third shown in the United States; both of the two first Fitch boats having been exhibited prior to December 3, 1787, the date of Rumsey's successful demonstration at Shepardstown on the Potomac.

While in England Mr. Rumsey acquired patents in England, France and Holland, and gave a successful exhibition on the Thames in Decem-

ber, 1792, seven years after John Fitch's invention and thirteen years before Fulton's demonstration on the Seine and fifteen years before Fulton's triumph on the Hudson; but his funds gave out and his career was ended by his death in London, December 23, 1792, before he was fifty. In 1839 the Kentucky Legislature honored his memory by presenting to his son, who was a member of that body, a gold medal testifying to the father's "services and high agency" in this invention. Allibone's Dictionary of Authors says he died while delivering a public discourse on his invention. In 1837 and also in 1839 his heirs applied to Congress for recognition of his claims as steamboat inventor, but though one committee recommended this no action was taken.

John Fitch was born at Windsor, Ct., Jan. 21, 1743; as his biographer says, into what was to be to him a world of misfortune. Left motherless at an early age, unhappily married, a hard-working farmer, clock-mender, brass-smith, a veteran of the Revolution in which he made buttons and repaired muskets while enduring the hardships of the awful winter at Valley Forge, he lost all his property by being captured by Indians, but finally escaped. In 1785 he became possessed of the tyranny of inventions that were not only non-productive but exhausting and expensive, and during the next two years made successful demonstrations, near Philadelphia, raising funds by publishing a valuable map of the Northwest Territory which he printed on a cider-press, and the proceeds of which enabled him to form his company. Later he went to France and at first met with encouragement, but he encountered the Reign of Terror, workmen could not be hired, and reduced to extremities he returned as a common sailor, working his passage. He landed at Boston, visited his brother-in-law, Col. King, and his daughter Lucy, who married Hon. James Kilbourne, afterwards a member of Congress from Ohio, and in 1796 was in New York, where he showed his improved steamboat on the Collect Pond, now the site of the Tombs Prison, to such men as Chancellor Livingston, Robert Fulton, Col. John C. Stevens, of Hoboken, and Nicholas Roosevelt. He received a grant of land in Kentucky, the title to which failed, and was appointed deputy surveyor for Kentucky; but being ill, he died in 1798 from a suicidal overdose of opium prescribed as a medicine in a small daily dose, and was buried on the banks of the Ohio River at Bardstown, Kentucky. These are in brief the tragic incidents of the ill-starred life of one, who, as many reliable witnesses testify,

was studious, industrious, patient, intelligent, kind, and so patriotic that in 1796 he refused a fortune from Gardoqui, the envoy of the King of Spain, for a monopoly of his patents, preferring to give his countrymen the benefit of his work. Even after death he has continued to be neglected by posterity.

In 1785 he was a resident of Bucks County, Pa., and had never seen or heard of a steam engine. He tells in his autobiography how when a neighbor drove rapidly past him after a powerful horse whose breath seemed to suggest a puff of vapor, the idea of propulsion by the power of steam flashed on his mind. He worked at first on what would now be called an automobile, or locomotive already demonstrated by Cugnot and Oliver Evans, although he did not know it, but came to the conclusion that the force could be better applied to a vessel than to a carriage. His first model had wheels on both sides and a number of prominent personages came by invitation to see his experiments in the Schuylkill in 1785, including Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth, his townsman, and all the members of the constitutional convention, except Washington. In July, 1786, he produced a boat with a steam engine of three-inch cylinder with paddles. "The boat moved very slowly, the engine being too small, clumsy and incomplete, made by common blacksmiths." He had never heard of nor seen the engines of Newcomen and Watt used by Nathan Reed at Salem in 1789 and by Fulton in 1806. He did however, succeed in his demonstration, and endeavored to secure aid from the Continental Congress and the Legislature of Pennsylvania. Instead of meeting with encouragement, as Henry, Rumsey and Fulton did, he was at first called insane; but with David Rittenhouse, Benjamin Franklin, Dr. Thornton and others, he finally formed a company and obtained from the States of New York, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and Virginia the right to use their waters for fourteen years and showed his second boat on the Delaware at Philadelphia, August 27, 1787. Making many improvements he ran a boat in 1790 between Philadelphia and Burlington at the rate of eight miles an hour, which was at least as fast, if not faster, than the time made by Fulton's *Clermont* on the Hudson in 1807.

Rev. Ezra Stiles, President of Yale, in his diary August 27, 1787, wrote:

"Judge Ellsworth, a member of the Federal Convention, just returned from Philadelphia, visited me and tells me the convention will not

rise under three weeks. He there saw a steam engine for rowing boats against the stream invented by Mr. Fitch, of Windsor, in Connecticut. He was aboard the boat and saw the experiment succeed."

In 1786 the *Columbian Magazine* published the following letter:

PHILADELPHIA, December 8, 1786.

To the Editor of the Columbian Magazine:

Sir:—The reason of my so long deferring to give you a description of the steamboat has been in some measure owing to complication of the works, and on apprehension that a number of drafts would be necessary in order to show the powers of the machine as clearly as you would wish. But as I have not been able to hand you herewith such drafts, I can only give you the general principles. It is in several parts similar to the late improved steam-engines in Europe, though there are some alterations. Our cylinder is to be horizontal, and the steam is to work with equal force at each end. The mode by which we obtain what I take the liberty of terming a vacuum is, we believe, entirely new, as is also the method of letting the water into it and throwing it off against the atmosphere without any friction. It is expected that the engine, which is a twelve-inch cylinder, will move with a clear force of eleven or twelve hundred-weight, after the frictions are deducted; this force to act against a wheel of eighteen inches diameter. The piston is to move about three feet, and each vibration of the piston gives the axis about forty evolutions. Each evolution of the axis moves twelve oars or paddles, five and a half feet, which work perpendicularly, and are represented by the stroke of the paddle of a canoe. As six of the paddles are raised from the water six more are entered and the two sets of paddles make their strokes about eleven feet in each evolution. The cranks of the axis act upon the paddles about one-third of their length from the lever end on which part of the oar the whole force of the axis is applied. Our engine is placed in the boat about one-third from the stern, and both the action and reaction turn the wheel the same way.

With the most perfect respect, sir, I beg leave to subscribe myself.

Your very humble servant,

JOHN FITCH.

Two of the assistants of Fitch at this time should be remembered; Henry Voight, b. 1743, d. at Philadelphia, 7 Feb., 1814, who secured a patent for steam engine improvements in 1782, and Christopher Colles, born in Ireland, who was a protege of the learned Richard Peacock, Bishop of Ossory, and who was the first to suggest the Erie canal and was honored at the ceremonies that marked its opening.²

² See Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography*; also *The Magazine of American History*, Vol.

In 1786 there were only three steam engines in the United States, two imported into New England in 1735 and one at the Schuyler copper mines at Passaic, N. J., 1756.

The institution of the Federal Patent Office was hastened by pressure brought to bear by the discussions of Fitch and Rumsey and the conflicts between patentees under different state laws. Among the first patents issued were those to Fitch and Rumsey which were left open for litigation in the courts, as there was a desire to avoid full adjudication at the patent office. These bore the same date and were issued 26 August, 1791. A somewhat invalid title to the patents of Fitch was secured in New Jersey by Livingston and Fulton who had an administrator appointed in New Jersey, although John Fitch left a will, and from this administrator a claim to the Fitch patents was secured—that helped them to conquer the opposition movement.

On the 26th of August, 1791, John Fitch obtained a United States patent for his invention, which is signed by George Washington, President, and Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State, who also certifies that the patent was delivered to him August 30. The patent recites "he having invented the following useful devices not before known or used, viz.: for applying the force of steam to a trunk or trunks for drawing water in at the bow of a boat or vessel, and forcing the same out at the stern, in order to propel the boat or vessel through the water, for forcing a column of air through a trunk or trunks filled with water by the force of steam, and for applying the force of steam to works, paddles, for propelling a boat or vessel through the water." The said John Fitch, his heirs, etc., were granted for the time of fourteen years the sole and exclusive right and liberty of making, using and vending to others the said inventions.

Dr. Thornton of the U. S. Patent Office says: "In the year 1788 the late John Fitch applied for and obtained a patent for the application of steam to navigation in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, etc., and soon after the late Mr. James Rumsey, conceiving he had made some discoveries in perfecting the same, applied to the State of Pennsylvania for patent; but a company formed by John Fitch under his State patents, conceiving that the patent of Fitch was not for any peculiar mode of applying the steam to navigation, but that it extended to all known modes of propelling boats and vessels, contested before the Assembly of Pennsylvania and also before the Assembly of

Delaware, the mode proposed by Mr. Rumsey, and contended that the mode he proposed, viz.: by drawing up the water into a tube and forcing the same water out of the stern of a vessel or boat which was derived from Dr. Franklin's works (Dr. Franklin being one of the company) was a mode the company had a right to, for the plan was originally published in Latin about fifty years before, in the works of Bernoulli the younger.

Two of Fitch's company and I appeared without counsel and pleaded our own cause in the Assembly of Pennsylvania, and after a week's patient hearing against the most learned counsel of Pennsylvania, we obtained a decision in our favor, and afterwards also in Delaware. We believed and contended that our claim of propelling boats by steam included all the modes of propelling vessels and boats then known."

Fitch had experimented with a steam paddle-wheel, a screw propeller, the endless chain, and side-wheels, but on the 27th of July, 1786, he gave a public exhibition on the Delaware of a skiff rowed by paddles on the sides moved by cranks worked by steam; and this was the first really successful propulsion of a boat by steam in America. In 1788 he built the first passenger boat that ever made regular trips. The speed was eight miles an hour, and this boat made eighty miles a day and ran regularly on the Delaware River for about four months in 1790.

The first steamboat advertisement ever printed appeared in the *Pennsylvania Packet*, June 15, 1790:

The Steam Boat

is now ready to take passengers and is intended to set out from Arch Street Ferry in Philadelphia every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for Burlington, Bristol, Bordentown and Trenton, to return on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Price for passengers 2/6 to Burlington and Bristol, 3/9 to Bordentown, 5s. to Trenton.
June 14.

This appeared in the *Federal Gazette and Philadelphia Advertiser* on June 14, 17, 19, 22 and 24 and was then abbreviated. The following notice was printed in the *Federal Gazette and Philadelphia Daily Advertiser* in the issue of July 26, 1790:

THE STEAMBOAT

sets out to-morrow at ten o'clock from Arch Street Ferry in order to take passengers for Burlington, Bristol, Bordentown and Trenton, and return next day.
Philadelphia, July 26, 1790.

This boat was called the *Perseverance*, but being the only steamboat the name was not advertised. Subsequently it also took consignments of freight.

Of this boat one of the company, Dr. Thornton, who had been one of the passengers and a most loyal friend of the struggling inventor said:

"The Governor and Council of Pennsylvania were so highly gratified with our labors that without their intention being previously known to us, Governor Mifflin attended by the council in procession presented to the company, and placed on the boat a superb silk flag, prepared especially, and containing the arms of Pennsylvania; and this flag we possessed until Mr. Fitch was sent to France by the company, at the request of Aaron Vail, Esq., our counsel at L'Orient, who being one of the company was solicitous to have steamboats built in France. John Fitch took the flag unknown to the company, and presented it to the National Convention.

Mr. Vail, finding all the workmen put in requisition, and that none could be obtained to build the boats, paid the expenses of Mr. Fitch, who returned to the United States, and Mr. Vail afterwards subjected to the examination of Mr. Fulton when in France, the papers and designs of the steamboat appertaining to the company."

In 1794, after working his passage home as a common sailor, Fitch returned to New York and constructing from a ship's yawl another steamboat that was worked by a screw propeller, he showed it in successful operation on the Collect Pond in New York (on the present site of the Tombs Prison) in the presence of many distinguished men. John Hutchins, the pilot, published an account of this boat and records that "in the summer of 1796 and in 1797 Robert Livingston, Esq., and Mr. Fulton, made several trips, on different occasions around the pond, and that Mr. Fitch explained to them the *modus operandi* of the machinery. I being a lad had conversation only with Mr. Fitch. From hearsay I believe Colonel Stevens and another person by the name of Roosevelt had some knowledge of the enterprise and had some interest in its success. In conversation Mr. Fitch remarked to Mr. Fulton that in former experiments with paddle wheels it was found that they splashed too much and could not be used in canal navigation. No one at that time thought of having them covered." Hutchins also says that when he saw the *Clermont* in 1807 he recognized Fulton as the "same man who was with us on the Collect"; and his statements about the Fitch boat were confirmed by General Anthony Lamb, later an alderman of New York, and by William H.

Whitlock, who was for some time City Surveyor. The boat was left to decay in the Collect Pond and finally disappeared at the hands of children who played there.

John Fitch published in 1788 a pamphlet in reply to Rumsey entitled "The original Steamboat Supported," which was answered for Rumsey by Joshua Barnes. In 1793 in London, John Fitch published "An Explanation for Keeping a Ship's Traverse at Sea by the Columbian Ready Reckoner," which as Whittlesey says, showed a high mathematical talent and a gift of simplification and order truly remarkable in a self taught mind.

In 1792 Fitch wrote to David Rittenhouse: "It would be much easier to carry [drive] a first-rate man-of-war by steam than a boat, as we would not be cramped for room, nor would the weight of machinery be felt." This was the prophecy of Robert Fulton's famous *Demologos*, built for the War of 1812, the first steam man-of-war.

The model of one of his steamboats was given by the widow of his descendant, the late Hon. Augustus Whiting of Columbus, Ohio, to the Ohio State University. Fitch deposited his autobiography with drawings and other papers, with the Franklin (Philadelphia) Institute, stipulating that the packet should not be opened until thirty years after his death. These were at the service of Mr. Thomas Westcott, his biographer. The mechanical specifications of his boats have been fully given in that work, in the *Columbian Magazine* for 1786, and in some general works on the subject. Fitch had prophetically said: "You and I will not live to see the day, but the time will come when the Steam boat will be preferred to all other kinds of conveyance; when steamboats will ascend the Western Rivers from New Orleans to Wheeling, when steamboats will cross the ocean. John Fitch will be forgotten, but other men will carry out his ideas and grow rich and great upon them." To preserve his memory a tablet bearing his portrait and name has been placed in the capitol at Hartford, Connecticut.

In 1815 the question of the invention of the steamboat was raised before a committee of the New York Legislature, and the original documents, patents, drafts, specifications, and models by Fitch, Stevens, Livingston and Robert Fulton were exhibited. The report was that the steamboat built by Livingston and Fulton was in substance the invention patented to John Fitch in 1791, and that Fitch, during the term

of his patent, had the exclusive right to use the same in New York. Although Fitch was dead, his company disbanded, and his heirs scattered, this decision eventually broke up the monopoly of navigation on the Hudson River enjoyed by Livingston and Fulton and their successors, who by having an administrator appointed in New Jersey, had settled a pretended claim to the rights of the Fitch company and legatees. In 1824 the United States Supreme Court in the case of *Gibbons vs. Ogden*,³ decided the New York decision in favor of the Livingston monopoly unconstitutional and made the navigation of the Hudson free to all.

Nicholas Roosevelt, whose career is outlined in the *Roosevelt Genealogy* by Whittlesey, and in Appleton's *Cyclopædia of American Biography*, in 1815, in a petition to the New Jersey Legislature, asserts that "he is the true and original inventor and discoverer of steamboats with vertical wheels." In an affidavit attached to his petition he says:

"In or about the year 1781 or 1782," he resided with Joseph Vosterhandt, "about four miles above Esopus on the North River, in New York, and that he there did make, rig and put in operation" on a small brook near Vosterhandt's house, "a small wooden model of boat with vertical wheels on the sides," each wheel having four arms or paddles made of shingles, and that "these wheels being acted on by hickory or whalebone springs propelled the model boat through the water by the agency of a tight cord passed between the wheels and being reacted on by the springs." Admiral Preble in his *History of Steam Navigation* says: "In 1798, in conjunction with Chancellor Livingston and John Stevens, he entered into an agreement to build a boat on joint account, for which the engines were to be constructed at Second River by Roosevelt, while the propelling power was to be on the plan of the Chancellor's."

Steam was applied to the machinery about the middle of the year 1798 unsuccessfully. Improvements were made in it until in October, 1798, Roosevelt wrote the Chancellor an account of a trial trip on which the speed attained was about equivalent to three miles in still water, though with wind and tide, the Spanish Minister, who was on board and highly elated, estimated the actual speed at double that amount.

The month previous to this trial, on the 6th of September, 1798, Roosevelt wrote the Chancellor in this connection, after referring to a

³ See Wheaton, Vol. IX., page 1.

change in the plan, a letter in which he says, "I would recommend that we throw two wheels of wood over the sides, fastened to the axis of the flys [fly-wheels] with eight arms or paddles; that part which enters the water of sheet-iron to shift according to the power they require either deeper in the water or otherwise, and that we navigate the vessel with these until we can procure an engine of the proper size, which I think ought not to be less than 24-inch cylinder." On the 16th of the same month he again wrote the Chancellor, "I hope to hear your opinion of throwing wheels over the sides, as I am perfectly convinced from variety of experiments of the superiority of those we have adopted."

Their apparatus was a system of paddles, resembling a horizontal chain-pump, set in motion by an engine of Watt's construction. We know that such a plan, if inferior to paddle-wheels, might answer the purpose; it, however, failed, in consequence of the weakness of the vessel, which changing its figure dislocated the parts of the engine. Their joint proceedings were interrupted by the appointment of Chancellor Livingston to represent the American Government in France. Stevens, however, undiscouraged, continued his experiments at Hoboken, while Livingston carried to Europe the most sanguine expectations of success. Previous to these attempts, Nicholas J. Roosevelt and R. R. Livingston had made some experiments in steam-navigation, the detailed account of which has been preserved in a pamphlet entitled "*A Lost Chapter in the History of the Steamboat*," by J. H. B. Latrobe, published by the Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore, March, 1871.

In this connection the following letter from the late Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt published in the *New York Times* of 20 April, 1905, is of interest:

I cannot allow the discussion of this subject to pass without putting in the claim of the Roosevelt family for the practical discovery of the steamboat. I trusted that some other member of the family who had the actual proofs in his possession would come forward, but we are rather careless in claiming credit—especially when the public has made up its mind in another direction.

It has always been a tradition with us that my grand-uncle Nicholas J. Roosevelt first ran a model steamboat as finally adopted by Fulton and made a success by him. He was connected with Fitch by marriage⁴ and business, and together they afterward exploited the Western waters, leaving Fulton the Hudson.

All our correspondents admit the true point at issue—that is, the use of the

⁴ His daughter married Russell Fitch.

revolving paddle-wheel. Long ago I saw roughly drawn a picture of our first steamboat on the Collect Pond in this city. This picture was in the possession of my cousin, Clinton Roosevelt, since deceased, and showed the little boat with side wheels and paddles, much as they are made to-day.

You will find models of boats with oars propelled by steam. These were failures, and the little steamboat of my relative led the way for the wonderful invention which Fulton made successful, for which he deserves, as he has received, all the credit. That picture, however, is irrefutable proof of the discovery, and it must be in existence either with the Pelham branch of the family or the Latrobes of Baltimore, if either will take the trouble to look it up. I cannot be mistaken, as I remember it so well that I could almost draw it from memory. I do not like to seem to ignore or abandon our claim, which has been quietly maintained for nearly a century.

In addition to the picture there was a quantity of other evidence and information, and quite a bundle of papers. I saw all these several times, the last time I think in the hands of Lieut. Nicholas Roosevelt.

(Signed)

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

New York, April 18, 1905.

This drew out the following letter by Mr. J. H. Morrison, published in the *New York Times*, 21 April, 1905:

The old question of "Who built the first steamboat?" has broken out again in this country, and for myself I do not see that any new evidence has been brought forward by either side to establish its claim more fully than when Fulton and others were protecting their steamboat interests in this State about ninety years ago, when John Fitch was shown to have moved the first vessel by steam in this country. When it is asked who built the first *successful* steamboat there is but one answer—Robert Fulton in his *Clermont*.

I note in to-day's *Times* that your correspondent Robert B. Roosevelt, in an article on steam navigation, says in referring to Nicholas J. Roosevelt: 'He was connected with Fitch by marriage and business, and together they afterward exploited the Western waters, leaving Fulton the Hudson.'

In this your correspondent is in error, from all the documents and papers bearing on the subject that I have ever seen. Nicholas J. Roosevelt was engaged in experiments with steam navigation in connection with Livingston and Stevens before Fulton had made any trials. He was sent by Fulton and those interested with him to Pittsburg in 1811 to superintend the building of the first steam vessel on

the Western river, named the New Orleans, Fulton and others having an exclusive privilege to use steam vessels on the Mississippi River. I do not think that Roosevelt and Fitch were engaged in any business enterprise together. As John Fitch died in 1798, Roosevelt and he could not have been engaged in any steamboat enterprise on the Western rivers.

(Signed)

J. H. MORRISON.

Author "History of American Steam Navigation."

Brooklyn, April 20, 1905.

LATER INVENTORS.

Among those who worked on the steamboat idea between the first inventions of Rumsey and Fitch, and the successful inauguration of steam navigation by Fulton, Livingston and Stevens were Nathan Read, William Longstreet, Capt. Samuel Morey, Elijah Ormsbee and Oliver Evans.

Nathan Read of Salem, Mass., a graduate of Harvard, sought to improve the first models of Rumsey and Fitch, and obtained a United States patent in 1791 for a tubular boiler thirteen years before the similar Stevens invention, and in 1789 constructed a steamboat, using a Watt engine that was viewed by a committee of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, which testified to the importance of his improvements. Admiral Preble says: "The first patents issued under the authority of the United States were the Read, Fitch, Rumsey and Stevens, under date 22 August, 1791. Read's was for his portable furnace tubular boiler; Fitch's for applying steam to draw water in at the bow and force it out at the stern of the vessel: Rumsey's for propelling boats by means of the reaction of a stream of water forced by the agency of steam through a cylinder parallel to the keel, out of the stern: Stevens's was for propelling his boat in a like way. The patents of Rumsey, Fitch and Stevens clashed in several particulars, but neither interfered with the patent of Read."

William Longstreet of New Jersey, in 1790 constructed a model on a different plan from Fulton's that made five miles an hour on the Savannah River. He died in 1814.

Capt. Samuel Morey of Connecticut, son of General Israel Morey, moved to Oxford, N. H., and ran a boat built on his own plan in 1790 from Hartford to New York at the rate of five miles an hour. It was the sixth steamboat operated in the United States. Returning, he was accom-

panied by Chancellor Livingston, Edward Livingston, John Stevens of New Jersey, and several others as far as Greenwich, Ct., and in a letter to William A. Duer says that he told Livingston and Fulton that he claimed the right to take out a patent for the use of two wheels on a steamboat. He operated the eighth steamboat in the United States at Burlington, N. J., in June, 1797. He died in 1843, aged 71.

Elijah Ormsbee of Providence, R. I., began experiments in 1792 and ran a boat successfully between Providence and Pawtucket.

Oliver Evans of Newport, Del., worked on steam engines and made many important improvements. In 1804 he built his "Eructor Amphibolis," a combined locomotive and steamboat. He predicted automobiles, air ships, railways, and the utilization of steamboats on the Mississippi, but died in 1819, aged 64, without having seen any of these predictions realized.

The pioneer period of steam navigation had now closed; and under the distinguished patronage of Chancellor Livingston and Col. John C. Stevens of Hoboken, both of whom were inventors as well, the new and more brilliant era of Fulton and his successors was inaugurated.

THE FIRST AMERICAN STEAMBOATS.

According to Admiral Preble, but with the boats of Read, Longstreet and Ormsbee included, which he omitted, the first American steamboats successfully navigated were as follows:

1. John Fitch on the Schuylkill.....27 July, 1786
2. John Fitch on the Delaware.....23 August, 1787
3. James Rumsey on the Potomac.....3 December, 1787
4. John Fitch on the Delaware.....June, 1788
5. John Fitch on the Delaware.....December, 1789
- Nathan Read at Salem, Mass.....1789
6. Capt. Samuel Morey on the Connecticut.....1790
- William Longstreet on the Savannah.....1790
- Elijah Ormsbee at Providence, R. I.....1792
7. John Fitch on Collect Pond, N. Y.....1796
8. Capt. Samuel Morey on the Connecticut.....1797
9. Chancellor Livingston and Nisbet on the Hudson.....1797

10. John Fitch on the Ohio.....1798
11. Nicholas Roosevelt, Chancellor Livingston and Col. Stevens
 at N. Y.....1798
 After Fulton's success on the Seine in.....1803
 Chancellor Livingston received a New York patent and monopoly 5
April, 1803.
12. Oliver Evans on the Delaware.....1804
13. John Stevens on the Hudson.....1804
14. John Stevens on the Hudson.....1806
15. Robert Fulton's Clermont on the Hudson.....1807

WINCHESTER FITCH,

Registrar of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society.

(Quoted from 1906 Report of the Am. Scenic and Historic Preservation Society.)

NEW YORK CITY.



THE HISTORICAL CONGRESS AT MILAN.

THE first Historical Congress of the Risorgimento, which met last week at Milan, excited an unexpected interest in Italy, and served as a forum for discussions which may find an application at home. The Risorgimento, which has come to be accepted as the specific name for the movement by which Italy became free, independent, and united, is now recognized as a closed period, which lends itself with peculiar fitness to historical study. For Italians, it is the period of national birth, of the flowering of patriotism, of ideals and sacrifices and heroisms, and of the redemption of their race from political servitude and from moral and intellectual abasement. For strangers, the Risorgimento offers the most remarkable modern example of racial regeneration—a story beyond all others rich in romance and in dramatic contrast, a stage on which many personages of striking features played their various parts and brought to a solution problems which had long tormented Europe. It has the three elements—characters, incidents, significance—which make human history more important than the record of quadrupeds.

The Risorgimento closed in 1870 with the fall of the temporal power, and the creation of Rome as the national capital. Its beginning dates from the French Revolution, which broke up the old conditions, although Carducci would go back to 1749, the year when the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle took effect. The new generation which has grown up since 1870 has devoted itself with exuberant zeal to the collection of memorials of the Risorgimento—partly from natural veneration and wholesome hero-worship, partly as a relief from the unheroic politics of recent decades. The great actors in the drama have passed away, so their lives are being studied, their letters edited, their biographies written. The public archives have been put in order, and are now, with many important exceptions, accessible. The old men who survive to bear witness to the glorious image of 1848, or to the realized day-dream of 1860, publish their recollections as copiously as our own veterans of the Civil War. Antiquaries and specialists hunt down every relic, every scrap of paper. In the chief cities museums have been opened, into which material of all kinds has poured; and various journals, generally local, have been

established for the publication of noteworthy articles and of sources. It was time that the workers in this field should get together and confer on the best methods of arrangement or lay down some uniform rules if, indeed, uniformity be desirable.

Some of the most fruitful work of the congress concerned these matters. The discussion of the museums at once brought out two antagonistic points of view. On one side were the advocates of the museum as a sort of patriotic storage battery. They held that its first object should be to display memorabilia of all kinds that may awaken in the visitor veneration for the great man or the great event, and so kindle his patriotic sentiment. In one visitor this sentiment may be stirred by the sight of Garibaldi's scarlet kerchief, in another by Mazzini's penholder, in a third by one of Cavour's letters, in a fourth by the gauntlet Victor Emmanuel wore at San Martino. As there is no means by which you can divine what particular thing will be the effective stimulus in any given case, you must make your museum as hospitable and as miscellaneous as possible. "A poor widow, whose husband, a common soldier, was killed at Solferino, keeps his blood-stained coat as a holy relic for forty years, and bequeathes it to our collection. Am I to reject it?" asked Professor Corio, the able director of the Milan Museum of the Risorgimento. "Are we to display the memorials of great personages only? Shall not the patriotism of the private, who gave his life on the battlefield, have its recognition? There are no degrees of more or less in supreme sacrifice. That coat may mean nothing to the student of history by documents; but it may mean a great deal to the public school pupils, the peasants, the common soldiers, who visit the museum in great numbers."

This position was traversed by the professional investigators and writers who insisted that the collections ought to be arranged scientifically, like those of natural history or archæology, for the benefit of scholars. The stimulation of patriotic emotion was all very well, they admitted, but it would be fleeting and ineffectual unless it were based on a rational understanding, and this could be reached only through a scientific treatment of the material. A museum should be more than an old curiosity shop or a precinct for the exhibition of patriotic fetiches.

To this Professor Corio replied with much vigor, and he took the discussion out of the region of theory by stating that last year 106,000 persons visited the Milan museum. "How many of these were professional students of history? Very few. Our duty is to serve the interests

of the hundred thousand and not of the few scores or hundreds. And, after all, the archives, with their scientific methods, are the proper working-place for the latter." The divergence of opinions being too great for either side to give way, a resolution was passed expressing the hope of the congress that the Risorgimento museums might continue to be centers of patriotic education and stimulus and at the same time serve the purpose of serious historical students.

In the United States we have no such collections, either in scope or detail, as those which have been established at Turin, Milan, Venice, Palermo, and other Italian cities; but the questions, what to accept, and how to arrange, must already have come up in many of our historical societies. As an illustration of the thoroughness with which the Italians are working, let me cite the Milan Museum, which has three or four rooms devoted to Garibaldi and his men. Here are photographs of him by the score; views of his battlefields, autograph letters, his uniform, his weapons, his books, the portraits of a large number of his Thousand, with special relics of many of them, saddles, swords, camp materials, letters, and additional memorabilia of his famous volunteers and captains, Manara, Mameli, Bixio, Mario, and the rest. A study of this material would enable the historian to visualize the Garibaldian legend as he could do in no other way. Would it not be well to make a similar collection of Lincoln memorabilia before they have all fallen into the hands of dealers and private collectors? From now on the camera and the phonograph may be expected to play a large part in recording the deeds and words that go to make up history, and it is more than probable that the history professor of the future will illustrate his lectures by the cinematograph; but even these devices can never take the place of the actual dress or document or weapon of historic personages.

The congress discussed further the best way to encourage the study of the Risorgimento in the public schools; to promote the preservation of material in provincial centers; to persuade the Government to permit free access to the archives; and to urge the addition of special courses on contemporary Italian history to the university curriculum. Several of the professors present agreed as to the ignorance of the young generation. The importance of medals and coins as a subsidiary source of history was brought out by Prof. S. Ricci, an expert medallist, who has published a valuable work on Risorgimento numismatics. The collective work of the congress was concluded by the formation of a National Society for the

History of the Risorgimento, one of whose functions will be the publication of a review similar to that which Professor Manzone founded ten years ago, but had to abandon from lack of support.

Besides these general discussions, the congress listened to some dozen memoirs, several of which examined minutely a special event, while others sought to establish general conclusions. To the former belonged Signor E. Ghisi's paper on the tri-color flag in Italy from 1796 to 1814, Prof. A. Micheli's paper on Tito Speri, and Prof. G. Riva's account of Garibaldi's retreat on Monza in 1848. To the latter belonged memoirs by the two American delegates—on the relations between Italy and the United States from 1837 to 1870, by H. Nelson Gay of Rome, and a parallel between Cavour and Bismarck, by your correspondent. Mr. Gay's monograph, enriched by citations from the archives of the American embassy, and from the inedited papers of the late George P. Marsh, was received with much favor, and many references were made to his magnificent collection, which now numbers some 30,000 titles, of works on the Risorgimento. A special exhibit of Risorgimento relics was opened. There was a farewell banquet, pleasantly informal, at which Dr. L. Pastro, the last survivor of the Belfiore victims of 1853, was the hero—a living historical document. It would hardly have been more surprising to have had Silvio Pellico or Gonfalonieri there, so remote do the Mazzinian conspiracies seem from present conditions. After all, it is not by lapse of years but by qualitative changes that the historian measures time.—*Evening Post*, N. Y.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

FLORENCE, November 12.



COMMUNICATION.

QUEEN HOTEL, CHESTER, *England*, Dec. 12.

DEAR EDITOR:

I have found to-day in the Cathedral here, some American items which may be of interest to your readers. First, the flag (or rather flags, for there are two of them) borne by Wolfe's army at the capture of Quebec, 1759. It is said that after Wolfe was wounded, he was covered with one of them.

I think the more appropriate place for them would be the city of Quebec itself.

The second item is an inscription:

George Clarke of Hyde, Esquire, who was formerly lieutenant-governor of New York, and afterwards became resident in this city. He died January 12, 1760, aged 84 years, and was interred in this chapel.

The third is a similar inscription:

Sacred to the memory of Frederick Philipse, Esquire, late of the Province of New York, a gentleman in whom the various social, domestic, and religious virtue were eminently united. The uniform rectitude of his conduct commanded the esteem of others, whilst the benevolence of his heart, and gentleness of his manners, secured their love. Firmly attached to his Sovereign and the British Constitution, he opposed, at the hazard of his life, the late rebellion in North America, and for the faithful discharge of his duty to his King and country, he was proscribed, and his estate, one of the largest in New York, was confiscated by the usurped (*sic*) Legislature of that Province. When the British troops were withdrawn from New York in 1783, he quitted a province to which he had always been an ornament & benefactor, and came to England, leaving his property behind him; which reverse of fortune he bore with that calmness, fortitude and dignity which had distinguished him through every stage of life.

He was born in New York the 12th day of September, in the year 1720, and died in this place the 30th day of April, in the year 1785, aged 65 years.

C. M. BURTON.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR AT WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., 1778.

(Communicated by Lewis S. Patrick, Esq., Marinette, Wis.)

IN the beginning of the autumn of 1778 the greater part of Washington's army was encamped around White Plains, about twenty-five miles from the (then) city of New York.

Sullivan was holding Rhode Island to the best of his ability, while the French fleet, from which so much had been expected, had proven a great disappointment and had finally gone to Boston to repair damages. What to do under the circumstances—whether to put the army in march for Rhode Island, or to stay and attempt an attack on New York, or at least such a demonstration as might cause the recall of the British from Rhode Island—was the problem. To solve it, Washington called a Council of War at headquarters (and, with one exception, no other council was called before the army went into winter quarters.) The records, now in the State Department, Washington, have not before been published.

The question, under three different heads, was considered by a council of war, held "at headquarters¹ in Camp at White Plains, Sept. 1st, 1778: present, the Commander-in-Chief, Major Generals DeKalb, Gates, Lincoln, McDougall, Putnam and Stirling; Brigadiers Clinton (James), DuPortail, Huntington, Knox, Muhlenberg, Nixon, Parsons, Paterson, Poor, Scott, Smallwood, Wayne and Woodford."

The three heads were:

1. Whether any operations can be undertaken at the present juncture by this Army and of what kind: Whether a movement of the whole or a principal part of it to the Eastward will be advisable, and afford a prospect of advantage.

2. In case a movement to the Eastward should be thought proper, what measures and precautions should be taken for the security of the Highland passes?

¹ Whether at the Miller house, which was Headquarters in 1776, or elsewhere, is uncertain. Our inquiries on the subject, at White Plains, have not been answered.—Ed.

3. Or whether an attempt, with such a probability of success as will justify it, can be made upon New York in its present circumstances.

In determining the foregoing points, the General requests that the Council will take into view the practicability of supplying the Army with provisions, if it should be judged expedient to move to the Eastward.

The Commander-in-Chief states to the Council that by a Letter of the 23d ultimo from General Sullivan, it appears that the French fleet under the command of His Excellency Vice-Admiral Count D'Estaing, in consequence of damage sustained in a violent storm off the coast, and from other weighty considerations, had left Rhode Island on the 21st, on their way to Boston, there to refit. That by another Letter of the 29th he is informed General Sullivan and the Troops under his command had, the preceding evening, retreated from the position they before occupied, to the Northeast end of the Island; when an action² had ensued, in which the American Troops were finally successful, though not without considerable loss. He further informs them that by various accounts from New York and other places, the Enemy some time since had detached a body of about twelve hundred men under General Tryon, on a foraging party on Long Island, which was last heard of at Setocket. That besides this, other Troops had from time to time passed over to Long Island, amounting in the whole, according to intelligence, to a considerable number. That some days since, a Fleet of about sixty sail of Transports, great and small, had proceeded Eastward through the Sound: in which it is supposed the Troops or part of them on Long Island had embarked: and some reports say under the command of General Clinton, for the relief of Rhode Island.

That if the Detachments said to have been sent to Rhode Island are really gone, the number of the Enemy's troops there will amount to — and the number of those remaining at New York and its dependencies about 9000. That our forces at this post is 12,772 rank and file fit for duty, exclusive of men returned on command.

His Excellency finally informs the Council that a Gentleman who came express from Rhode Island assures him that he met an officer, belonging to the *Languedoc*, one of the French fleet, the 27th of August, in the Evening, at Providence, going with despatches to General Sullivan, who informed him of the arrival of the French fleet at Boston, which had been joined by the *Cesar*, a 74 Gun ship separated in the storm, and who,

² This was the battle of Butts' Hill. [Ed.]

he also understood, mentioned that the fleet, consisting of ten sail of the line and three frigates, was on the point of leaving Boston, or had sailed for Rhode Island and would be there by the time of his (the Gentleman's) return.

The Commander in Chief, having stated these facts for the consideration of the Council, requests their opinion.

(Here follow the three questions already stated).

Of the nineteen replies, only two, Lincoln and DuPortail, favored an eastward demonstration, Parsons leaned towards an attack on New York, Gates professed to be so much in the dark about everything that he would not venture any opinion. The rest³ except Putnam, were more or less against either proposition—Knox at great length, Paterson, Scott, Wayne and Woodford very short. Putnam alone openly favored an attack on New York. We quote his opinion as very characteristic, made more so by his archaic spelling:

As his Excelancy ginrol Washenton requested that Each ginrol ofesor shuld transmit to him his opinyon in riting what was beast to be don in this criticl time, whuthor the army ought to move, and which way, I give it as my opinyon that it would not answor any good porposes to remove Estward, as the Enimy have sent such a re-inforsment as is suposed to rod island they must have don what thay intended before any re-inforsment could posably arive from this; and it is my opinyon a move from this towards New York would answor many good porposes, for I think it must Disconsart thar Plans much mor then to follow them and freting the men with such long marches, as thay can so easley return by wator at plesuer: and I think any Plan thay may have formed against Coneticut or Boston our move towards New York will have an atendanc to Draw thar troops back again, for thay never will give a cartinty for an uncartanty, as thay have New York now in posstion thay will not give up that cartanty to try to regain Boston, whare thay must be shut up much mor closly than upon any plas upon the continant which thar own Experonc tels them.

I am your Excelancy's

most obedunt humbel Sarvunt

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

("Old Put" was right about Boston and New York: the British never ventured their "cartanty" in the enjoyment of the latter, for the "uncartanty" of the former.—Ed.)

³ Clinton's opinion is not given in the record.

EXTRACTS FROM BRITISH ARCHIVES

ON THE FAMILIES OF HALEY, HALLEY, PIKE, ETC.

IN the *Scottish Notes and Queries*, Aberdeen, second series, vii., 176, are the following remarks over the signature of John Milne, LL. D.:

"There is a Celtic word *pic*, a point. It is prefixed to many pointed mountains in France, being a remnant of the Celtic tongue once spoken there. It is common in Aberdeenshire in the name *Piketillum*, from *pic*, point; and *tolm*, a hill or hillock. In Kincardine a long piece of slate pencil is called a pike. In the Register of the Town Council of Aberdeen the name of a man who lived at Justice Mill is Thomas Myll, and Thomas Myll. So a man who lived at or on a pointed hill would be in early times 'of' Pike, and later simply Pike. Mr. 'McPike' would be the son of Mr. 'Pike.'"

The foregoing explanation, however true of Scotland, does not necessarily reveal the origin of the English and Irish surname Pike. This same subject, as hereinbefore intimated, has previously been discussed in *Scottish Notes and Queries*, and in *The Celtic Monthly*, vol. 14, page 170.

"The Genealogist's Guide," by George W. Marshall; Guildford, 1893, contains numerous references to the families of Pike, Pyke, Hales and Hawley, while it cites the three works named below, on Hayley:

Gentleman's Magazine, 1827, i. 204. "The Worthies of Sussex," by M. A. Lower, 154. *Notes and Queries*, London, sixth series, vol. v., page 119.

Barber's "British Family Names," London, 1894, says that Hayley is "from Haylie; a local name, Largs., Scotl." This suggests a dual origin of the British surname, Hayley, which Lower says is derived from a chapelry in Oxfordshire.

The early history of the Hayley family in Virginia has been investigated by Mr. W. H. Hayley of Waynesville, N. C., from whose collections the items following are given:

From Judge N. S. Turnbull, Laurenceville, Va., March 5, 1906: "Jas. Hayley was in Commission of the Peace so early as 1753, as Gentleman Justice in Brunswick County. Henry Hayley was in Commission, in 1784, in Greenville County, which was formed from Brunswick in 1781 and they [Hayleys] no doubt fell in that county. *William and Mary Magazine* shows that Hayleys were of Warwick County as early as 1671, and that James Hayley was security on the marriage-bond of Wm. Brent and Margaret Haynes in Lancaster county 7 Jan., 1723-4, but he might have just gone over to this county with his friend to assist at the marriage."

From B. F. Martin of Conway, N. C., whose mother was a Hayley, daughter of Henry Hayley, son of John Hayley of Greenville county, Virginia: "The first Hayley's name I found in Records of Northampton county, N. C., was James Hayley of Brunswick county, Va., maker of deed to one Evans in 1751."

"Sept. 5, 1796. Deed of Gift of some negroes from Holiday Hayley to Wm. Hayley, both of Northampton county, N. C. On same date, deed of gift from Holiday Hayley of Northampton Co., and James Hayley of Greenville Co., Va., of some negroes to his (*sic*) son, Holiday Hayley of Washington Co., Ga."

"1808, deed from Wm. Hayley to Holiday Hayley."

"1811, deed from Elizabeth Hayley of Greenville Co., Va., to one Epps."

"1813, Holiday Hayley's land division drawn by James, Eliza and Holiday Hayley."

"1815, Dec. Court for Northampton Co., N. C., on the petition of Benj. Hayley, orphan of James Hayley, deceased, by Benj. Person, his Guardian (*find* Book No. 17, page 167). Division of land drawn by Martha, Benj., William and James Hayley."

"1815, Division of Henry Hayley's land drawn by the same heirs above, Benj., William, James and Martha."

"1815, Another division of one William Hayley, drawn by James, Eliza and Holiday Hayley."

"Deed from Holiday Hayley of Washington Co., Ga., to one Brown of Greenville Co., Va."

"Jan. 20, 1824. Deed from Benj. Hayley to Brown of Greenville Co., Va., his undivided interest in the lands of his uncle Henry Hayley."

"Jan. 12, 1824. Deed from Benj. Hayley to Joel Key for the land he received from his father James Hayley (book 22, page 178) which shows that this James Hayley was your [W. H. Hayley's] great-grandfather."

"My [B. F. Martin's] people lived in Greenville Co., Va., and the bridge across the Meherrin (*sic*) River where they lived has always been known as Hayley's bridge. Note that none of the people had middle names."

It appears that upon selling out in Northampton, in 1824, Benj. Hayley removed to Madison County, Tennessee, where Mr. W. H. Hayley's father was born in 1835. Benj. Hayley died at Desarc, Ark., Jan. 27, 1872, and on his tombstone is this inscription.

"BENJAMIN HAYLEY
Born Jan. 18, 1802.
Died Jan. 27, 1872.
Aged 70 years and 9 days."

Mr. Mark Rogers Hayley, Florence, Ala., writes Oct. 11, 1904: "I do not know the given names of my grandparents. They lived in Northampton Co., N. C., where my father, James Turner Hayley, was born. He removed to Franklin Co., Ala., about 1844, and died in June, 1862. He had one brother, William Holiday Hayley, who died without issue, and two sisters whose names I do not recall."

Persons interested in the subject of "Unclaimed Estates in England," should send for a copy of the pamphlet bearing that title, published by the U. S. Department of State, Washington, D. C.

An item on Humphrey Halley appeared in the London *Notes and Queries*, tenth series, vol. 6, page 69 (July 28, 1906).

The writer has acquired one of a limited edition of one hundred copies of "Richard Peeke of Tavistock," published by J. G. Commin, Exeter, England, with an introduction by J. Brooking Rowe, containing a few genealogical notes.

Two items on Gavin Drummond appear in *Scottish Notes and*

Queries, Aberdeen, second series, vol. 7, p. 173, and vol. 8, p. 30, touching, also, the families of Halley, Pike and Stuart. "Gavin Drummond graduated M. A., at King's College, Aberdeen, on 6th May, 1712, and is entered as being from Perth county. . . . The Drummonds, as everyone knows, were closely related to the Royal Family of Scotland." Therefore, the quotation previously given herein from "Westminster Abbey Registers," on Gavin Drummond, seems to be highly significant.

Christopher Pike and Katherine Washington were married 25 Jan. 1623, according to "Register . . . of Parish of St. Paule . . . Canterbury," edited by Joseph Meadows Cowper, Harleian Society, 1893.

The will of Richard Ellies, citizen and haberdasher, of London, dated 15 Aug., 1625; proved 26 Aug. 1625 (Clarke, 86, P. C. C.) mentions: "Sister Washington and god-daughter Anne Washington . . . Sister Hallye. Brother Humfrey Hally . . . Brothers Mr. Francis Mewce, Mr. Edmund Mewce & Christopher Mewce." See "Genealogical Gleanings in England," by Henry F. Waters, A. M., vol. 1, p. 383; Boston, 1901. This latter work cites (*ibid.*) the "Visitations of Northamptonshire, 1564 and 1618-19," published by the Harleian Society, London, 1887; see page 114 thereof giving a pedigree of Mewce of Holdenby (related closely to Washington family) which mentions Katherine, wife of . . . Hawley of London. It appears certain that the last two were identical with Katherine Mewce and Humfrey Hally or Hawley of London.

Marriage license granted by the Bishop of London, 8 April, 1614, to Samuel Plunket and Elizabeth Pike, of Leigh, Essex, widow of Humphrey Pike, late of Leigh aforesaid, Mariner, deceased half a year since; [married] at St. Catherine Cree Church, London. See Harl. Soc., vol. 26 for 1887, page 26.

Humphrey Hawley of Stepney, Middlesex, married July 3, 1626 (*ibid.*, p. 171).

In "British Family Names," by Henry Barber, London, 1894, the surname Pyke is said to be derived from the *Flemish* Pycke, a personal name. In the same place a cross reference is given to Peak, while under Pike, the reader is again directed to Peake. Peak is given as of Scandinavian or Teutonic origin; all personal names.

A query on the Pike or Pyke family of Edinburgh, Scotland, 1750,

and on the ancestry of James McPike, was printed in *The Celtic Monthly*, Glasgow, for April, 1906 (xiv., 130). Replies may follow.

Marriage, March 7, 1613; Humphrey Smith and Alice Duppa of East Greenwich. (Cf. "The Register of the . . . Church of S. Margaret, Lee, in . . . Kent, from 1579 to 1754;" page 3; Lee, 1888).

"The Visitation of Heralds, London, 1634-5" (vol. 17 of Harleian Society Publications) is the authority for Queenhithe branch of Pyke family. The Edward Pyke, dyer, therein mentioned would be the one in Haberdasher family of Pyke that knew the Halleys of London; all in the neighborhood of The Bank of England part of city as now constituted.

The quest for Halleys in Derbyshire has not so far been successful but Devonshire appears more promising.

EUGENE F. MCPIKE.

CHICAGO

(To be continued)



ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

NEW YORK CITY DURING THE YELLOW FEVER, 1822

LETTER FROM ARCHIBALD C. ROBERTSON TO COLONEL JOHN TRUMBULL, AT ALBANY.

["The first case was on June 17—it spread rapidly, business was entirely suspended in August and part of September, and the only sounds to break the terrible stillness were the rumbling of hearses and the footsteps of doctors and nurses. High board fences shut off each infected street or district below the City Hall.

The Customs House, Postoffice, banks, insurance offices, etc., all removed to upper Broadway and Greenwich Village." R. W. Hartley, letter Sept. 1, in *Mrs. Lamb's History of the City of New York*, p. 682.]

NEW YORK 17 October 1822

DEAR SIR:

Last week I gave you some account of the situation of the city—in continuation I have to state that the Park and its neighborhood remains in *statu quo*—with the exception of 3 small stores on Broadway between Chambers & Warren streets. In the former street I observed yesterday 2 houses open for air & cleaning—near the Washington market I understand several houses & stores are opened this week—some market people attend there & a few sloops at the wharves—no change yet in Park place—Mr. Rogers ventilates your house as usual where everything remains safe. I shall hope you may be able to return by 1 Nov: in point of safety you might be there now—but it is too gloomy for a residence. The first part of this week was cold & chilly—but yesterday & to-day warm. There was a white frost at the Academy,¹ and probably you (had) it black at Albany.

Altho' the city is deserted below, it is found there is sufficient population above² to fill the Theatre very respectably every night. Our neighbors the Murray family are all well—John & wife went to Baltimore a few days ago—Uncle Joe S. . . . continues part of their family till it is safe to go to Pearl Street.

As soon as any particular change takes place in persons moving in

¹ Trumbull was then president of the American Academy of Fine Arts, the germ of the present National Academy of Design.

² Probably above Chambers Street.

Park place or the neighboring streets, I shall advise you of it—at all events I shall write you again next week. Mrs. R. and the family (who are all well) unite in best wishes to Mrs. T. and yourself.

Very truly yours

A. C. ROBERTSON.

Since writing the above I have come down to the Academy & learn from Mr. Rogers that your large servant woman called on him this morning, to know when you would return—he requested her to call again in a week. He has been at Washington market this morning, where he finds bustle increasing—in the market—& houses opening &c on that side of the city people may be a little more daring at present—altho' times may change—yesterday we had 2 cases and 2 deaths reported—to-day we have 9 cases & 3 deaths, principally on the East side of the city.

JOHN TRUMBULL, Esq., Albany.

LETTER OF JOHN BROWN OF OSSAWATTOMIE TO GEORGE KELLOGG.

HUDSON, *Summit Co., Ohio*, 1840.

DEAR SIR:

Since my removal from Franklin to this place I have learned that two letters have been received for me at that place from Vernon, but I have been obliged to let them lie for want of Money to pay the postage. That means are so very limited is in consequence of my being left penyles for the time being, by the assignment and disposal of my property with no less than a family of ten children to provide for, the sickness of my wife and three of my oldest children since that time, and the most severe pressure generally for want of money ever known in this Country. Specie is almost out of the question and nothing but specie will pay our postage. . . . I learned a good while after the delivery of the Flour and Wool, to my further mortification and sorrow that they had not been forwarded when I expected, but was assured they should be immediately. I hope they have been received safe, and I most earnestly hope that the Divine Providence will yet enable me to make you full amends for all the wrong I have done, and to give you and my abused friend Whitman (whose name I feel ashamed to mention) some evidence that the injury I have occasioned was not premeditated and intentional at least.

JOHN BROWN.

AN EXCEEDINGLY INTERESTING LETTER, DISPLAYING FRANKLIN'S GREAT
BUSINESS SAGACITY

[Autograph letter of Franklin to William Strahan, the London publisher (the same to whom he afterwards, at the beginning of the Revolution, addressed the famous letter with its characteristic ending: "You are now my enemy, and I am Yours B. Franklin.")]

Philad. April 29, 1749.

SIR.

I suppose Mr Hall will acquaint you that I have settled with him for those Things you sent me that were charg^d in his Invoice. Enclos'd are the following Bills, viz

Richard Grahams—	£22.0.0.
James McNabs—	3.10.0
Hammond & Cos—	2.13.7
Do —	8.8.0
Do —	9.0.0

45:11.7

which with my Sons Wages, and a Remittance I order'd you from the W. Indies, and suppose may be in your Hands before the Time, will I imagine near ballance our Acc^{ts}

In a former Letter I promis'd to write you largely about your Affair with Mr Read, and the Measures taken to recover your Money. Before I receiv'd your Power of Attorney and Acc^t. there was a Misunderstanding between us, occasioned by his endeavouring to get a small Office from me (Clerk to the Assembly) which I took the more amiss as we had always been good Friends and the Office could not have been of much Service to him the Salary being small; but valuable to me; as a Means of Securing the Publick Business to our Printing House. So as we were not on Speaking Terms when your Acc^t. came to hand and the influence I had over him as Friend become little or nothing it was some Time before I mentioned it to him. But at length the Ice was broke in the following Manner. I have a Friend in the Country that assisted me when I first set up, whose Affairs have lately been in some Disorder (occasion'd

chiefly by his too great good Nature) his Creditors coming in the same time in a Crowd upon Him. I had made up with several of them for him, but M^r Read being employ'd in one small Case (a Debt of 12£ only) early on (by some Contrivance in the Law which I dont understand) a private Action against him, by summoning him in this County when he lives in another, and obtain'd a Judgment against him without his or my knowing anything of the matter; and then came to me, knowing I had a great Affection for M^r Grace, and in a very insulting Manner ask'd, "*What shall I do with your Friend Grace? I have got Judgment against him, and must take out Execution if the Debt is not immediately satisfy'd &c.*" Upon inquiring into the Matter, and understanding how it had been carry'd on I grew a little warm, blam'd his Practice as irregular and unfair, and his Conduct towards M^r Grace, to whom his Father and Family had been much oblig'd, as ungrateful; and find¹ that since he look'd on me as M^r Grace's Friend, he should have told me of the Action before he commenc'd it, that I might have prevented it, and sav'd the Charges arising on it; and his not doing so could be only from a View to the small Fees it procur'd him, in carrying it thro' all the Courts, &c.—He justify'd his Practice, and said it was legal & frequent; deny'd that his Father or Family were under any Obligations to M^r Grace; Alleg'd that Grace had us'd him ill in employing another Lawyer as some of his own Actions, when at the same Time he owed him near Five Pounds; and added haughtily that he was determin'd to sue Grace on his own Acc^t. if not speedily paid; and so saying left me very abruptly.—I thought this a good Opportunity of introducing your Affair, imagining that a Consciousness of his ill Behaviour toward my Friend would pique him to make immediate Payment. Accordingly I wrote him a Letter the next Day, of which I send you the rough Draft enclos'd, together with his Answer; since which several other Letters pass'd on the same Subject, of which I have no Copies. All I insisted on, since he declar'd his Inability to pay at present, was, that he should give you his Bond, so that in Case of his Death you might come in for Payment prior to common Creditors and that he should allow you Interest from the Time the Money became due in the common Court of Payments. He agreed to give his Bond, but it has been delay'd from time to time till this Day, when on my writing to him again, to know what Amount I should send you, I receiv'd from him the enclos'd Billet, in which he refuses to allow Interest for

¹ (said?)—probably copyist's error.

the Time past, As he cannot be compelled to pay Interest on a Book Acct. I desired him then to fill up and execute a Bond to you for the Principal & he might settle the Affair of the Interest with you hereafter. Accordingly he has just now done it, so that Interest will arise for the time to come:—But as he threatens to pay very speedily, and I am persuaded may easily do it by the help of his Relations, who are wealthy, I hope you will not have much Interest to receive.—He has a great many good qualities for which I love him; but I believe he is, as you say, sometimes a little crazy.—If the Debt were to me, I could not sue him; so I believe you will not desire me to do it for you; but he shall not want Pressing (tho' I scarcely ever dun for myself) because I think his Relations may and will help him if properly apply'd to; and Mr Hall thinks with me, that urging him frequently may make him more considerate, and induce him to abridge some of his unnecessary Expenses. The Bond is made payable in a Month from the Day; and, for your Encouragement I may add that notwithstanding what he affects to say of the Badness of his Circumstances, I look on the Debt to be far from desperate.

Please to send me Chambers' Dictionary, the best Edition and charge it on Mr Halls invoice My Compliments to Mrs Strahan: My Dame writes to her, I am, with great Esteem and Affections,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged Friend,
& humble Serv^t

B. FRANKLIN.

LETTER OF FRANKLIN TO WILLIAM STRAHAN

[Letter of Franklin to William Strahan, of London, showing that the author of "Poor Richard" had at that time the firm intention of leaving America to settle in England. (From the Pennypacker collection.)]

PORTSMOUTH, Monday, Aug^t 23, 1762.

DEAR SIR:

I have been two Nights on board expecting to sail, but the Wind continuing contrary, am just now come on shore again, & have met with your kind Letter of the 20th.—I thank you even for the Reproofs it contains, tho' I have not altogether deserved them.—I cannot, I assure you, quit even this disagreeable Place without Regret, as it carries me still farther from those I love, and from the Opportunities of hearing of their Welfare. The Attraction of Reason is at present, for the other Side of the Water, but that of Inclination will be for this side. You know which usually prevails. *I shall probably make but this one Vibration and Settle here for ever.*—*Nothing will prevent it*, if I can, as I hope I can, prevail with M^{rs} F. to accompany me; especially if we have a Peace. I will not tell you, that to be near & with you and yours, is any part of my Inducement: It would look like a Compliment extorted from me by your pretences to Insignificancy.—Nor will I own that your Persuasions & Arguments have wrought this change in my former Resolutions: tho' it is true that they have frequently intruded themselves, into my Consideration whether I would or not—I trust, however, that we shall once more see each other and be happy again together; Which God &c.

My love to M^{rs} Strahan, & your amiable and valuable Children. Heaven bless you all; whatever becomes of

your much obliged &

affectionate Friend

B. FRANKLIN.

[The italics are our own.—ED.]

LETTER OF COL. JOHN F. HAMTRANCK, SR., TO GEN. CHARLES SCOTT

[Letter of Col. John F. Hamtranck, Sr., to General Charles Scott (afterwards Governor of Kentucky). Colonel Hamtranck was born at Quebec in 1756, and died at Detroit in 1803. (A monument to his memory is erected there.) During the Revolution he served as captain in both Dubois' and Van Cortlandt's New York line regiments, entered the regular army afterwards, was distinguished under Wayne at the battle of the Miami in 1794, and became Colonel in 1802. His son, John, Jr., also attained distinction in the "Old Army." In this letter he refers to the defeat of St. Clair by the Indians at the battle of the Miami, Nov. 1791.]

FORT KNOX, POST VINCENNES, Jan'y 4, 1792.

DEAR GENERAL:

I have been sent by Governor St. Clair to this place, where I arrived on the 21st of December. I found the Indians of the Wabash in a very pacific state, and a number of their chiefs were at the Post—they informed me of their great intention of making a solid peace with the United States, and also expressed their fear from Kentucky. I told them that if they were sincere, I had no Doubt but the United States would grant them peace and that, until Government was inform'd of their intention, they should be under the protection of the United States. I appointed from Terre haute, which is twenty leagues above the Post, to the mouth of the Wabash, for their hunting grounds.

I have thought necessary to inform you of these circumstances to Inable you to prevent any unlawful Expedition (should there be any) to be carry (*sic*) on against those people. I have informed the Sec'y at War and the Governor of the disposition of the Indians, and suppose that something will be done

I am informed that the Indians who defeated the army were 1,500 strong, that it was on a branch of the Wabash and about three days' march from the Miami.

Let me, my dear Sir, offer you the Compliments of the season, &c

JOHN F. HAMTRANCK.

BOOK REVIEWS

FAMOUS AMERICAN SONGS.

By GUSTAV KOBBE, author of "The Loves of Great Composers." Ill. 12mo. XVIII+169 pp. Cloth, \$1.50; leather, \$2.50 net. New York: THOMAS Y. CROWELL & Co. September, 1906.

Those songs, which have outlived the fleeting fancies of a season by reaching the heart of the American people, are considered in this volume. The author introduces his readers to the characteristics which have given our most famous American songs permanency. He says, "To sink deep into the affections of a nation, to be caught up eagerly not only by those who first hear it, but also by those who come after, and thus to be handed down as a part of the popular inheritance, a song must appeal in a direct, simple and spontaneous way to some sentiment that is common to all humanity,—love of home, of mother, of country." He tells us that the enduring song must be free from immoral suggestion, for the "common people" who popularize the songs of a nation, reject whatever is coarse or impure.

As there is no home like our childhood home, no one like the mother who tenderly cared for us in that old home, no friend of later years like our first playmates and schoolmates, no land like our own dear, native land, so those songs which express our patriotic as well as our most tender feelings are destined to outlive the changes of the centuries and be passed on to posterity as sacred.

"Maryland," "Marching Through Georgia," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "John Brown Song," "America," "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," "The Star Spangled Banner," "Ben Bolt," "Dixie," "Old Folks at Home," and "Home, Sweet Home" are considered by the author to be

most famous, of which the latter seems to be most widely known wherever the English language is spoken.

Mr. Kobbé tells us that while "Home, Sweet Home" won a wealthy husband for Miss A. Maria Tree, who first gave the song in public, and earned a small fortune for its first publisher and a London theatre, it left John Howard Payne, the composer, without recompense and comparatively unknown till death, in a foreign land, released the "homeless bard" and another generation gave him his true and enduring place among American song writers.

The volume contains the historical setting of the above-mentioned patriotic songs and popular melodies. Through their songs, from a life of seclusion and sometimes of poverty the composers are traced, in a style that is both readable and enjoyable.

Delightfully the author sketches the masterful "Ben Bolt" and his ever-tender Alice, and his too submissive friend, and his old schoolmaster, and his long-dead schoolmates, and the rustic porch, and the mill, and the slab of granite so gray, till the picture is magnified into poetic dignity and we are thrilled with its effective re-iteration.

The book should find a wide circle of readers throughout English speaking countries. More than twenty full page illustrations embellish the volume.

THE VOYAGES AND EXPLORATIONS OF SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN (1604-1616), NARRATED BY HIMSELF. Translated by ANNIE NETTLETON BOURNE. Together with the Voyage of 1603, Reprinted from Purchas His Pilgrimes. Edited with Introduction and Notes by EDWARD GAYLORD BOURNE, Professor of His-

tory in Yale University. In two volumes. Ill. 16mo. Vol. I, XL+256 pp.; Vol. II, IX+229 pp. Price, \$2.00 net. New York: A. S. BARNES & Co., 156 Fifth Ave., 1906.

"The Trail Makers" series of histories told by the makers of history would indeed be incomplete without the story of the achievements of Champlain in the New World. As the founder of Quebec, as the discoverer of the beautiful lake bearing his name, as the indefatigable explorer and as the governor of New France, Champlain was preëminently one of the most distinguished of trailmakers—distinguished for his accuracy of detail and for his positive, permanent contribution to knowledge.

To him as a narrator are we indebted for a full and accurate account of New England and Canadian native life and aboriginal conditions. Written in his native language, to those unfamiliar with French, Champlain's descriptions, rich in primitive simplicity and in scenic beauty, have been, for more than two and a half centuries, practically unknown to general readers.

In 1878 the Prince Society of Boston, under the editorial direction of the late Rev. Edmund F. Slafter, D. D., published the translations of Champlain's narratives made by the late Charles Pomeroy Otis, then professor of modern languages at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. That translation will probably never be surpassed, but it was an expensive and limited edition, which is now to be found only in the richer public and private collections of Americana.

To render Champlain's writings accessible to general readers of history and to public and private libraries this inexpensive edition has been brought out.

As the authorities of the Prince Society were unwilling to consent to have their translation reissued in a popular edition, the translator and the editor selected for translation Champlain's "final" edition published in 1632, under the title: *Les Voyages de la Nouvelle France Occidentale dicte Canada,*

faits par le Sr de Champlain Xainctongeois, Capitaine pour le Roy en la Marine du Ponant & toutes les Descouvertes qu'il a faites en ce pais depuis l'an 1603, jusques en l'an 1629.

Believing that this narrative of 1632 contains all the essentials of Champlain's earlier descriptions and is more systematically and comprehensively given than the latter, it was decided to translate the "final" edition, knowing that Champlain in preparing it had omitted some minor details from his earlier editions, while preserving its continuity.

In order to give Champlain's first impressions of the New World, this Bourne edition contains also a reprint of Purchas His Pilgrimes—an English translation published in London in 1625 from Champlain's earliest narrative entitled: *Des Sauvages, ou, Voyage de Sammel Champlain de Bronage fait en la France Nouvelle, l'an mil six cens trois.*

Assiduously has the translator wrought and critically has the editor verified and annotated this popular edition that the reader may gain correct conceptions of the narrations of the ablest, early explorer-historian of Canada and the contiguous territory of New England and New York.

Well translated, annotated and printed, the reader is fortunate to find so much of scholarship and art offered at small expense that he may acquire the original observations of the American explorations and discoveries of the "Father of New France" as he himself saw them.

In this age with its demand for facilities for instant reference to all the details of a volume, a good index seems indispensable. In this edition the index is wanting.

A map of New France prepared in 1632 and several illustrations are reproduced.

Although lacking some of the details of the Prince Society edition, such as Champlain's account of the White Mountains, the first engagement between the Massachusetts Indians and the French, and the settlement on Dochet Island (La Sainte Croix) in 1604, these volumes form a most valuable addition to "The Trail Makers" series and should be in every public library in America where the Prince Society edition, the Hakluyt edition, or other rare translations of Champlain, are not found.

THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE

CHAPTER XVIII

A CIVILIZED SAVAGE

HANS PIPE, as he was called by the country people around, was an Indian of the Algonquin nation, which had been almost exterminated by the Mohawks in a war that happened many years before the period at which we are now arrived. A large portion of their warriors was cut off, and the remnant of the nation obliged to emigrate into Canada, where they were received and protected by the governor general. Hans, whose Indian name was Minikoue, or I drink, justified this appellation, for he even exceeded his fellows in the Indian devotion to fire-water. He had been taken prisoner by the Mohawks, and rescued from torture by the influence of Colonel Vancour, who endeavored to teach him the habits and manners of civilized life, and to attach him to his family by kindness and protection. But the usual melancholy consequences resulted from these kind and benevolent intentions. The Indian, in proportion as he lost the habits of the savage, acquired the vices of the civilized man, sharpened to a keener edge by the wild vigor of barbarism and the early absence of the habit of self-restraint. His natural cunning was quickened by the acquirement of some of the practices of the white man; and his natural passions, such as cruelty, revenge, and the love of drinking, strengthened,—the first two by an infinite series of mortifications, insults, perhaps injuries, received from the white people among whom he sojourned, the latter by facility in the means of gratification.

There are certain plants, and fruits, and flowers that grow wild in the forest, which improve by being transplanted to the garden and cultivated with care; there are others that shoot forth in the rank and worthless luxuriance of weeds; and there are others that perish under the fostering hand of the most skilful gardener. There are birds and quadrupeds that may be tamed, and others which retain rank traces of their native wildness to the last. So does it seem to be with the race of man. As the Indian orator once said to President Monroe, "The white man is born for the sunshine, the red man for the shade." The white man,

the black man, and the man of every color but the red, may be tamed, and improve by taming. He alone seems, indeed, born for the woods; it is there the virtues he possesses can alone be exercised to the benefit of himself and his tribe. Place him in the sunshine, in the haunts of social and civilized life,—and sad is the experience, and woeful the truth—he becomes, ninety-nine times in a hundred, the worst, the most mischievous of mongrels; a compound of the ferocity of the savage, and the cunning, deceit, and sensuality of the civilized scoundrel.

So it happened with Hans Pipe. He became a drunkard and a vagabond; and was finally turned away from Colonel Vancour's house, for having drawn his knife upon one of the black children, who refused to bring him another mug of cider. He was too lazy to work except at trifling jobs, for which he asked nothing but liquor, and to which nothing but liquor could incite him. His days were spent in drunkenness and beastly exhibitions of savage indecencies, and his nights consumed in prowling about thieving, or in barns or outhouses, sleeping away the effects of his daily debauch. Sometimes, but very rarely, he would come to the mansion-house, when he was sober, and beg for food or clothing, which was never refused him. Perhaps a more worthless, dangerous and revengeful being never crawled upon the earth, than this wretched outcast of the savage and civilized world. His appearance was horrible and appalling. His long, lank, raven hair hung about his shoulders, and almost covered his low forehead; his high cheek-bones, flattened nose, wide nostrils, and still wider mouth, together with his miserable garments and dirty habits, made the heart shudder to look upon him. But it was his eye—his bitter, malignant, bloodshot eye, circled with the flaming ring of habitual intemperance, within which rolled the ball of fire, that gave the most unequivocal indications of the fiend which kept the citadel of his heart. It discoursed of murder, open or secret, at midnight or mid-day; of a vengeance which a moment might light up, and years would not extinguish; of secret plots and open daring.

It happened that there was no man about the house, or within call, when Hans Pipe came into the kitchen brutally intoxicated, and, as usual in that situation, insolent and ungovernable. Colonel Vancour had rode out after dinner on a visit of business; the laborers had not yet returned from the fields, and Ariel had sallied forth to expatiate on the delights of the roasted pig to his neighbour Mynheer Frelinghuysen. Sybrandt found the miserable, degraded being brandishing his club, and vociferating for more liquor with all his might. He was enraged into that sort

of half-willful madness which drunkenness often produces, and which is not so much the absence of reason, as of a disposition to obey its dictates. The little black boys were cowering in corners, afraid to run away, and even the redoubtable Aunt Nauntje shrunk from asserting her authority in her own peculiar dominion.

Sybrandt at first tried to soothe Captain Pipe, as he called himself, into something like good-humor, in hopes he would go away peaceably. But the captain had lost all control of himself, or did not choose to exert it, and answered our hero with brutal threats against the whole household unless his wishes were complied with. As the discussion went on he became so indecently abusive, that Madam Vancour and Catalina, whose apprehensions had called them to the spot, were glad to retire out of hearing. Sybrandt became angry, and at length, finding the captain proceeding to force open a cupboard where he expected to find liquor, he seized him by the shoulders and jerked him back with such force as to send him reeling to the other extremity of the kitchen. The fury of the madman redoubled. He seemed all at once to become steady, and advancing quickly towards Sybrandt, who had no weapon in his hand, he dealt him a blow with his heavy walking-stick, which, had it taken full effect, would have disabled him effectually. Fortunately, Sybrandt, though taken by surprise, preserved his head by a quick motion on one side; but it fell on his left shoulder with a force that made him reel. The little black boys cried out with all their force; old Nauntje sallied forth as fast as her limbs could carry her, to call for help, and Catalina, uttering a piercing shriek, flew into the house for the colonel's sword, with which she returned in a minute.

But the contest was over before she arrived. Captain Pipe, perceiving his antagonist partly disabled by the blow he had given, and having become infuriated with rage, was now a perfect savage, reckless of everything but vengeance, and panting for blood. He drew the long knife which he always wore about him since he was cast off by the colonel, and flourishing it in the air with a shrill demoniac shout, he made a mortal lunge at the heart of our hero, whose only defense was his eye and his right arm, the former of which he kept keenly and steadily fixed on the motions of the captain. The blow was well aimed, but the activity and coolness of Sybrandt enabled him to avert it by darting on one side. The knife passed through his clothes just under the left arm, and at the instant the young man closed with the savage, holding him so tightly that he could not readily extricate his weapon. A mo-

mentary yet desperate struggle ensued, which ended in Sybrandt's tripping up the heels of his adversary, and at the same moment throwing him backwards with such force that he fell upon one of the great andirons in the chimney, and lay senseless. The knife remained clenched in his hand; but his eyes were closed, and the blood flowed in torrents from the back of his head.

At this moment Catalina returned with the sword, which she conjured Sybrandt to accept. "The wretch is not dead," said she; "I see the motion of his breathing. He is only practicing one of his savage arts upon you. Dear Sybrandt, take the sword; and—and—do not kill him, but stand on your defense." The youth long remembered the "dear Sybrandt," and so did the Indian, who, as Catalina had shrewdly suspected, was only playing the opossum, as the phrase is in rare old Virginia; that is, only making believe he was insensible. He intended to watch his opportunity, the moment he recovered a little, to jump up and accomplish the destruction of his victim. But the gift of the sword and the caution of Catalina defeated his intention, and engendered in his malignant heart a feeling of intense and bitter vengeance, that afterward more than once put the life of that young lady in imminent peril.

The adventure ended in the arrival of some of the neighbors, whom the cries of Aunt Nauntje had brought to her aid, and the depositing of Captain Pipe in prison, where he expiated his violence by a confinement of several months. Here he had full leisure to brood over his revenge, and lay his plans for its gratification. When the period of his imprisonment expired, he adopted an entire new mode of life. He became perfectly temperate, docile, and industrious. By degrees he gained the pity and good will of the neighborhood, got plenty of work, and saved every penny of his wages. Colonel Vancour and his family pitied, forgave, and encouraged him, not only by employment, but by various little presents of money and clothes. Among the rest Catalina, although she always shuddered at his approach, presented him with a Bible, which he was constantly found poring over in his hours of leisure; for he had been taught to read while under the patronage of Colonel Vancour. He constantly attended church, and became a communicant, to the great delight of many pious, well-meaning people, who viewed him as a brand rescued from the fire. But old Tjerck, who had once been a prisoner in his youth among the Indians, shook his wise gray head and often said, "He no good Christian—not he. I see de

debbil Indian in he eye yet. When Indian most good, den he going to be most worst. I know him; he like de panter—he most quiet when he jist going to jump.” But a white prophet has little honour in his own country, much less a black one.

CHAPTER XIX

ADDITIONAL TRAITS OF THE CIVILIZED SAVAGE

WHEN Captain Pipe had saved money enough for the purpose, he one day went to Albany, and bought him a handsome musket to shoot ducks with, as he said. From this time his industry flagged not a little, and he passed much of his time in the woods along the river, and sometimes nobody knew where he was gone or what was his object. His object, his sole object was revenge. He hated Colonel Vancour, because he himself had forfeited his protection by his base ingratitude; he hated Sybrandt, for having wounded and conquered him; and, above all, he hated Catalina, for having robbed him of one of the sweetest moments of revenge, by cautioning Sybrandt against his wiles, and furnishing him with a weapon to defeat them. Finally, he knew that he could consummate his revenge on all three, by taking the life of Catalina. This he purposed to do the first safe opportunity, and then flee into Canada to the remnant of his tribe. For this purpose, the moment he had got the musket, which was safer than his knife, by enabling him to commit the crime unseen, he set about his purpose with the patience, and cunning, and perseverance which savages are known to exercise in the prosecution of their revenge. But still, whatever may be the intensity of the Indian desire for vengeance, it is in some measure a point of honor to achieve it at the least possible risk to himself. In all their undertakings, the savages never wantonly or unnecessarily trifle with their own safety. They die bravely but they seldom seek death.

Wherever Catalina went he kept her in his eye, hovering and lounging at a distance, apparently taking no notice of her, but intent on his game. In the daytime he was prowling about the deep glen we have described as once a favorite resort of Sybrandt, in hopes the young lady might chance to pay it a visit; and at night he was on the watch about the mansion-house, like a hungry wolf thirsting for the blood of his victim. The barking of the dogs often excited the notice of the household, who believed it was occasioned by the maraudings of wild beasts, which at

that time were no uncommon visitors. On one or two occasions a watch was set; but nothing was discovered, for a more watchful, wary enemy was watching them.

One dark, cloudy night, in the sultry month of August, Catalina was sitting at her window, which opened towards a copse of bushes and vines that had been suffered to grow up in a state of wild luxuriance, for the purpose of sheltering a hundred little birds, that sung and built their nests, and raised their young in safety among the tangled branches. It had rained early in the evening, leaving a dark, heavy sky, loaded with vapors, and a sweltering heat in the air, that disposed both mind and body to indolent relaxation. Swarms of little fireflies flitted gayly among the grass and foliage, illuminating the dark obscurity; and at far distance, the lazy lightnings flashed dimly at intervals upon the bosom of the dun, moveless clouds. Finding the light in her room attracted a vast variety of the wandering insects of the night, Catalina removed it into a little closet adjoining, and seating herself again at the window, indulged a long glance at the past, a long and anxious look into the future.

For some time past the hearts of Sybrandt and Catalina had been quietly and imperceptibly drawing nearer to each other. As they were more together, the former gradually overcame his shy awkwardness, and that propensity to create mortifications to himself which had been the bane of his early life. Having no one to excite jealousy, and no fear of ridicule before his eyes, his heart and his intellect gradually budded, blossomed, and expanded into full maturity. The riches of knowledge which had hitherto lain buried amid the rubbish of awkward rusticity, the sprightly good humor and spirit which had been repressed by Sybrandt's great talents for inflicting self-torment, now began to come forth in rich profusion, exhibiting a brighter polish every day in the soft collision with the purer metal of a sprightly, cultivated female mind. He was fast becoming what nature had intended him, an object of interest and consideration to all around him; and the star of woman was gradually leading him to the haven of happiness as well as distinction. "How much my cousin Sybrandt improves every day," thought Catalina, as she sat at the open window, and sighed to the silence of night and darkness.

The family, all but her, had now retired to repose, when suddenly a loud growling of the dogs awoke her from her reverie. At the same

instant she thought she distinguished something or somebody crouching about the little copsewood. In another instant she distinctly heard something like the shutting of a penknife, and saw a number of sparks of fire flash in the obscurity whence the sound seemed to proceed. The young lady started, and was reflecting a moment what this could mean, when the same sound, the same flashing of sparks of fire occurred, followed by a hissing sound, and a blue flame rising apparently out of the earth. The dogs now began to bark most furiously, and Catalina, shutting her window, soon reposed her chaste and lovely limbs between the snowy virgin sheets, not more white and innocent than herself. She pondered for a while on the odd things she had witnessed; but soon the vision of a tall, dark-eyed youth, with teeth whiter than her own fair bosom, or all Afric's ivory, flitted before her half-sleeping, half-waking fancy, and closing her bright blue eyes with gentle pressure, prompted her innocent sleep with a thousand glowing visions of future happiness.

Some little discussion took place at breakfast concerning the uproar among the dogs, and Catalina mentioned what she had seen. The general opinion was that the noise was imaginary or accidental—the sparks nothing more than fireflies, and the blue flame a will-o'-the-wisp. In a little while the whole was forgotten, nor would it ever have been recalled to their recollection but for a circumstance which took place not long afterward.

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

(To be continued)

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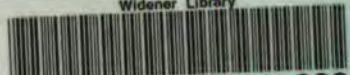
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